PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 1981 **$2.50**

SEX IN RUSSIA:
IGNORANCE AND BRUTALITY

THE NEW RIGHT:
MERGING CHURCH AND STATE

BAD GIRLS:
SAD SIRENS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

DUMB IS DELIGHTFUL:
DUBIOUS HONORS FOR THE MASSES

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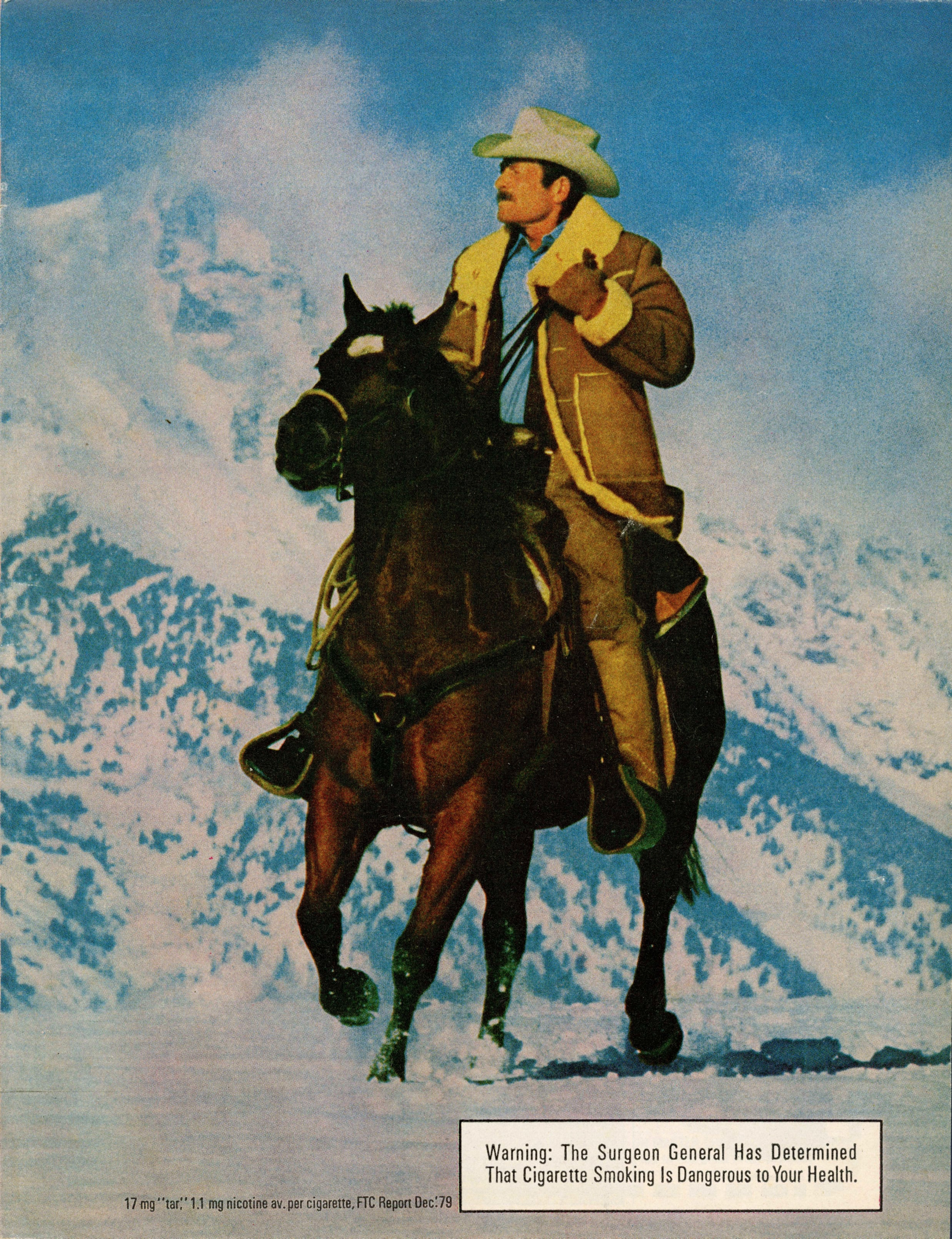

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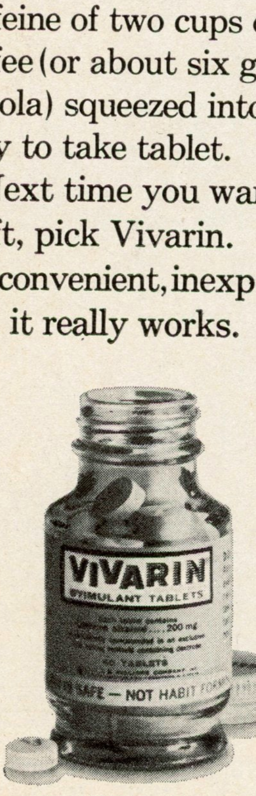

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FM/AM Stereo Receiver SA-818
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102.7

Technics SA-616 and SA-818 (shown). Two uncommon receivers because of the two things they have in common: Technics synchro-bias circuitry and quartz-synthesized tuning. Together they give you that special something you've come to expect from Technics: sonic excellence.

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MODEL	SUGGESTED PRICE*	RMS POWER PER CHANNEL (RATED BANDWIDTH)	RATED THD MAX.
SA-616	$680	80 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%
SA-818	$850	110 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%

*Technics recommended prices, but actual prices will be set by dealers.

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Technics New Class A receivers. They give you more of what you want and less of what you don't.

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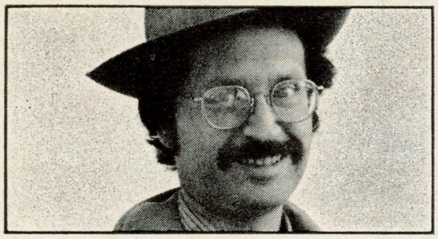

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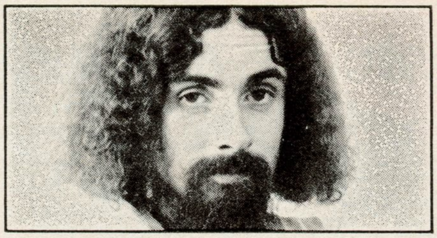

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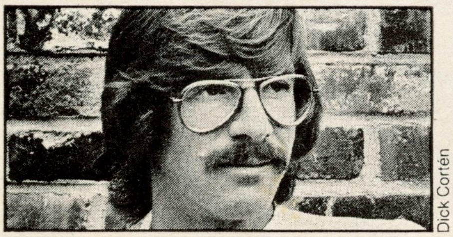

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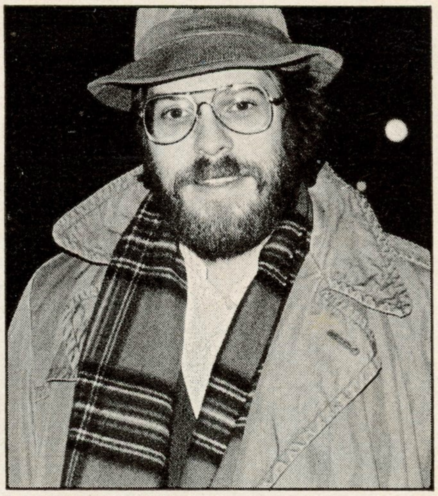

PETER JAMES SPIELMANN

James Klingbeil

HOUSECALL

For 200 years the United States has grown and prospered as has no other nation in the history of the world. This incredible success is a direct result of our unmatched freedom to live and work and think as we choose. But today a massive and possibly fatal attack is being launched against our system of government by the fundamentalist evangelicals of the New Right. They joined President Reagan's campaign and turned it into a Holy Crusade, and now these homegrown ayatollahs are calling the faithful to arms against the Constitution.

This threat became ominously clear to *Penthouse* reporter **L. J. Davis** last August, when he attended the National Affairs Briefing of the Religious Roundtable in Dallas. Davis, who wrote last year's investigative profile of David Rockefeller for *Penthouse,* has covered the New Right extensively. He was in Dallas to cover the anointing of Reagan as their chosen candidate. But he found that the most important event of the Briefing had nothing to do with Reagan: it was the speech given by Southern Baptist Convention president Rev. Bailey Smith. Smith "made one thing abundantly clear," writes Davis in "Onward Christian Soldiers" (page 52); "evangelical Christianity is planning a revolution within this country during the next ten years." Smith's comment that "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew" was widely publicized at the time, but his declaration of war against the Constitution escaped notice. "What we need," Smith announced, "is for men and women to become so godly that nothing can penetrate their armor or resist them. It is not God and country. It is God!" In this second article in our series on the New Right, Davis traces the history of these fanatics from the grim theocracy of Puritan New England to the technological miracle of satellite television, which allows them to reach a huge following. Today, with a membership of some 75 million people, the New Right has ignored the constitutional barriers between church and state and is issuing legislative hit lists, with special emphasis on homosexuality, abortion, and pornography. Their tremendous success last November is just the beginning. And, writes Davis, by sanctioning them and their tactics, President Reagan "has led the Republicans, and possibly the country, straight into the New Right's trap."

Intolerance and repression are not exclusive to the right wing, unfortunately. **Nat Hentoff**, in this month's "Advise and Dissent" (page 102), explains how radical feminists, homosexuals, Hispanics, blacks, and others have been aided by the liberal establishment in their attempts to squash unpopular opinions. Even Ralph Nader, "whose entire career has been based on his right to criticize government and corporate power freely," has used the courts to financially wreck someone who had the nerve to criticize *him*. Liberals should beware, Hentoff warns, because their activities "are making it easier for the raw power of the state to crush speech. Including, eventually, their own."

Life in such a dictatorship becomes chillingly real in "Running from Castro" (page 74) by **Lorrin Philipson**. Two young Cubans tell how daily existence under the failed revolution of Fidel Castro has become unbearable. Gabriel, 21 years old, says that "eighty percent of the young are against Castro. . . .They keep their feelings inside because of the terror that exists." This excerpt from *Freedom Flights*, a forthcoming Random House book written by Philipson with **Rafael Llerena**, is an important reminder of the necessity to preserve our own liberties from the attacks documented by Davis and Hentoff.

Cowboys, those mythic heroes of the Old West and Hollywood, are fighting desperately to preserve their way of life. In "The Lost Frontier" (page 132) author **Peter James Spielmann** and photographer **Jim Smith** portray the cowboy's last stand against the forces of technology. "The cowboy," writes Spielmann, "is joining the Indian as a near-ward of the government . . . stretching out his life-style as far as he can before some more powerful organized lobby yanks the range out from under him."

As cowboys and cowboy movies fade into the past, so-called exploitation films or B movies are where the Hollywood action is. They are, writes film reporter **Michael Goodwin** in "Bad and Beautiful" (page 140), "crafted like dreams and overflow with perverse sexuality, surreal violence, absurd comedy, and wave after wave of emotion." Goodwin profiles three B movie queens, women who are not just decent actresses but also have "the power to enter into the dream and bend it to their own measure."

The nightmare world of "The Big Garage" (page 128) is the fictional creation of **T. Coraghessan Boyle**, one of America's finest young writers, whose latest novel, *Water Music*, will be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown. Boyle brilliantly uses the techniques of Franz Kafka to describe that most surreal of modern experiences–trying to get your car repaired.

You also won't want to miss **Richard Ballad**'s explosive interview with black leader **Jesse Jackson** (page 104) or humorist **Robert Wieder**'s rallying cry for ignorance entitled "Dumb Is Good" (page 70). Wieder is joking, of course. But in matters of sex as well as politics, Russians apparently really believe that dumb is good. That's the conclusion of **Mikhail and August Stern** in "Sex in the U.S.S.R." (page 147), from their book of the same name to be published by Times Books. Sexual ignorance is normal and expected behind the Iron Curtain, reports Mikhail Stern, who was a sex therapist in Russia for 30 years. "Russians almost never make love in daylight; they prefer darkness so that . . . one need not look at the partner's body and can rest assured that one's own is equally invisible."

As opposed to the keepers of the Kremlin, we believe firmly that sexual ignorance is anything but bliss. In fact, viewing our harvest of feminine beauty this month would probably eliminate the need for Soviet sex therapy–if the Russians were allowed to read *Penthouse*, that is. Fortunately, millions of us in the Free World have no such prohibitions. So turn on the lights and enjoy our special Valentine's Day bounty of loveliness!

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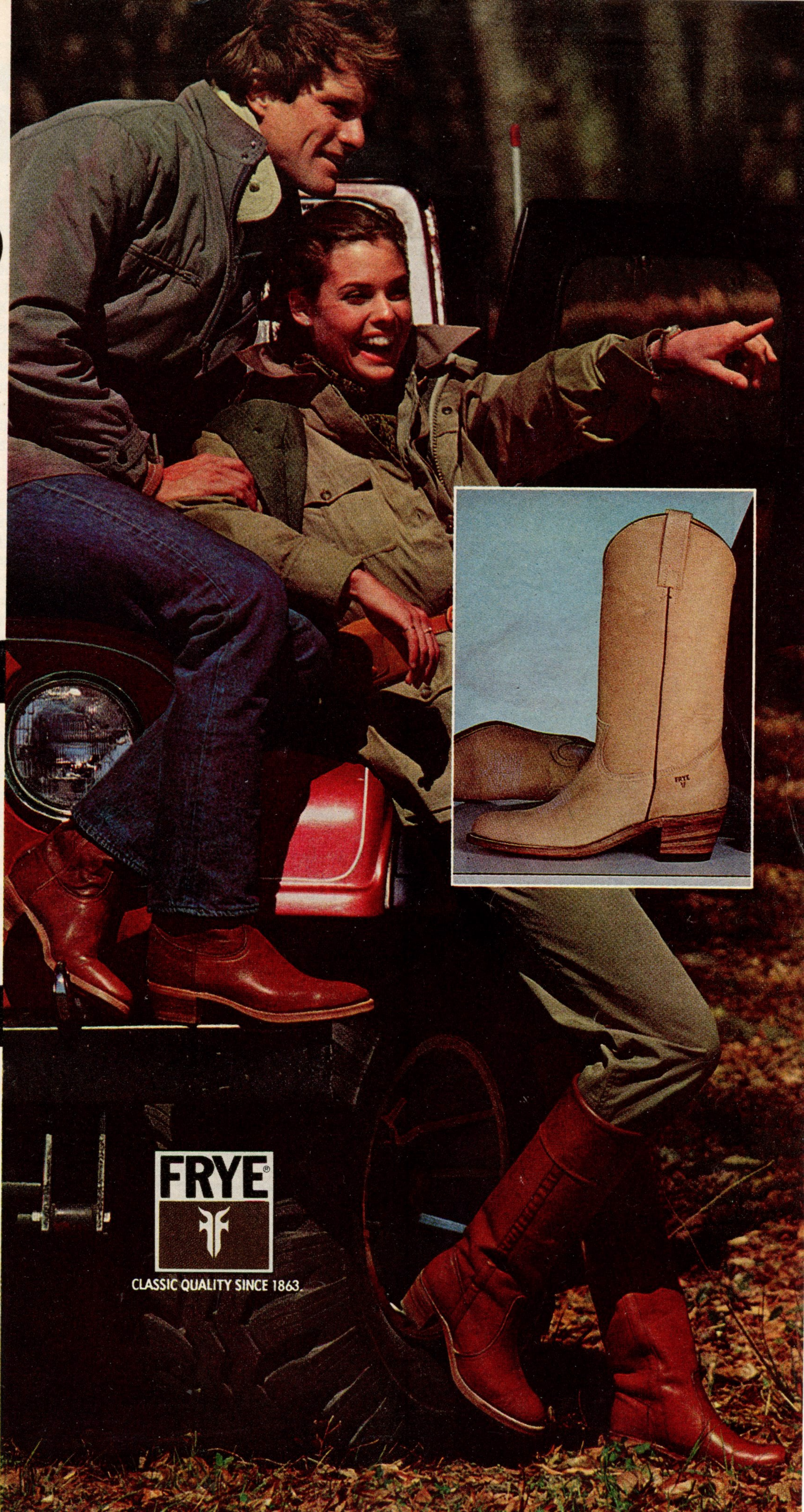

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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

MM revisited

I have been a great fan of *Penthouse* for several years, but quite frankly, I've always believed that the letters printed in "Penthouse Forum" were a little like a visit from Santa Claus—just too good to be true. Last week, however, something happened to me which forced me to reassess my beliefs. I would now like to tell your readers about the incredible sexual episode responsible for my reformation.

I am a senior at a small state college in Pennsylvania that, despite the fact that many of its departments are wanting academically, *does* possess a film and theater department that is the envy of many large universities. Students come here from several states along the eastern seaboard in order to prepare for a career in motion pictures or a life on the stage—and among these students are quite a few girls with stars in their eyes and fire in their pussies.

Truthfully, I haven't much interest in movies except as an opportunity to sit in the dark and fondle the tits or finger the snatch of whoever my date happens to be. But in order to fulfill my humanities requirements, I signed up for a course called "Introduction to Film." My cock will be forever grateful.

I was not ten minutes into my first class when I spotted her. The professor was screening an old Gable-Harlow picture called *Red Dust*, but I was more intrigued by the performance going on in the seat directly across from me. Sitting in a row all by herself in that huge, darkened lecture hall, she was so deep into the film—particularly the love scenes—and into herself that she didn't even notice me watching her every move. Not Cheryl Tiegs but certainly not Eleanor Roosevelt, she had a pixieish kind of face and the biggest, most beautiful oval-shaped tits I have ever, ever seen. Whenever the hero would take the heroine into a cinematic clinch, her big pink nipples would strain, throb, and shoot up, fully erect, through the sheer white blouse she had on. I couldn't believe it when she sank down into her seat and started twisting and pulling on them with her fingers. At one point, she put her fingers into her mouth, sucking on them till they were fully wet, then slipped her hands beneath her blouse and rolled her nipples between her wet fingertips, squeezing them and teasing them until they stuck up like two giant, quivering pylons.

I silently thanked God that I'd just come from track practice and was still wearing my jock. Otherwise, the nine-inch bulge inside my gym shorts would have been even *more* noticeable.

When she was finished playing with her tits, she went to work on her lower regions. She was wearing a pair of denim shorts that looked like they'd been spray-painted onto her round little ass, and they were so brief that they were one step away from the magistrate's office. Illuminated by the bright light of the movie screen, the lips of her pussy were amazingly well-defined and surprisingly large, and a wild growth of honey-blonde pubic hair escaped from the edges of her denim-covered crotch. She drew her hand discreetly down to her pussy, tugging gently at the pubic hairs that protruded from her briefs, running her fingers up and down the golden strands in what looked like an attempt to straighten out their kinkiness. Then she deftly placed her long index finger under her briefs and far, far up into her snatch. She worked that finger like an oilman works a drill—probing, rubbing it around and around the circumference of her wet, warm, wonderful snatch, pushing it in deeper and deeper, searching, examining. When she withdrew it and placed it inside her vermilion-lipsticked mouth, I almost came in my shorts! The tip of my cock shot up over the band of my jockstrap as I stared at the small, round wet spot on her briefs distinctly outlining her cunt. The unmistakable odor of pussy emanated from her chair.

At the movie's end, she glanced over and caught me staring at her. She was not the least bit embarrassed. As the lights came up in the hall, she said, "Gable's always had that effect on me" by way of an excuse. Then she studied me for a moment, told me I had Gary Cooper's eyes, Charlton Heston's profile, and Paul Newman's physique. "I bet you could give a girl a real star-quality fucking," she whispered as we exited the classroom building. When she asked me back to her apartment for a "tit à tit," I didn't hesitate!

College dormitories have long had the reputation of being hotbeds (pardon the pun) of sexual activity, but for the most part this isn't so. When you live on a floor with 60 other guys, it's next to impossible to get something going with a chick. Somebody's always underfoot or hanging out in your room or lurking around the corner, making crude comments about every girl you bring by. It's hardly a romantic atmosphere. I was glad that she had an off-campus place of her own. *And what a place!*

"9 to 5 I sell stocks.
Weekends, I bust loose with my buddies & Cuervo."

**BUST LOOSE!
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It looked like something straight out of a 1930s MGM spectacular, and at any moment I expected Greta Garbo or somebody to come waltzing in. There must have been big money in the chick's family, because the furniture was all white satin and tan velvet, there were gold-veined mirrors on the walls and the ceiling and movie stills and posters every other foot; and, to set it all off, every light in the place was either red or soft blue. I was sure it was a place specifically designed for fucking one's brains out.

"Have a seat. I'll be back in a minute," Rebecca (I finally learned her name from the front cover of her copybook) said.

I sat down and waited as she disappeared into her bedroom. When she came back out, my eyes almost popped out of their sockets. She had on a wonderfully low-cut white crepe dress, and the sight of those ample tits, the shadow of that luscious triangle between her legs, and that gorgeous pear-shaped ass made my mouth water.

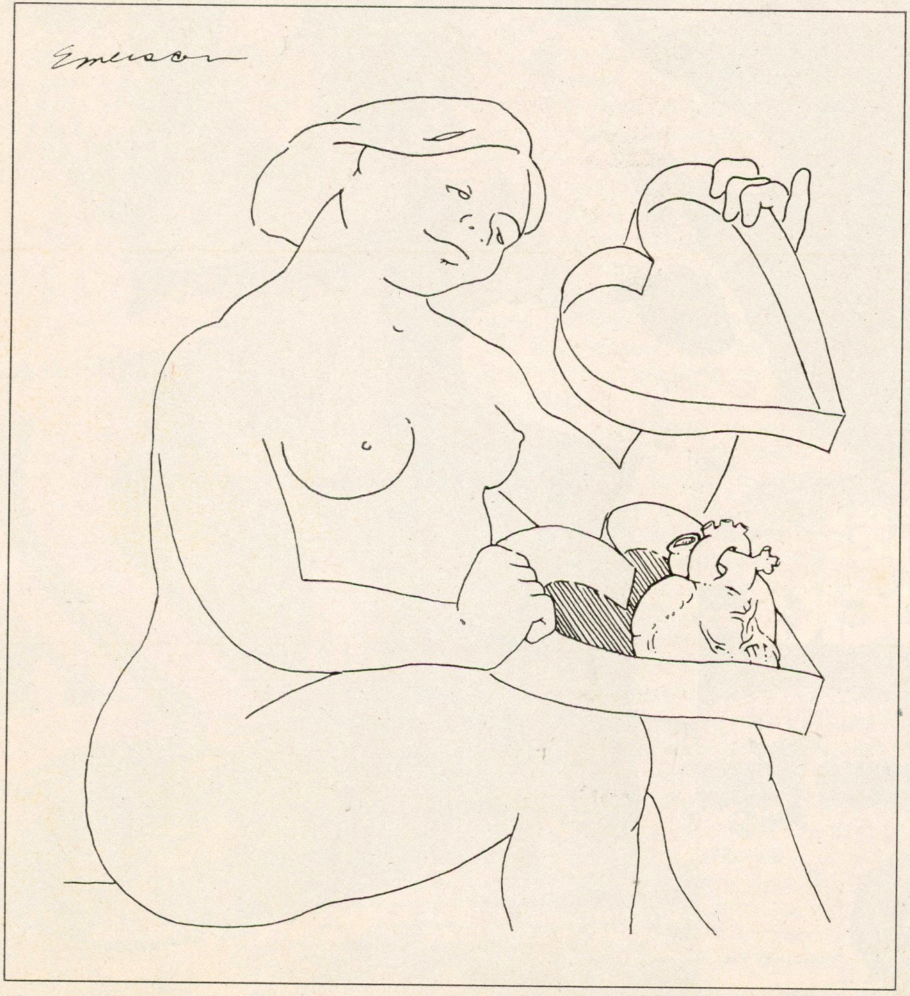
"Do you like it?" she asked, smiling coyly and pirouetting for my benefit. "Marilyn Monroe wore one just like it in *The Seven Year Itch*. Remember that part where the subway train blows it *way* up over her head?" She laughed. "Well ... speaking of blowjobs. . ."

I still can't believe what happened next. She was down on me in a flash. My gym shorts and jock went down to my ankles, and "Marilyn" started giving me the wildest, most mind-boggling, four-star blowjob I have ever had. The girl was obviously a pro. She started by taking quick, deft, light nibbles at the very tip of my prick. Then she probed the head of my shaft with her tongue, darting it round and round and round till I thought I would go crazy. In no time at all, I was rock hard, and then she went to work running her tongue up and down the entire length of my throbbing, nine-inch tool, alternately lapping at it and tickling it with swift, teasing little jabs. Next, she put the entire thing in her mouth, sucking it up and down with such incredible, delicious force that I felt as if I were being sucked, cock-wise, into a giant vacuum cleaner. She seemed to be drawing the come right out of me, and while her tongue worked on my cock, her fingers were on my balls, playing with them, fascinated by their roundness, their hairy texture, the way they bounced to and fro as she devoured me with her mouth. At the very moment that I could take no more, she took one of her fingers and placed it gently but firmly right up my ass hole. This was a new experience for me and a powerful one. I shot a jet of come that could have filled Lake Superior, and she took it all.

I lay back on my chair, my head reeling. After a moment she rose to her feet.

"Now it's my turn," she said.

Like a stripper in some Hollywood B movie, she slowly started undressing before me, pulling off her long white sheath inch by inch, finally pulling the pleated white hem up over her shoulders and head. When at last she stood naked in front of me, my prick was revived, becoming ramrod straight and pulsating again with feverish expectation.



Her body was truly magnificent. Her skin was a creamy-smooth alabaster white. Her tits, with their beautiful, rosebudlike nipples, were a work of art. She had long, perfectly proportioned legs, the most beautiful ass in the world, and a spectacular little bush that was a fierce tangle of sun-colored hair. She was an Instamatic, automatic hard-on machine.

"Now," she whispered, nibbling softly on my ear. "Now fuck me. Oh, please, baby, fuck me *good.*"

Nothing even remotely like this had ever happened to me before, and I was momentarily at a loss as to where I should begin enjoying my incredible good fortune. "Marilyn," however, was not at all hesitant. She pulled me down to the floor and onto a huge bearskin rug—again, the kind one sees only in the movies. I straddled her, and as I did, she pressed her magnificent tits full into my face. I lapped on them lightly at first, then started sucking them greedily. She reached up to an end table and took an ice cube out of a strawberry daiquiri that had been sitting there when we walked in. Laughing, she rubbed it over her nipples until they were as shiny and as hard as diamonds.

"Do you know that Jean Harlow used to do this all the time?" she asked. "She'd rub an ice cube over her nipples so that they'd stand up nice and hard through her costumes. Next, I'm going to get some cold cream and do an old trick Joan Craw—"

Enough talk, I decided. The rest of her sentence was abruptly cut off as I plowed my stiff rod into her deep, wet snatch. She gave a little yelp of pain (or was it delight?). But the next moment she was shouting encouragement at me, almost as if it were a racehorse I was riding instead of her.

"Oh, God, baby, *yes!*" she screamed, "Oh, God, yes, yes, yes! Deeper! *Deeper!* Oh, God, fuck me, baby! *Fuck me!*"

Never before had a girl talked this way to me during a screwing session. In fact, many of them were put off when I used such language. But not "Marilyn."

"Come!" she cried at last. "I can't take anymore. Oh, God, *come!*"

I did—in another tremendous explosion of love juice that threatened to rock her apartment to its very foundations.

By the third time I'd coaxed my cock into rising to the occasion, it had lost much of its former vim and vigor. Nonetheless, it played on instinct and retained enough of its power to give her the most wonderful back-alley ream job she'd ever had. I stuck my cock so far up her tight pink ass hole that she laughed and cried together, and tears of ecstasy cascaded down her

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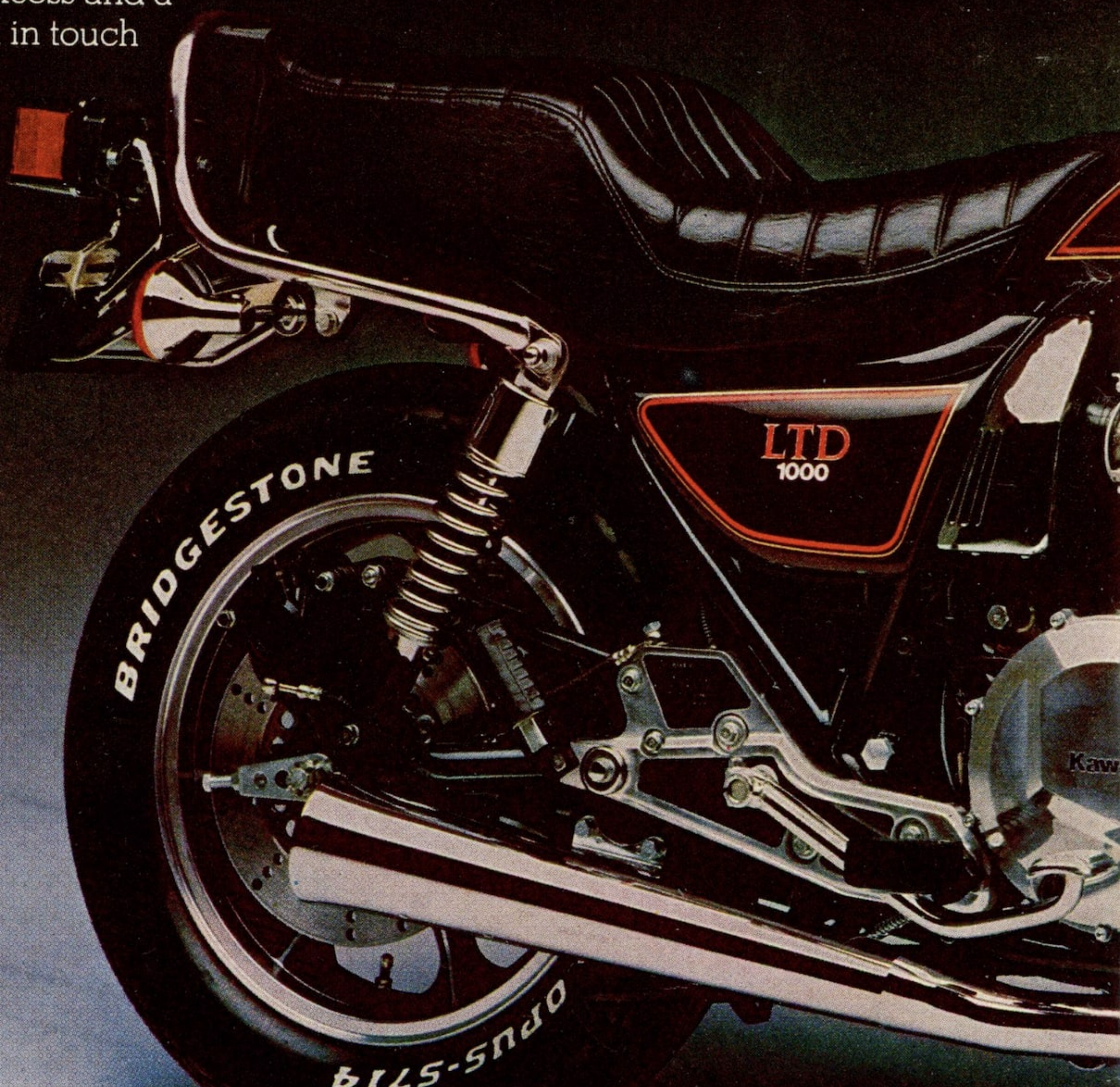

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but the handling is better as well. For added comfort, the engine is supported by rubber mounts that reduce vibration.

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face as come coursed from her snatch and ass hole.

After this, we were both understandably exhausted. Still, I somehow managed to force myself to my feet. I had another class in ten minutes.

She sat there licking the come from her fingers and pussy as I dressed, and between swallows she explained that film and theater departments were often sexual deserts for girls like herself because they attracted so many fags. She claimed that between herself and the girl she shared her apartment with, they had had only three sexual encounters in the last two months. In fact, in a department containing forty-some guys, only three were straight, and of these three, two were married.

I shook my head in sympathy. Then I asked her how many girls like herself she figured were in the college's film and theater department. I almost choked when she said she guessed about *two dozen!*

This afternoon, I enrolled myself in three film courses for next semester. Although I am majoring in earth science with a concentration in astronomy, when it comes to the study of heavenly bodies, I have decided to shift my full academic attention to the cinema.

Spiral nebulae and imploding stars may be great fun, but they'll never compare to the black hole of one little starlet I know.—*Name and address withheld.*

Hell's goddess

Question: what does a guy do who passes a Hell's Angel biker hitchhiking? Answer: the guy keeps on driving. Right? Answer: not if it's a female Angel!

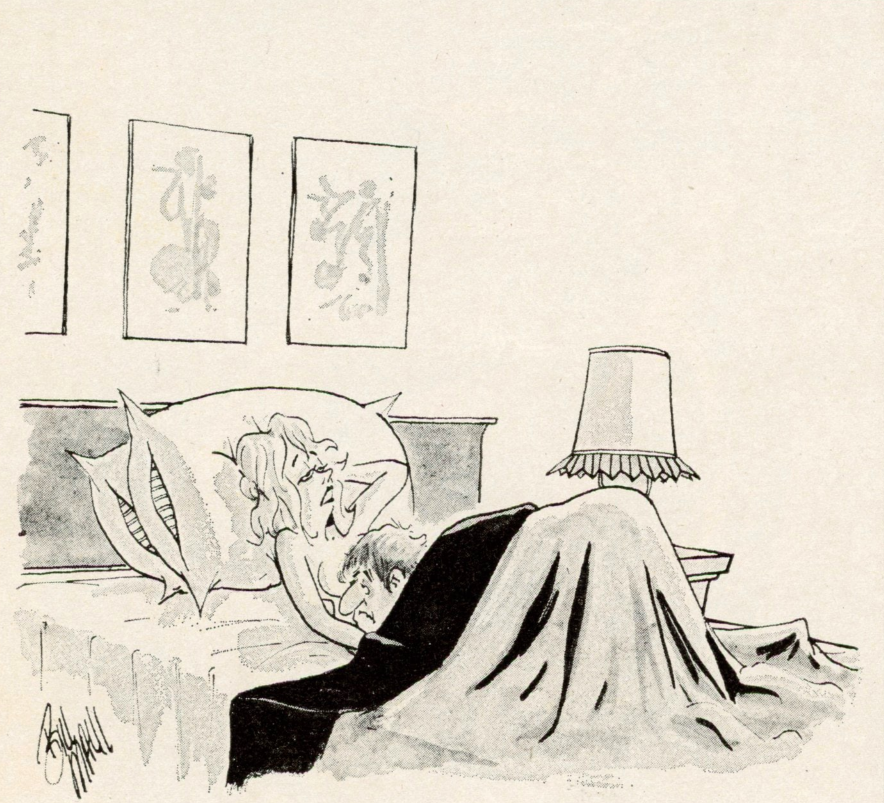
Recently we had an invasion of bikers in our area for a weekend cycle meet at the local club's drag strip, which is about six miles from my pad. I happened to be out Saturday afternoon at the shopping center, which is about 20 miles the other way. On my way to the center I'd met maybe 50 or 60 bikers heading for the meet. They were hairy, noisy, mostly wearing rough-denim gear. A rainstorm had just blown up, so a lot of them had on their black leather jackets. As they would pass me in packs of six or eight bikes, I thought to myself, "Damn dirty beasts, sure glad they are going the other way. Just meeting them on the street is getting too close!"

A couple of hours later I'd finished my shopping. (While I was in the mall, it had blown up a real good rain shower.) Among my purchases that I carefully stowed in the back of my little foreign sports car was my month's supply of booze. I pulled out of the mall and headed toward home, thinking of the cute number that I was picking up in a few hours for dinner. I was wondering if we'd end up at my place or hers. But as I crested the hill just outside the mall, there was this biker with his (?) thumb out. I don't normally pick up anybody, especially not Angel bikers, so I rolled on by. I had a funny feeling, though, that this biker was a babe. I slowed and watched in the rearview, and nobody was picking the kid up. So I turned around and went back for another look. Turning around again, I still wasn't sure if it was a guy or a gal, but if it was a guy it was the sexist one I'd ever seen! So I gambled and pulled over and yelled, "Need a ride?"

At that point there was no more doubt, for two mellon-sized tits pointed in my window and a strong, deep chick's voice answered, "I do if you know where the campground is." She was already opening the door when I said, "I know where the cycle races are going on. Do you camp there? I never heard it called a campground." By now she was in the car and facing me. "I don't know, but my old man said we were going to bike races, to camp out—I guess at the track. You are the first guy I've seen who ever heard of a bike track around here. Everybody else I've asked has taken a hard look at me, stammered they didn't know, and hurried away. I'm sure glad you came along."

Looking at the chick, I could see why she might intimidate a lot of people: she was about five feet ten, a perfect figure, but dressed in head-to-toe leather bike gear. Standing out along the road, she'd been holding her cycle jacket over her shoulder and her helmet in her other hand. But even without the jacket she was suited in a mean-looking black leather shirt that fit her so snugly there were no secrets hidden from view. The glistening skin was laced tightly to her wrists by leather thongs. The front of the shirt was supposed to be laced up, too, but it looked like she'd figured that she'd get picked up faster if the thong were tied about three inches below her tits. And with tits like hers the taut leather was having a problem staying on top. There was nothing between her skin and the black hide. Her jeans were black leather horsehide, made exactly like Levi's and fitting her ass, hips, crotch, and thighs just as tight. The leather was so tight over her body that whenever she moved it would squeak. The skin Levi's snaked down her long, slender legs into knee-length motorcycle boots. The boots were really rugged, with inch-thick soles, about three-inch chunky heels, and a heavy strap and buckle over the ankle. They were dusty and scarred, like she'd given them some rough wear, but the rest of her hides were glistening, shiny, and clean, like they had just been given a rubdown. She had an attractive face—not hard and tired like I've heard the biker babes' tend to be. There was a touch of lipstick on her lips, and they looked very kissable. Her hair was a sort of dirty auburn color, medium length and straight. She wore blue-tinted sunglasses. All in all the outfit of an attractive but still very formidable-appearing woman.

I said, "What happened—did your bike break down?" "No, I was in a van with some friends, and my old man was riding



"That reminds me . . .
I was supposed to give Helena my recipe for shrimp dip."

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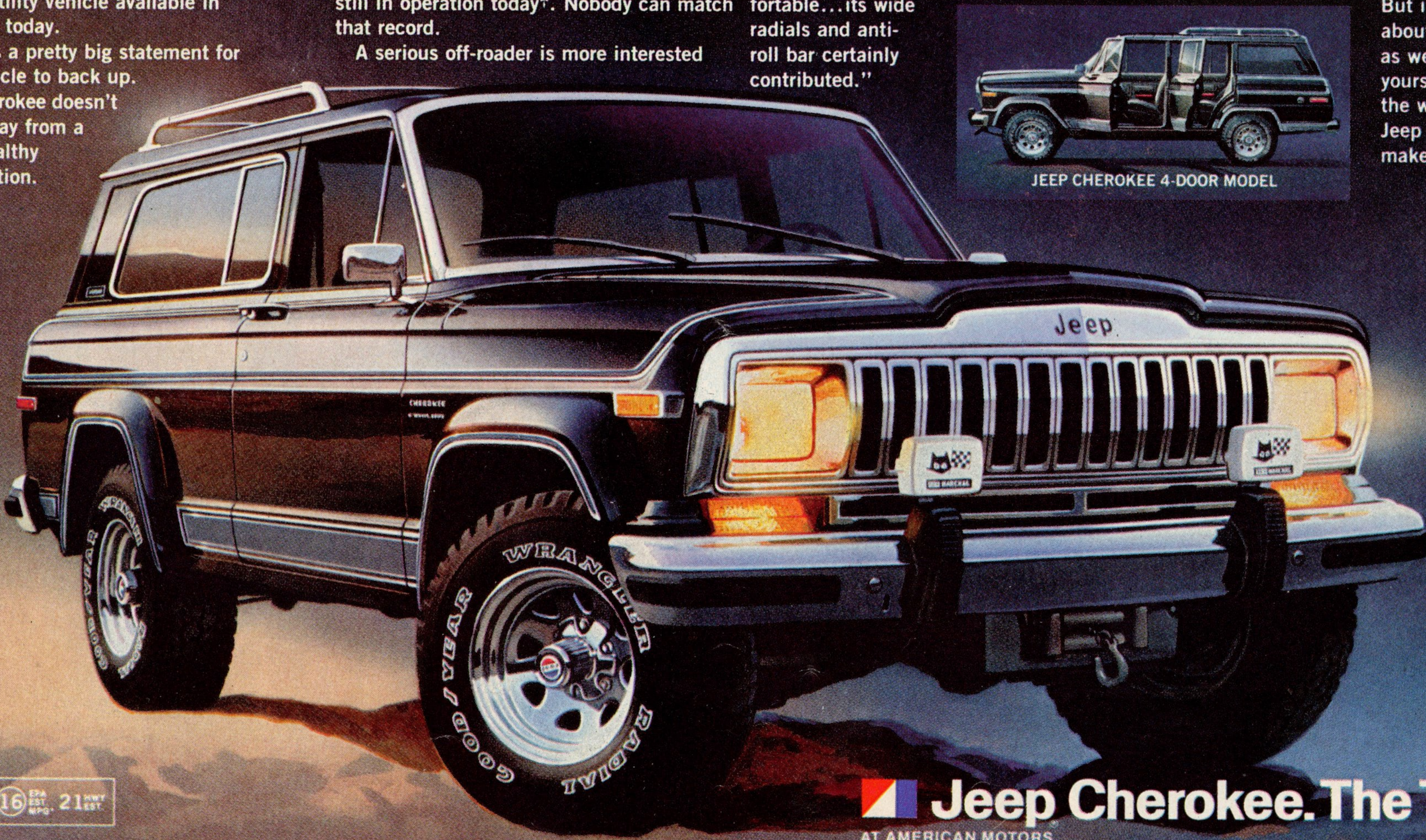

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the Harley. We stopped back there to stock up on beer, and I told my friends that I'd ride on in with my old man. But somehow the fuckers all left me! I had to go to the john, and when I came out they were all gone." "Won't they come back after you?" "You don't know my old man. He's probably found another chick in a mean leather suit by now and is fucking her right out of her leathers. He might miss me when we get back home, but I doubt it."

I said, "Sounds like your man likes girls wearing leather." She grinned and said, "Hell, we both do. We're both crazy about leather. That is why we ball each other so good. Eric goes wild when he handles me in these fucking jeans, he likes to eat my tits right thru the black squeaky hide, and when I stick my hide-Levi's-covered crotch into his face, locking my legs around his head, he really gets it up. You see, I've got a functional slit in the crotch of these leathers, so we don't have to waste time getting the skin off when its time to fuck! 'Course, all I have to do is climb into the saddle behind Eric, dressed in his beautiful black leathers, and I start getting horny as soon as my body starts to touch him." As you can see, our casual, get-acquainted conversation had very quickly turned to sex. Almost like it was the number-one thing on her mind.

The babe continued, "That is why I was getting in the saddle with my old man to finish this run. I'd been riding between two chicks in racing leathers in the van, and feeling them rubbing against me was driving me wild. They must have known they were beginning to get to me, 'cause they kept sliding a hand down my leg or letting an arm fall off the back of the seat onto my shoulder or rubbing their boot up mine. They're my pals, and we ride bikes together, but today I need to get it on with my old man. I guess I made them mad when I told them to go fuck themselves 'cause I was going to plug myself into my old man's back. They like my leather suit, too! I'm guessing that while I went to pee, one of them climbed on behind Eric and started riding him."

About here the big chick leaned over and put her hand on my leg. She purred, "Damn, you can't feel it in a fucking car like you can on a bike. If we were on a sickle, you could feel my tits digging into your back and getting hard. Usually, before I start to explode, I'll open up my shirt and let my bare, hard tits rub his leather back. At the same time my tight crotch is locked onto his ass and my legs are squeezing tightly against his. I start out with my arms locked around him, but as soon as the road opens up my hands slide into his crotch." At this pregnant moment her hand slid up my leg and grasped my hard tool! "Feeling his cock swell and stretch his leathers taut is tremendous. Through the skin it is just like his own skin in my hand. As I said, I get very horny riding buddied up behind a guy in bike leathers."

Well, I wasn't in any kind of leathers ex-

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cept for boots, but we had just arrived at my pad. I said, "Let's carry the booze in and finish getting acquainted. I think you've just reached the fun part."

Soon we were in my place with a couple of cold drinks. She'd had me strip except for my boots and had me slip into her jacket. In a matter of minutes we were on the floor, exploring each other's anatomy. I discovered that leather-covered tit was very tasty and a cock rubbing between two horsehide-covered legs was a rare pleasure. She insisted that I lock my boots around her head as I licked my tongue along the seam of the crotch of her Levi's. As she took me into her mouth, I found the slit and the warm oozing juices of her pussy. Without further details, it was the wildest encounter I'll ever have. She had tricks and ways to keep me going that I'd never dreamed of before. Our lovemaking, mixed in with regular replenishment from my newly filled bar, seemed to go on for hours. When we'd tire, we would sleep locked tightly together there right out on the shag carpet—only that night I didn't tire from her tantalizing ministrations very often. She was a really hot pussycat!

My conclusion from that night is that if leather gear and bikes get a chick going like that, I'm in the wrong leisure activities! I watch with a different appreciation now when a cyclist with a babe perched on his tail passes me. Instead of a hairy ape and a dirty broad, I now see a horny chick and a very lucky guy who has something that I want to indulge in again.

So I would recommend that before you pass up a hitchhiking biker you look the person over very closely.—*Name and address withheld*

Fifty hours for the county

I am an 18-year-old male who lives in a conservative little midwestern town. Our town of 1,200 may seem like a boring place to live, but on this day it was as exciting as anyplace in the world.

One night four of my friends and I had a little bit too much to drink and proceeded to bust up a small neighboring town. We were caught the very next day, because we had left quite a few clues unknowingly. We were sentenced to work 50 hours for the county on the weekends. It was about the third weekend when we had an experience none of us will ever forget.

That day our boss had us chop down trees in a small park just outside town. He gave the five of us saws and axes and told us to clear the roadside of trees and said he would be back in a couple hours. As we were sawing and chopping, a white car drove by us with two of the most beautiful blondes I've ever seen in it. As they went by, one of them "mooned" us. Little did they know that the road they drove in on was also the only way out of the park. This mooning really pissed off a couple of my friends. Bill and Dean decided to drop a tree across the only exit. In about five minutes, after finding no other way out, these two shapely wenches drove back to the main road and found a tree blocking their way. They got out of their car and begged us not to hurt them.

Bill told them we wouldn't hurt them if they showed us their little trick again. We led them both over a little ridge on the other side of the road, where they dropped their pants, exposing their gorgeous blonde bushes, their tanned, long smooth legs, and their firm asses. The driver, Kate, had a pubic region that was full and stimulating, while the bush of the other one, Andrea, was perfectly trimmed, with her ass much tighter. After the unveiling of these two golden cunts it didn't take the five of us long to finish undressing the girls and get ourselves naked. We spread our clothes around to make a mat. Then Bill and I took Kate and bent her over on her hands and knees. Bill carefully spread her cunt lips and shoved his throbbing eight inches into her moist darkness. By this time I was on my knees, shoving my stiff prick into her mouth, as she used her tongue in a circular motion around my oozing head. I fondled her creamy breasts, which were smaller than Andrea's but had nipples just as hard. I pushed my rod deeper into her face with each thrust.

In between thrusts I could see how the other three were doing with Andrea. She was on her back, and Dean was mounted on her face with his dick pounding in and out of her cherry red lips. David had spread her ass, and his cock was moving in and out of her musty hole. Karl had his face buried in her blonde muff, obviously giving her the best tonguing she ever had in her life, with her hips bucking against his face. By her moans, Andrea was enjoying her position as much as the guys.

Suddenly I couldn't hold it back any longer. I exploded in Kate's mouth. In almost the same instant Bill came in her pussy. Kate let out a scream I thought they could hear in town to signal her climax. Our hot semen was dripping out of both ends of her.

I then heard Andrea scream, and I looked over and saw that Dean had withdrawn his prick from her lips, and his cream was running down the sides of her face. David's thrusting into her firm buttocks had stopped, and his semen was running out of her ass down her back. Karl lifted his head, and his face and hair were dripping from her delicious love juices.

We then changed positions, with Bill getting a blow from Andrea while I fucked her. Dean, David, and Karl triple-teamed Kate, with Karl and David taking turns getting head while Dean screwed her creamy cunt. We took turns getting blown and fucking and eating each girl until we were all exhausted.

We put our clothes back on and moved the tree so that the girls could leave. They both gave each of us a long French kiss good-bye and left. We were too exhausted

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Reggie Jackson

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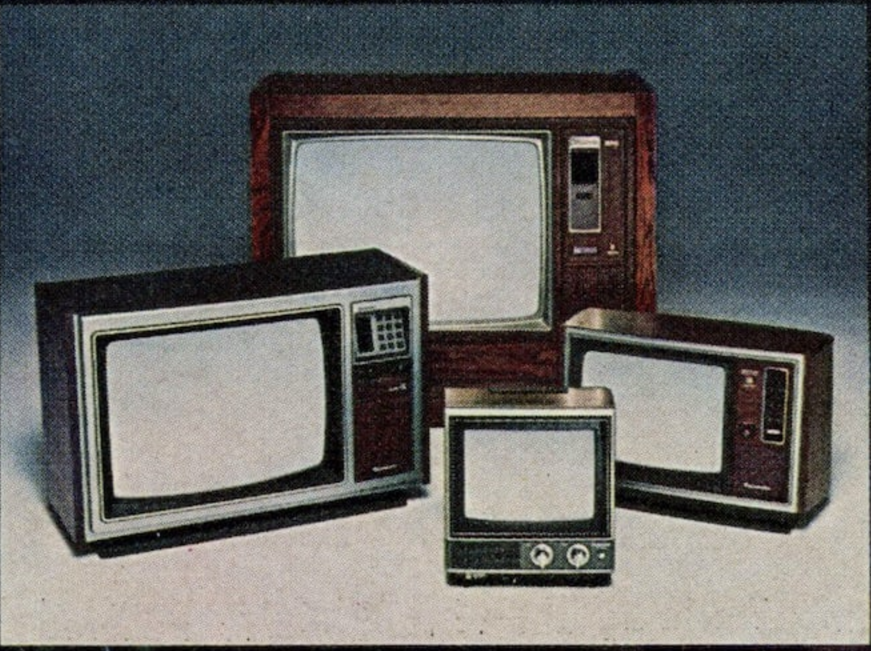

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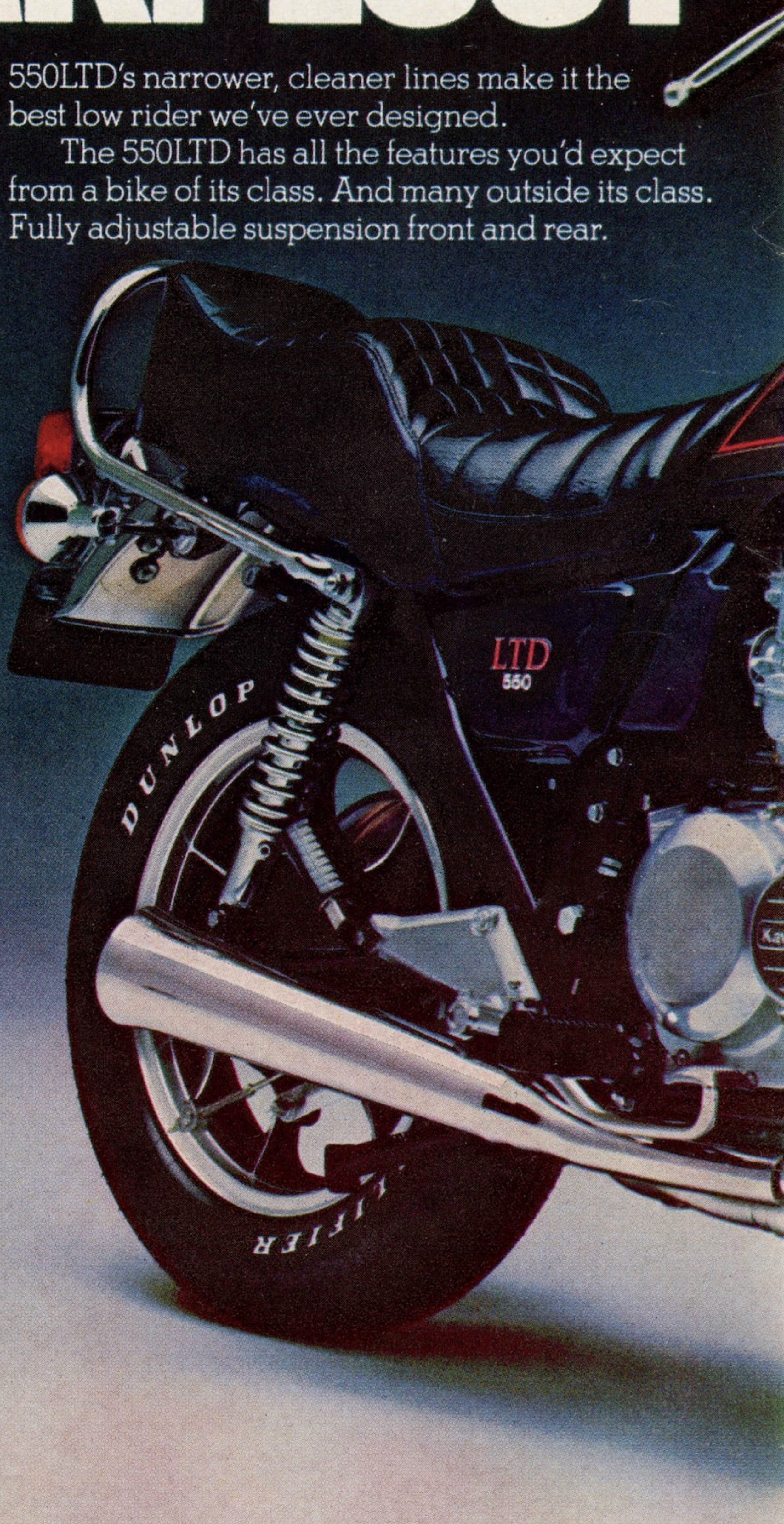

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to do much work, so when the boss got back, he chewed our ass out for goofing off and told us he should give us 50 hours more for the county. I think I could live with a few more hours like that.—*Name and address withheld*

"Imagination in the hearts of men"

I recently had an experience that I'd like to relate to your "Forum" readers. This summer, my fiancée—I'll call her Janet—came with her parents from Texas to visit me in Southern California. I'd been living out here for about six months, and we'd managed to see each other only infrequently. We love each other very much, and our greetings usually start off with fucking each other's brains out for one or two hours just as soon as we got alone.

But on this occasion, as Jan came out with her parents and younger sister, we didn't get the opportunity as soon as we wanted. I drove over to see them, and when I got there, at about 2:00 A.M., she met me at the door to their hotel room. When I saw her, I almost went crazy at not being able to fuck on the spot. You see, she is a very beautiful lady: five feet two inches tall, with raven black hair and such a beautiful face. She has full but firm tits, and the sight of them through her filmy nightgown just about made me cream in my jeans on the spot. But all I got that night was a quick feel and some fine kissing with that talented tongue of hers in my mouth and ear. We both knew that we wanted each other but that it would have to wait, at least for a while. We went into the room, and she got into bed with her sister, and I slept on a bedroll on the floor across the room from her and her parents' bed.

The next morning we went to Disneyland outside Los Angeles. Seeing her in her tight jeans—that beautiful tight ass of hers, and her full tits, her nipples poking out through her Mickey Mouse T-shirt—drove me wild. Jan and I spent all day with her family, and of course it was great fun. But after it got dark, our thoughts again turned to sex. At about 9:00 P.M. we told her parents that we wanted to go and enjoy our "favorite ride" and would meet them shortly.

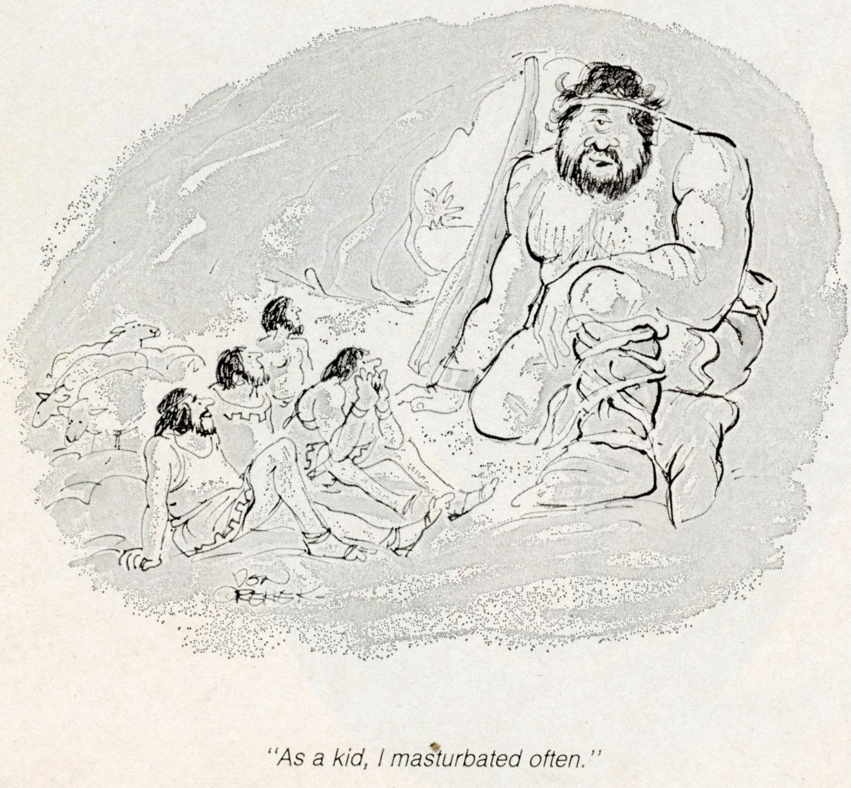
As we strolled through Frontierland (just next to Fantasyland), we saw our chance. The Disneyland Railroad train went by, with its load of people, and when it passed, we ran across the tracks and up into a wooded area on a hill and suddenly were in a secluded and very sensual spot. Thick with trees, with pine nettles on the ground and a full moon overhead, it seemed to be a perfect place for our favorite ride. I laid her down on that soft grass, just 20 yards from hundreds of people. She ripped off her shirt without hesitation, and I instantly glued my mouth to those beautiful tits. She started moaning, as she loves me to suck her nipples, which are firm and dark, with little black hairs around them. I then moved down her belly, licking and sucking my way down toward her pussy. I pulled her jeans off except for one leg, and the smell of her already wet snatch was heavenly. With one long, slow caress with my tongue, I licked her clit, and as I sucked it up into my mouth, she arched her back and clamped her thighs tightly against my ears. As I drank her juices, she shivered, cried out, and slowly sank back into the grass. I sat up on my knees, and, leaning over, slowly stuck my big dick into her soft, sopping puss. It was sheer heaven. I started off moving slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, in and out of her cunt. With the tip of my prick just touching her clit and then moving all the way to the hilt, she moaned, "I just love the way you fuck me. I've waited so long for this." I steadily increased my rhythm, matching the squeezing by her snatch of my dick. That old familiar feeling started crawling up my spine as our thrusts increased to a frenzy. I closed my eyes as my nuts rose up in my sac, and I shot a huge load into her pussy, which was spasmodically clamping down on my joint. I saw brilliant lights and an explosion go off in my head . . . or so I thought. But I realized then that it was the fireworks and rockets over Disneyland. As we lay together with my dick still in her cunt, our mingled love juices flowing over both our thighs, we watched in perfect happiness the beautifully colored explosions overhead.

I'll never go back to Disneyland without remembering that fabulous ride that only two of us got to enjoy. Walt Disney said it best: "The magic of Disneyland will grow as long as there is imagination in the hearts of men."—*Name and address withheld*

Love on the road to L.A.

Well, it has finally happened! I just had an experience like I have been reading about in your "Forum" letters. This experience could turn into a long-term arrangement. That's why I am writing you—in hopes it will be read by the person I am telling you about.

Let me lay some groundwork before I begin. I am a 32-year-old trucker. I stand six feet two and weigh 190. I own my own 18-wheeler, which I live in most of the time. I am no body builder by any means, but I carry weights with me and try to keep trim and muscular. I am also pretty well hung, and unlike the stories in a lot of your letters, this has been a curse more times than not. When totally soft, my cock dangles six or seven inches down my pants leg. When fully erect, it swells to ten and a half inches, and hangs at a 45-degree angle. Sally, on the other hand, was a pure, heaven-sent blessing. She stands five feet six, weighs 115 pounds, and measures 35C-23-35. She has beautiful brown hair and the foxiest, deepest green eyes I have ever seen. So now, on with the letter.



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I was headed west across eastern Arizona's hot, beautiful desert. This was what I call my kick-back run. My truck was empty, and I had five days to get a load in L.A. and head north with it. So I was just rolling along, playing some tapes. Then I spotted an old car sitting on the shoulder of the highway. "What a fucking place to break down," I thought. I slowed the truck. As I passed, I noticed the one person in the car was kind of slumped over the steering wheel. I braked hard and pulled over just ahead.

When I leaned down to the window, I realized the driver was a very attractive lady. I could tell she had been crying, but she managed a smile. She stepped out of the car as she explained that the car had started smoking and then just quit. I looked her over closely. Her short dress let a lot of well-shaped leg show. I could see she had a great figure, and her breasts kept the top of her dress fitting tight. She told me she was to start a job in L.A. in a week and needed a ride. When I checked her car out and told her the whole motor was shot, she almost cried again. She said if I would take her to L.A., she could take care of her car later. I told her she had the ride if she wanted it.

I threw her bags into my storage box and lifted her up into the cab. I caught just a glimpse of her firm, lace-pantied ass as I watched her lovely thighs settle into the seat. I got the truck rolling and had her get a couple of beers out of the ice cooler I always carry with me. We talked and laughed about her car. She really was easy to talk to. Her relaxed nature and wide smile was a real turn-on. My jeans were growing tight in the crotch. She was brushing her hair and twisting around with the two top buttons on her dress open.

As we neared the Colorado River, I turned the truck off the highway and down a narrow paved road for a while, then onto a gravel road, where I stopped in a large turnaround. "Come on," I told her. I took a towel, a blanket, and the cooler and started walking through the bushes. She asked where I was going but was right behind me anyway. I told her that I found this spot several years before and that when I made this run, which was every four months to the day, I liked to stop, weather permitting, to swim and relax awhile.

She was in total awe when we reached the secluded sandy beach. It was a quiet lagoon in the river, with thick green growth on three sides. I spread the blanket out. I pulled my boots and socks off and shed my tank top. "Comin' in? The water is great this time of year," I said as I unbuckled my wide belt. "I don't have a swimsuit," she said, holding her arms out from her sides. I laughed out loud. "Hell, I don't either. Skinny-dipping's much more fun." I pulled my jeans down and stepped out of them. I stood up straight. Her eyes locked onto my crotch. I let her get a long, good look at my half-erect shaft before I turned and jumped into the river. I have had women shy away at this point. I wanted her to see me before we got involved any further, if she had the mind to.

I came up in neck-deep water. It felt great. The water was just cool enough to cut the heat of the day. I turned to see where Sally was standing. I was just in time to see her stepping out of her lace panties. She stood up and shook her hair out. She looked straight at me, then struck a "windswept" pose, holding her panties with her fingertips at her side. "Goddamn," I mumbled to myself, for she was every bit as lovely as your magazine models. Her beautiful body had me praying that she wasn't teasing. I stood there with a full hard-on, waiting. She dropped her panties, walked slowly to the water, then jumped right toward me.

She came up about two feet from me. She could not touch the bottom. She reached out an arm and wrapped it around my neck. I put my arm around her tiny waist. Her body was warm, even in the cool water. Her fantastic breasts floated freely in the water. I felt her thighs brushing against my stiff shaft. Our eyes locked together as she slowly circled her other arm around my neck. My free hand moved around her waist and down to her baby-soft buttocks. She parted her lips and pulled with her arms until I felt my shaft slip up between her luscious thighs. She

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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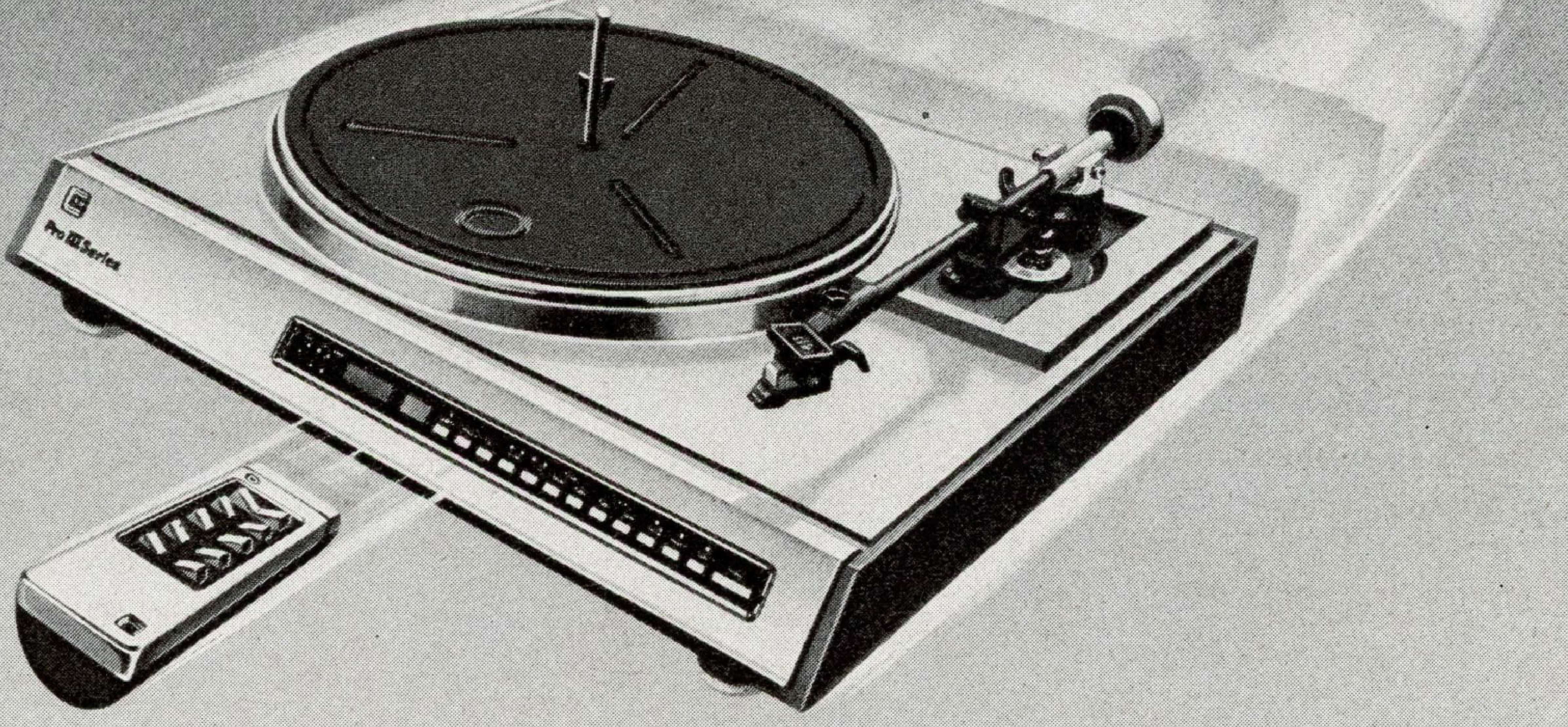

At one time, the multiplay turntable was considered the only way to play records. Then, as technology improved, the more demanding listeners insisted that only a single-play turntable could deliver all the sound a recording had to offer. Now, BSR proudly introduces its Pro III Series—combining the ease and versatility of a multiplay with the precision and accuracy of the finest single-play. At a price well within your reach.

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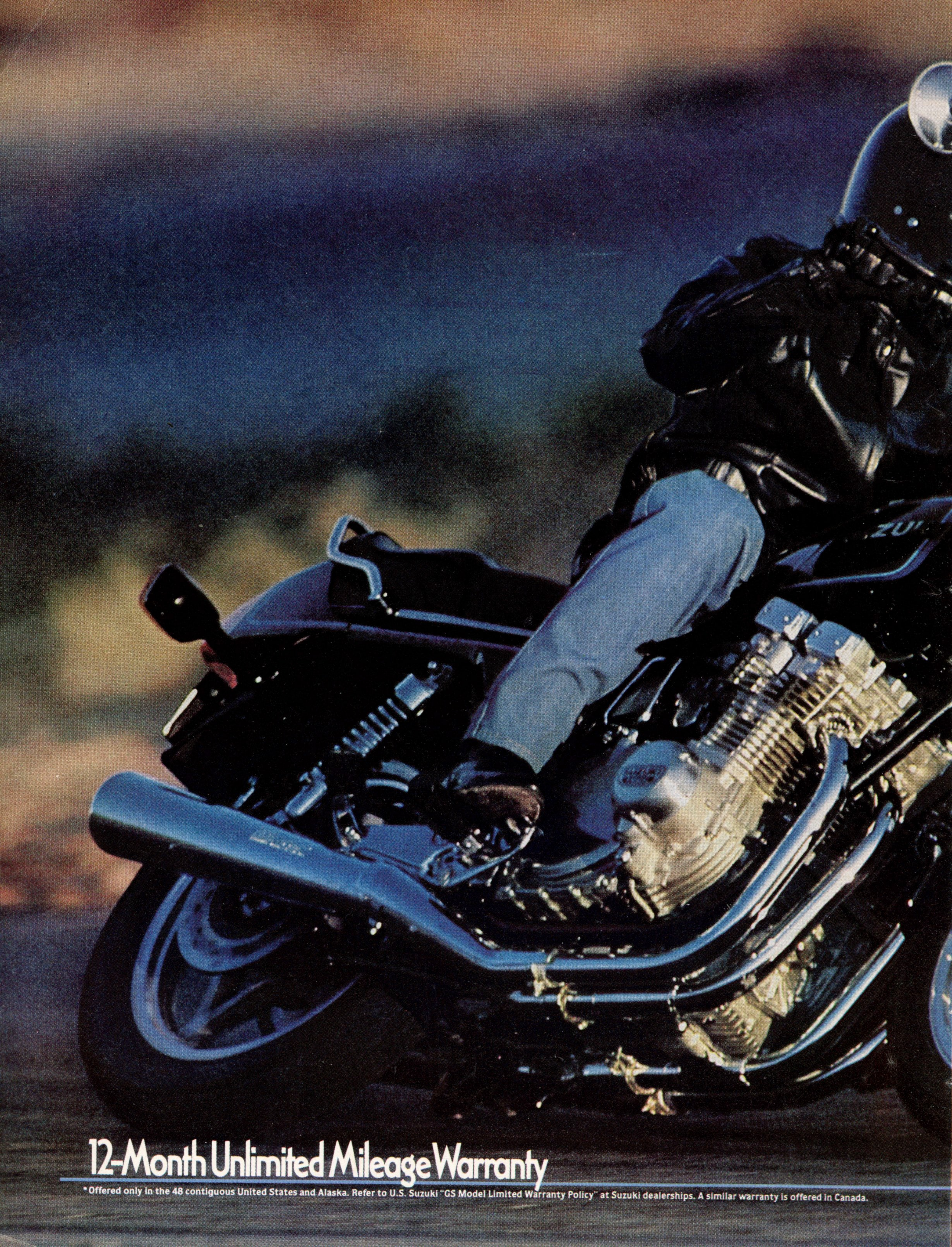
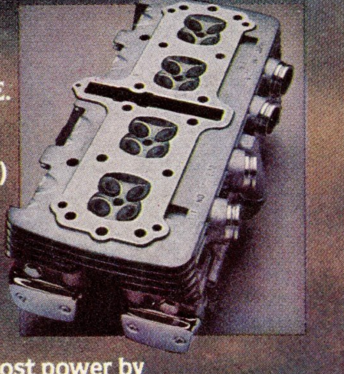

12-Month Unlimited Mileage Warranty

* Offered only in the 48 contiguous United States and Alaska. Refer to U.S. Suzuki "GS Model Limited Warranty Policy" at Suzuki dealerships. A similar warranty is offered in Canada.

Sweet Sixteen.



Behold. Suzuki's 16-valve masterpiece.
It's the new-era engine that powers the 1981 GS-750E.
Briefly put, it's a 4-stroke DOHC 4-cylinder powerhouse with 16 valves and Twin Swirl Combustion Chambers. But enough of brevity.
Let's get down to the fine points. (Because there are many fine points.)

To begin with, the configuration of this remarkable engine is not unlike the mighty mills used in most of today's high-powered Indy machines.

That is, it's a short-stroke, big-bore design that utilizes flat-topped racing pistons, 4 valves per cylinder and centrally-located spark plugs.

Basically, the idea behind this design is to boost power by allowing a steady and healthy dose of air/fuel mixture to flow quickly into the combustion chambers—and to burn it just as quickly.

And, basically, that is why the GS-750E has so much power and throttle response.

But Suzuki went far beyond basics. Besides power, Suzuki wanted an engine that also burned fuel cleanly and delivered exceptionally good gas mileage.

Which brings us to Twin Swirl Combustion Chambers. Within each chamber is a ridge which separates and precisely controls the incoming air/fuel mixture. This action produces two incredibly high-speed swirls of mixture. Thus, when it is ignited by the centrally-located spark plug, combustion is quick and clean.

Interestingly enough, the whole process is so efficient that not only does fuel consumption go down, power goes up.

That, friends, is a general overview of this amazing engine.

Perhaps even more amazing are its ingenious subtleties.

For instance, note the wide spacing between the valves. This minimizes shrouding and mutual interference.

Notice too, the unusually shallow angle (40-degree) of the valves. This allows the use of flat-topped pistons so incoming mixture won't be restricted.

Another nice touch can be found on the valve clearance adjusters. They're set-screw for easy, simple adjusting.

Even the crankshaft bearings are made of specially compounded material. So they'll run cooler and last longer.

And so it goes with this incredible power source.

Lest you think there's nothing else to this great bike than a great engine, think again. Triple slotted brakes, front air forks, multi-adjustable shocks, transistorized ignition, Halogen headlight and electric fuel gauge are just part of the GS-750E package.

And to top it all off, this beautiful machine is backed by a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty.*

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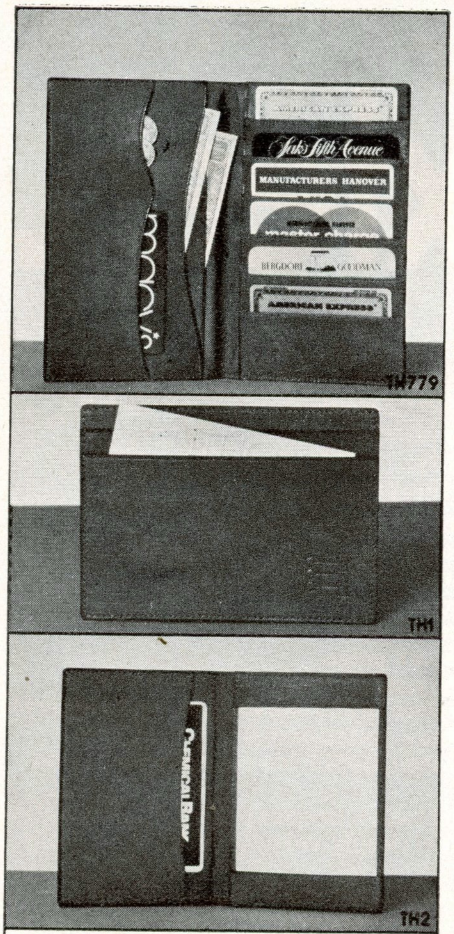

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Voting

Congratulations to Nicholas von Hoffman for his excellent article "Don't Vote" (November 1980) about the importance of abstaining in the voting forums within our political election system. Unfortunately, there is the possibility that Election Day 1980 will see the lightest turnout in American history, and it will all be blamed on apathy. But we are *not* apathetic. How can anyone be apathetic when our military security is dwindling, our quality of life is declining, and our overall liberty is plummeting? In fact, people are turning to political activism more and more. But they are turning to unorthodox procedures like initiative referendums, constitutional conventions, and independent registrations and candidacies. It's no accident that the Libertarians have found enough support to get on all state ballots for the first time in recent history.

What we are witnessing, and what many are calling apathy, is really a crisis of credibility for the electoral system—especially the two-party system. Such crises are not unprecedented. The Supreme Court hit bottom with its Dred Scott decision before the Civil War. The prestige of the presidential office is declining. All our institutions have suffered through losses of support before.

But we should learn from crises. During this election we've seen widespread discontent over the limiting of presidential choices to Carter and Reagan by the party system and to Anderson by the media. What we needed, and will need from now on, is an institutionally permanent and profoundly significant alternative such as von Hoffman was describing. In Nevada NOTA (None of the Above) is a choice on the ballot in all elections for all offices and has drawn over 30 percent on occasion. It is too bad that NOTA wasn't invited to participate in the televised debates. NOTA should have been, because almost 50 percent of the electorate has steadily demonstrated its support for none of the above by not voting.

I hope that some will realize in all the postmortems of the 1980 elections that NOTA was the most ignored and yet possibly the most popular of the candidates. If less than 50 percent of the electorate turned out, a few analysts might begin to see the need for formalizing the silent majority with a NOTA option. With NOTA on the ballot we could all do something about the lowbrow candidates, mudslinging campaigns, and the monotony of "politics as usual." With NOTA, when 50 percent plus one decide to, the people can force a special election in which none of the candidates that NOTA beats can run again. The people won't have to create their own third parties, stay home disgruntled, or even vote for the lesser of various evils. They can take new pride and find new purpose in voting NOTA.

I think this is a simple but exciting electoral reform that would give the democratic process a new lease on life. And I do believe its time has come.—*Robert Bakhaus, Santa Barbara, Calif.*

Nicholas von Hoffman's case against voting as presented in your November issue does, as he expected, provoke knee-jerk cries of "Treason!" But anyone with the patience to confront Mr. von Hoffman's argument is rightly challenged.

The idea of institutionalizing a grassroots abstention and requiring a percentage of voters to validate the election could, in time, give this nation statesmen again. Mr. von Hoffman clearly understands the difference between statesmen and politicians.

Mr. von Hoffman's vision of a responsible government is fine. So is the concept of voting for "none of the above." But not voting, as he suggests, will not somehow miraculously transport disenfranchised Middle America into that noble vision. Not voting is only going to bring more of the same—and worse.

The polling place is the citizenry's only communication line to Uncle Sam. Though centralized government tends to be a self-perpetuating mechanism, it is, in a democratic context, programmed for change. But the system allows change only via the "access code" built into it: voting. The alternative is armed insurrection.

Voters are not going to arrive at an opportunity to "officially abstain" without voting such a proposal into existence. One must first vote yes on abstention before one can abstain with any meaningful degree of clout. Voting is not necessarily a choice between two evils. It's not necessarily an exercise in bipartisan wishful thinking. The Neanderthal notion that silence—and after-the-fact whimpering—will somehow right the collective wrongs of big government is simply not valid. Historically, silence has only produced madmen who rise to power on the assumption that an absence of organized opposition means approval. In a way, it does.

Mr. von Hoffman cited the wiles of global diplomacy as an example of the worthiness of abstention. Unfortunately, that

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same example obliterates the equation. In a diplomatic frame of reference, like it or not, an abstention has always meant tacit approval. I do not approve of the federal government's plundering my rights. That's why I vote. But with Mr. von Hoffman's laudable political destination in mind, I'll be happy to vote yes on abstention.—*Pete MacKenzie, Stanwood, Wash.*

American Dreams

Studs Terkel's "The American Dream" (October 1980) is a heartwarming account of the people who shape America. I personally related to the story of Jessie de la Cruz. Being a migrant worker myself, I know what it means to work the land. Thanks for such a memorable article on a down-to-earth subject. Please keep it up—your magazine will never be out of step.—*Juan Duran, Hillsboro, N.Dak.*

The possum

I'm writing in regard to Dolly Carlisle's article "The Fall and Rise of George Jones" (November 1980). I enjoyed the article but would like to tell your readers a couple of things that have happened since the article was written.

First, the Country Music Association has named George their Male Vocalist of the Year and named his hit song "He Stopped Loving Her Today" the Song of the Year. On a more personal level, I got a chance to see him perform in Busch Gardens, Williamsburg, Va. Not only did he show up, but he put on a performance that will be hard to match in years to come. The new group backing him, the Jones Boys, are a tight group. George's voice was pure and smooth and had that certain bite to it that we've come to love over the years. He was in a great frame of mind and had the crowd in his hands.

The "Possum" has not arisen; he's been here all along and has yet to reach his peak. George, we continue loving you today. Hail to the legend of country music!—*R. J. McKenzie, Hampton, Va.*

Until recently the only magazine for men I had ever read was *Playboy*. I was at a friend's house the other night and happened to pick up the November issue of *Penthouse*. I began reading some of the articles in it. I came to Dolly Carlisle's article on George Jones and almost bypassed it on the grounds that I don't care all that much for Mr. Jones. Something told me to read it, and I'm really glad I did. I found myself wishing the story would never end. Starting with the upcoming issue, I will be a faithful reader of *Penthouse* in the hopes that I'll find more articles of this caliber. In my opinion, with writing like Ms. Carlisle's, *Penthouse* could be sold on the merits of its articles alone. Thanks for giving my hungry brain something very interesting to feast upon.—*Name and address withheld*

Women's choice

Your publication deserves recognition as probably the most "feminist" of all men's (and many women's) magazines, which I hope you take as the compliment it is. The philosophy of *Penthouse* allows men to be sensitive and caring as well as strong and virile. You promote liberated sexuality for women and men; often women are portrayed in other than stereotypical roles. *Penthouse* routinely features articles by women and apparently employs women in many top positions, as is evident in the masthead listing of your editorial and administrative staff.

Therefore, I'm writing in reference to the recent psychograph "How Liberated Are You?" (October 1980) by Frank Donegan. As a feminist, I wasn't prepared to rate less than fully liberated, but I scored just barely above average. So I analyzed the questions, hoping that it couldn't be that difficult to get a passing grade. Some were excellent: "Would you allow your son to play with dolls?" and "Have you lived with, or dated, for more than three years a woman who earned more than you?" But perhaps Dr. Donegan expects too much for an honest no to questions such as "Are women more sensitive than men?"

But the last question is most interesting. "Do you think men stand to gain just as much from the women's movement as women?" A rhetorical question, but what is the real answer? Did the whites stand to gain as much from the emancipation of slaves as the blacks did? On the one hand, men will gain by being able to reach their full potential as human beings and be able to show the more "sensitive" side of their nature. And they will enjoy fuller, more enriched lives with their women friends. (Not to mention winning more child custody suits.)

But the fact remains that men not only stand to gain less than women but also stand to lose a great deal. This is the very reason why passage of the ERA is being fought so bitterly. The women's movement and the ERA are essentially economic issues. There exists an economic disparity based on privileges that one sex has over the other.

Women, in history's perspective, have only just recently won the right to vote; so to expect great change is asking a lot. And the ERA is asking a lot. Men will have to give up rights they now have that allow them to earn more, succeed sooner, and control another person financially simply because of their status as men. But women, too, have to expect to give up some type of privilege they now have in order to become responsible adults.

A man who is truly liberated, who supports the ERA and feminist people, deserves to have this sacrificing of male privilege acknowledged. For women *are* asking a lot, and there are men willing to give. And, in exchange, they are freed from restricting stereotypes to become "more human, nurturing, and fulfilled."

eration, but of course not without some change in tradition. Not everyone is willing to cash in their male chips and their female chips for people chips, for in today's market male chips are worth considerably more. Thank you for a good magazine.—*Dahe X. Good, Anchorage, Ala.*

The worst

I enjoy your annual "Twenty Worst College Football Teams" by Larry Linderman (October 1980)

However, Brooklyn College is one of the most consistently bad teams each year and in 1980 will no doubt continue the trend. The school lost its home opener to Jersey City State, 46 to zip. Many more losses can be expected on the ten-game schedule. So, you see, Brooklyn College belongs in a class with your eleventh "worst" choice, Columbia University. New York City collegiate football buddies are we all!—*Doug Guinard, New York, N.Y.*

The University of Pennsylvania was recently the point of a great deal of disparagement in *Penthouse*. The football team was regarded as one of the nation's 20 worst in an ill-written, tongue-in cheek article. Besides the fact that the team Lawrence Linderman downgraded so much has since been successful, there are several other facts I would like to bring to your attention.

The University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School is ranked as the best undergraduate program in the nation. A student wanting to be an executive does well to come to Pennsylvania, which ranks fifth among U.S. schools in placing both its graduate and postgraduate students in major corporate positions.

Barron's Profiles of American Colleges refers to the "international preeminence" of our graduate schools, specifically pointing to our law, medicine, dentistry, business, and engineering schools. In fact, the university began the first school of medicine in this country and the first business school. The School of Engineering is the oldest school of its kind in the country. Furthermore, nine Nobel Prize winners have attended Pennsylvania. Our founder was Benjamin Franklin.

Pennsylvania has produced not only some of our society's most outstanding citizens but also some of the great intercollegiate teams. We rank fifth in total football victories, and our winning percentage of .631 ranks us among the nation's elite.

The University of Pennsylvania has traditionally been great. Our football team will win because of a tradition of excellence that is inbred in our university. It has not been a policy of our school to compete in an open market for athletes, but rather to remain a member in good standing of the Ivy League, where the premium is put on the student athlete, not on the athlete.

Within this context we will excel.—*Charles Harris, Director of Athletics, University of Pennsylvania, Pa.*

CHANEL
FOR MEN
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‘Gender is not important.
I enjoyed many orgasms during my last
orgy in Spain, but frankly,
I couldn't tell you half the time who
or what was responsible.’

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 37 years old, have been married for 12 years, and have three children. My wife and I love each other very much, and our life as a couple and a family has been very good. My wife has never been to bed with anyone else and would not want to. I have had two minor liaisons during our marriage, unknown to my wife: once with a former girl friend and once with a fellow student.

Over the years my wife and I found ourselves having sex less and less frequently. We both knew this wasn't good, but we were in an emotional rut and couldn't seem to get out of it. Months went by without our engaging in intercourse. I have always, since puberty, masturbated regularly and have relied for a lot of sexual enjoyment on fantasies, fetishes, and pornography. This remained true to some extent even after I was married, but I found myself turning to these outlets once again with more and more urgency. Finally, last year, I decided that I was getting too far into the world of fantasy, only making love to the girls in the magazines. I decided that in order to keep my head on straight and to respond to my strong sex drive, I had to have the feel of real skin. I had to have sex with a real woman! Our life-style and circle of friends offered me no real possibilities in this regard, and I didn't really want to get involved in the entanglements of an affair. So I put some money aside and went looking for a prostitute.

At that time, my work took me on trips out of town for a few days at a time. On one of my trips to Toronto, I anxiously spent the evening hopping from bar to bar until I found one where the girls were sitting individually at tables. Men would occasionally approach them, talk for a while, and then leave. Soon after, the girl would do the same. This had to be the place. I built up my courage until I was finally able to unglue myself from my chair and approach one of the girls myself.

Arrangements were made quickly, and I soon found myself in a scruffy hotel room, standing naked beside Trixie, a short, slim, extremely beautiful black woman, while she soaped up my cock, washed it, and dried it. I couldn't believe what was happening! As we lay down on the bed, I consciously tried to drink in every sensation: her smooth, soft skin pressing against me, the feel of her lips and tongue on my cock, the taste and aroma of her pussy as she sat on my face. I was so nervous that I couldn't come, but fortunately she was gentle and understanding, and she finally brought me off by using her mouth. My balls ached with pleasure.

I went out with her the next night, too, and had much better success. Then I began laying my plans for continuing this exciting new activity. Over the next ten months or so I took advantage on every trip away from home to "go out" with a working girl. Not all were as gentle as Trixie. Some were fairly cold and businesslike and wanted to limit the deal to a straightforward in-and-out with no extras (like eating cunt, which, I discovered, really gets me off). A couple of girls, after making arrangements to meet me, never showed up and left me sitting by myself in a cheap hotel room. But these unhappy experiences were the exception. Some of the girls had big boobs, some had tiny ones; some had tight cunts, and some had big, loose, juicy ones. All the women were young and sexy and beautiful, and even though the encounters were brief, they were worth every cent and every minute to me.

My last hooker was Dolly, and I want to tell you about her, because in many ways she was the best. She was tall and slim,

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with breasts only a handful each but with beautiful, light-brown nipples. We lay in bed, hugging and feeling each other, kissing deeply and talking a bit. Then she sat back on her knees, looked at my stiff member, caressed it, and said, "You're pretty horny. Let me see if I can do something about that." Then she bent over and slipped her lips over the head of my penis, grasping the shaft with her hand. It was velvet insanity, and in a minute or two she had me reaching for the ceiling with pleasure. She stopped short of bringing me to orgasm and climbed on top of me, guiding my cock up her cunt. "You lie still. I'll do the work," she said.

Then she started slowly moving her hips in a spiral motion, sliding up to the head of my penis until it was almost out of her, then gripping me with her muscles and sliding back down to the base, then back up again. The head of my cock was so highly stimulated I could hardly bear it. I grasped her thighs with my hands. She laid my hands by my side and said, "Lie still. Let me move." And move she did.

I watched her nude body dancing over me slowly, then faster and faster. She was producing a pleasure in me that was almost painful, and I closed my eyes and literally screamed out. Then I exploded in her, but she kept moving. Finally she asked, "Do you want me to stop?" I groaned a feeble yes, because I was going crazy from the sensation. Then we both relaxed for a while before she led me over to the sink and gently washed my cock, rubbing until it was completely lathered with soap. I almost came again in her hand. It was the first time ever that a woman had brought me off without my doing anything, and it was, without exaggeration, the best fuck I'd ever had in my life. She was a true expert.

I haven't had another girl since Dolly, and actually, I'm not feeling the same need. My extramarital experiences served to satisfy my sexual desires over a difficult period and were also excellent therapy for me. My physical appetites are no longer so repressed, and my desire for my wife has been rekindled. My wife has regained her physical shape since her last pregnancy and is once again feeling sexy. We have gone a long way from the sexual rut we had been in. My wife knows nothing about my special activities and would be very upset if she did. But I know that the improvement in our physical relationship is due, in part, to my girls.

I don't know if I will ever go out with another girl again, but I wanted to tell you and your readers how important these professional girls were in my life. It's not as good as being in love and waking up beside someone, but it's damn good sex just the same.—P.B.

You must be one hell of a lover if all those hookers were willing to give you all those little tidbits on the side! The usual course of action is for the man to get exactly what he pays for. I am glad that you have improved your relations with your wife, though I might add that if you had been paying more attention to her instead of running around with your hookers, she might not have felt so bad in the first place. But fortunately that's all behind you now. Next time, if your sex life should fall into a slump again, see if your wife might want to join you on one of your little romps. Just for some added excitement. You might be surprised.

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Jo Finkert

BIRDS IN THE BUSHES

I am 19 years old, with sandy brown hair and a cock that's always ready and willing. I have a fairly muscular body that most females find satisfying.

My story happened two weeks ago while I was lying around the house, reading an issue of Penthouse. *Needless to say, I was in an extremely horny mood when the phone rang. It was Jennifer, an old girl friend whom I had shared many sexual pleasures with. She invited me over to her house, where she and her friend Lucy were having drinks and listening to records. Jennifer is about five feet four inches tall, with long, dark hair and a really sexy body. I had never met Lucy before, but I was aching to do so, as I had heard many wonderful things about her. So I jumped into my Cougar and was knocking on their door within a matter of minutes.*

When the door opened, I nearly fell to my knees. Standing in front of me was the most beautiful girl I had ever laid eyes on. She was blonde and had a face and body that Farrah Fawcett would envy. I was spellbound. Finally, she jokingly asked me if I was going to stand outside all day. I apologized and quickly stepped inside, where I was greeted with a long, wet kiss from Jennifer. Obviously, they were both tipsy from the booze. Jennifer told me to sit down and proceeded to pour me a rather strong rye and coke, which I accepted eagerly.

After two or three drinks, Lucy said that there was no more mix and asked me if I would be a sweetheart and go to the store. I was about to say "Fuck the mix—let's fuck!" when I thought better of it and said I would go. I didn't want to lose this gorgeous chick with a smart comment. So I raced to the store. When I got back, my hopes for fun were shattered, as I found all the lights off in the house. I decided to check anyway in case they were going to scare me or something. When I got to the door, I thought I heard something, so I entered quietly, hoping to scare them. But when I reached the living room, my eyes almost bugged right out of my head and my cock really almost ripped my pants wide open.

There on the couch were these two gorgeous girls engaging in a frantic session of 69. I could see Lucy's tongue lapping feverishly at Jennifer's dripping cunt. Jennifer was doing a pretty good job herself.

Both girls were bucking wildly and moaning loudly. All of a sudden an idea struck me. I put down the bag of drinks I was carrying, stripped out of my clothes, and went to the fridge. I found a can of whipped cream and raced in to join the girls. I told them to lie side by side on the floor and then proceeded to drown their hot cunts in whipped cream. I then buried my face in Lucy's snatch and massaged Jennifer's quim with my hand. They were both in heaven, each of them coming about five or six times.

Then it was my turn! We switched places so they could work on me. They creamed up my cock and balls and dove in. Lucy had my cock all the way down her throat while Jennifer licked my balls and anus. I came so hard I thought I would faint. Lucy got up and straddled my pulsating rod. She kept on licking the come and cream that was smeared all over her face. All this time, Jennifer was still licking my ass. Then Lucy started bucking so wildly I thought she was going to hurt herself. "Fuck me, Larry. Make me come! Fill my cunt with your beautiful cock! Pleeeeaase, ooohhh pleeeaase maaaake meeeeee cooomme!" And with that we both exploded in an earthshaking orgasm.

After we rested for about two minutes, we turned our attention to Jennifer. We smeared cream all over her cunt and ass and both moved in. I put my still-hard cock in her pulsating pussy while Lucy licked and massaged her breasts as Jenny ate away at Lucy. Then, for the last time that evening, we all went off into a sexual orbit like never before. The look of satisfaction on both girls' faces told the whole story. I was too exhausted to move, and we all fell asleep on the floor.

Here's my problem. While I love the sex, I've fallen pretty hard for Lucy. Do you think she might be interested in developing something serious, or does she just want to play?—T.C.

It wouldn't hurt to ask, although I'd hold off on any big questions of love. At least, for the moment.

Why don't you continue with your three-ways? Let things develop. Take your time. Lucy may not be so crazy for you as you are for her. And remember, Jennifer found and had Lucy before you did, and we wouldn't want to make Jennifer jealous. Also, Lucy might just be a better friend of Jennifer's than she is of yours. If you get my idea.

I've known a few bisexual women who swing more with women than they do with men. In fact, they rarely have sex with men except for orgies and three-way situations. Once in a while they need to feel a cock in their bodies, but it's a woman's touch that really gets them going. In other words, they enjoy having sex with men but don't crave the experience the way they want it with women.

My advice to you is to take it easy. You have a good thing going. Not every man has two women willing to join him for con-

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venient three-ways. If you start getting possessive with one woman, you might lose both of them. Like they say, two birds in each other's bush is better than one in the hand.

MIRACLE CURE

I am the president of a rather large natural-resource development company. The stress and resultant tension of developing the unknown at huge sums of investment dollars can exact a severe toll on one's health, so my corporate board of directors decided to insure my life at a large seven-figure sum to protect their investment. This extremely large life insurance policy required an extensively supervised physical examination in a hospital. The time span was three days and three nights. There were various restrictions on food intake, liquids, visitors, etc. During this time I had the opportunity to review my inner self and my true personal needs. The head nurse became a good friend and confidante during her many wonderful visits to my private room. By this time she knew all of my tensions and frustrations and the resultant problems.

The last night in the hospital was a night of no restrictions. I treated myself to an excellent dinner, a walk, some television, a bit of reading. Naturally, I chose Penthouse *and turned to your column. Soon I was enjoying a very large erection. Frankly, that is a seldom occurrence for me, as I could never before relax enough to have one of any consequence. Half drowsy and holding my erection while continuing to read, I was unaware of someone having entered my room. My new friend, the head nurse, was standing in the shadows. She was a middle-aged lady, well built and with nice legs, and very attractive. She apparently knew what was needed, as she slowly lifted her uniform dress above her hips, revealing very sensual legs, thigh-high stockings, and light-colored panties that allowed me to see the outline of her delicious love spot. Off came the panties, and her lovely, exciting bush came into view. She came to my bed and, without speaking a word, slowly reached for my cock and began stroking it. I practically became delirious with my feelings of desire.*

She cupped her lips over my cock and started to suck, thrusting it deep inside her throat. With each motion every muscle in my body tightened. She—I—we both needed more. She slipped off her shoes, climbed onto my bed, and mounted my throbbing cock. Her gasp as the head of my cock slid into her moist, dilated cunt was electrifying. Slowly, she started to fuck, and as the tempo increased so did the wild gasps, groans, and moans. She suddenly slid off me and turned around to enjoy a full 69 position. I ran my tongue up her cunt as far as it would go and tongue-fucked her to an explosive climax. I then mounted her and thrusted until I erupted in her as I never had before with any other woman. I was totally numb and exhausted but in a wonderful, satisfying way. It was utterly indescribable. All the knots were untied; the tension completely evaporated.

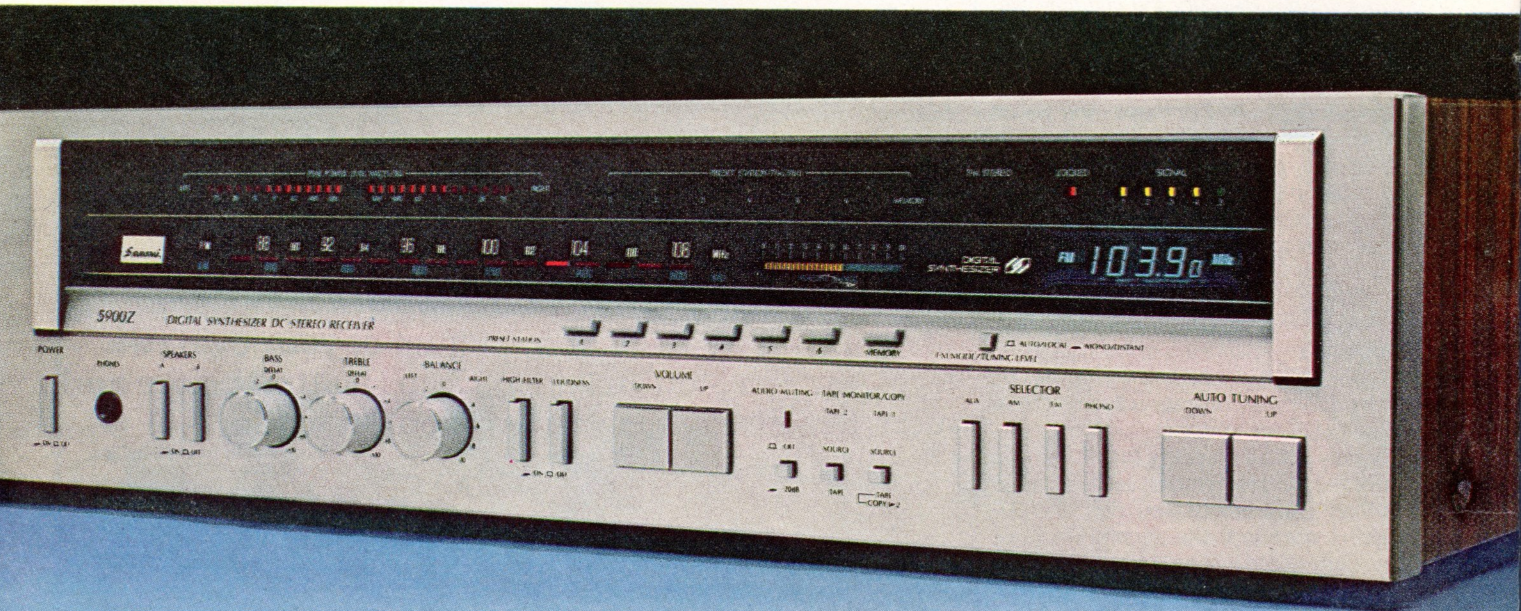
It was a stolen moment—a forbidden fruit—but the remedial effect on my health, attitude, and personal conduct thereafter was dramatic. It was indeed needed therapy.—B.G.

I hope you have learned from your hospital stay not to ignore the finer things in life any longer unless you want to end up a permanent resident there. You know what they say about all work and no play; and in addition to being dull, you will become neurotic and develop an ulcer, high blood pressure, and who-knows-what other horrible diseases. I hope you will keep in mind that the head nurse seems to know what you need and keep her in mind when visiting hours roll around. It seems to me you should continue your therapy sessions.

WOMAN TIMES THREE

I am a 22-year-old bisexual woman living in New York and having the time of my life. A few years back I got the chance to live out one of my fantasies. What went down was simply the greatest sex possible.

At the time I had been sleeping with two



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different women. Hilda was a cute little nymph who was first discovering her lust for female sex. She was an absolute ball of fire! Laurel was a stunning, adventurous lover who was always trying something new. My fantasy was to bring these two lovely ladies together, as I was sure it would be the hottest time any of us had ever had. This is how it worked out.

Laurel was over at my place, and we were fooling around. I got up the courage to suggest that we invite Hilda over for a mini-orgy. Laurel loved the idea, since I had told her about Hilda and how incredibly she came. Laurel's plan was to hide in the bathroom and surprise Hilda after I had gotten her heated up. The idea sounded fine to me. I called Hilda, and she was over within an hour.

Within minutes after her arrival, Hilda was humping away at me and her wet pussy dripping through her pants. I took off her clothes and told her to play with her clit while I sucked her nipples, which by now were totally erect. Her fingers began exploring her beautifully drenched cunt, but every time she began to come I would pull her hand away and stick her fingers in her mouth. After about ten minutes of this she was climbing the wall. When her clit started to pop out of its hood, I knew from experience that she couldn't hold back. As her clit began to throb, I went into the adjoining bathroom and told Laurel to come out. She already had most of her clothing off and was really getting off from watching Hilda. I told Hilda to keep her eyes closed while Laurel sat on the floor next to the bed. I took Hilda's hands away from her tight little snatch and replaced them with my tongue. One taste of her sweetness and I was on the verge of coming myself. She began to come as soon as I sucked on her clit, which by now was fully exposed. As soon as Laurel saw Hilda start to come, she began sucking on her tits. Hilda opened her eyes in between the tremors to see two beautiful girls working on her. Her eyes expressed pure delight.

Laurel was amazed at the intensity of Hilda's orgasm and wanted to see it close up. I hungrily ate at Hilda's cunt so that we could both watch her come. I then kissed her lips with her own juices. She tasted my lips and quickly pulled me on top of her, pushing my sopping pussy onto her mouth.

My fantasy was coming true, and I was in absolute heaven. But the best was yet to come. The three of us formed a chain, and I ate Hilda, Laurel ate me, and Hilda ate Laurel. The meal lasted a good hour. We all came together many times, my bed was soaked through, and the room smelled great. I thought we had all had enough as we lay together relaxing in the bed. But then Hilda said to me that she wanted more, or, as she put it, "There's more inside of me." I told her that if she wanted more she would have to come and get it. Laurel called her a "horny little dyke," to which Hilda smiled and nodded

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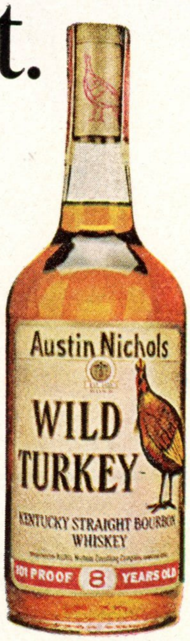


her agreement. With that she pushed herself to the foot of the bed and got down, running her mouth and fingers all over Laurel and me. She was driving us both up, up, and away and we were squeezing each other's nipples and tonguing each other's mouth while Hilda was having the time of her life between our legs. We both came again and asked her if she wanted us to do her one more time.

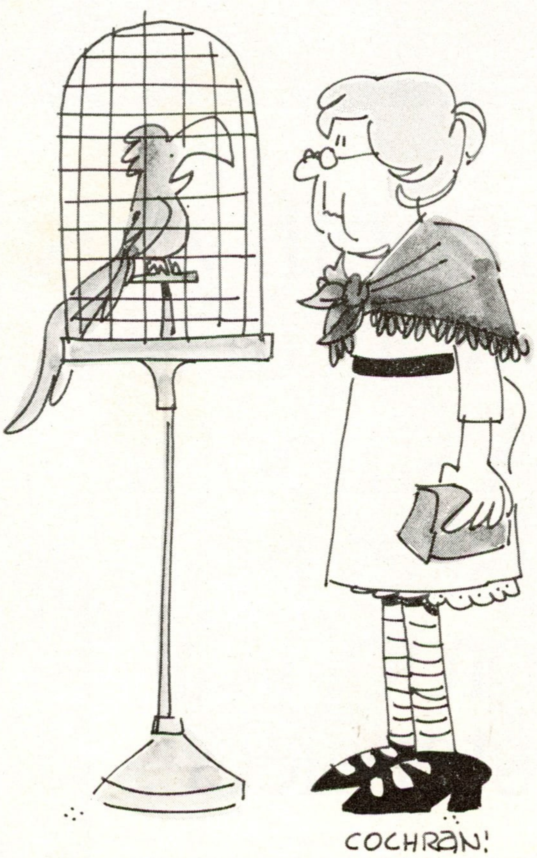
Well, Xaviera, what this girl had left was not to be believed. Her clit quickly grew, her pussy started dripping, and her entire body started to spasm. As Laurel sat on Hilda's face and slowly licked her clit and I fingered and massaged her tight hole, Hilda began to ejaculate streams of come all over us. Her cunt muscles were expanding and contracting for about a minute, as this little girl came like a fountain. It took her over an hour to recover from what she said was the high point of her life.

Is it common for a woman to explode like this? I've heard that when a woman builds up powerful desires for a long time, they will explode in this manner when she feels comfortable with her lover. Does sex between two women produce more powerful orgasms than straight sex does?—K.A.N.

An orgasm is an orgasm; it does not matter if it is produced by a man sucking lovingly on your pussy, by a female lover stroking her fingers through your bush, or by your doing it by yourself at home. While technique is important, the key to good orgasms is trust. You must feel comfortable enough with the person you are with that your body can relax and not hold back from the pleasure you deserve. You might find that you come with greater intensity when you are with women simply because you feel closer to them. You might even have a hidden distrust of men that is always inhibiting you.

Gender is not important. Just last week I attended a weekend-long orgy to celebrate my final week of vacationing in Spain. Present were many lovers that I had accumulated over the previous few weeks and many new bodies that still needed to be explored. I enjoyed many partners of all shapes and sizes and, of course, of both sexes. I enjoyed many orgasms during that party, but frankly, I couldn't tell you half the time who or what was responsible. When a hunk of a man is humping away at you and some lovely lady is attending to other areas of your body, I can't quite see that it makes any difference at all.

And yes, though of course the vaginal substance is of a quite different makeup from a man's, there are some women who come with such a gush that they do seem to "ejaculate." Unfortunately, such powerful orgasms in women are not that common.



"My name isn't Polly—it's Arnold. And I don't want a cracker—I want a blowjob."

PROUD PARENTS

Ever since my wife gave birth to our son, my lust for her body has increased tremendously. The change in her body since childbearing has made her more alluring than any woman with a virgin womb.

My wife is five feet five and 115 pounds and has waist-length hair, beautiful milk-filled breasts, and something else that shows off her lovely 38-25-36 figure: her hips and stomach have a lovely labyrinth of thin, silvery lines that frame her sweet body and give me a raging hard-on. I am referring to her stretch marks. These are, to me, the sign of an experienced woman, and that thought alone gets me hot.

My wife and I spend hours in bed eating each other, fucking, sucking, having sodomy, masturbating, and tonguing each other's anus. But my favorite is when she sits on me, facing me while my prick is up her ass as far as it will go, and watching her bounce up and down with those silvery threads, like lace, encasing her body. We both come in thunderous orgasms.

We both love to watch attractive people. But when we go to the lake or beach, we find very few women who bear their sensuous lines of childbirth proudly. On the rare occasions that we do see one, we both get very horny just envisioning the hours of wondrous sex that have led to those silvery threads. Why don't more women show off their signs of motherhood? Do any other men get into this fetish? Is there any body paint on the market to enhance these lovely lines?—J.S.

Most men do not seem to get into stretch marks, or silvery threads, as you refer to them, but if it enhances your sex life, the more power to you. There are body paints that you can buy in any sex shop or even in some of the department stores. You might want to try some of the new flavored varieties that they have come out with recently.

FIRST-TIME THRILLS

I just finished watching Emmanuelle II *on cable television, and although it is 2:00 A.M., I am horny as hell. That movie really turned me on. I am 23 and am usually considered very attractive. I have been married for four years. Patrick is 11 years older than I am. I was just fantasizing that the movie was about Patrick and me, because we also have an open marriage. Pat is a bit shy about his close friends and relatives, but he often gives me away to other men who are not close to us. And I must say I like it.*

Patrick told me immediately after we were married that he was not content to sleep with only one girl for the rest of his life, and I agreed with him. To prove that I meant what I said, I set him up with one of the girls whom I worked with. It pleased me that I did not feel any jealousy when I listened to their lovemaking.

We both get a kick out of watching each other have sex with other people. But a year ago things changed. We were renting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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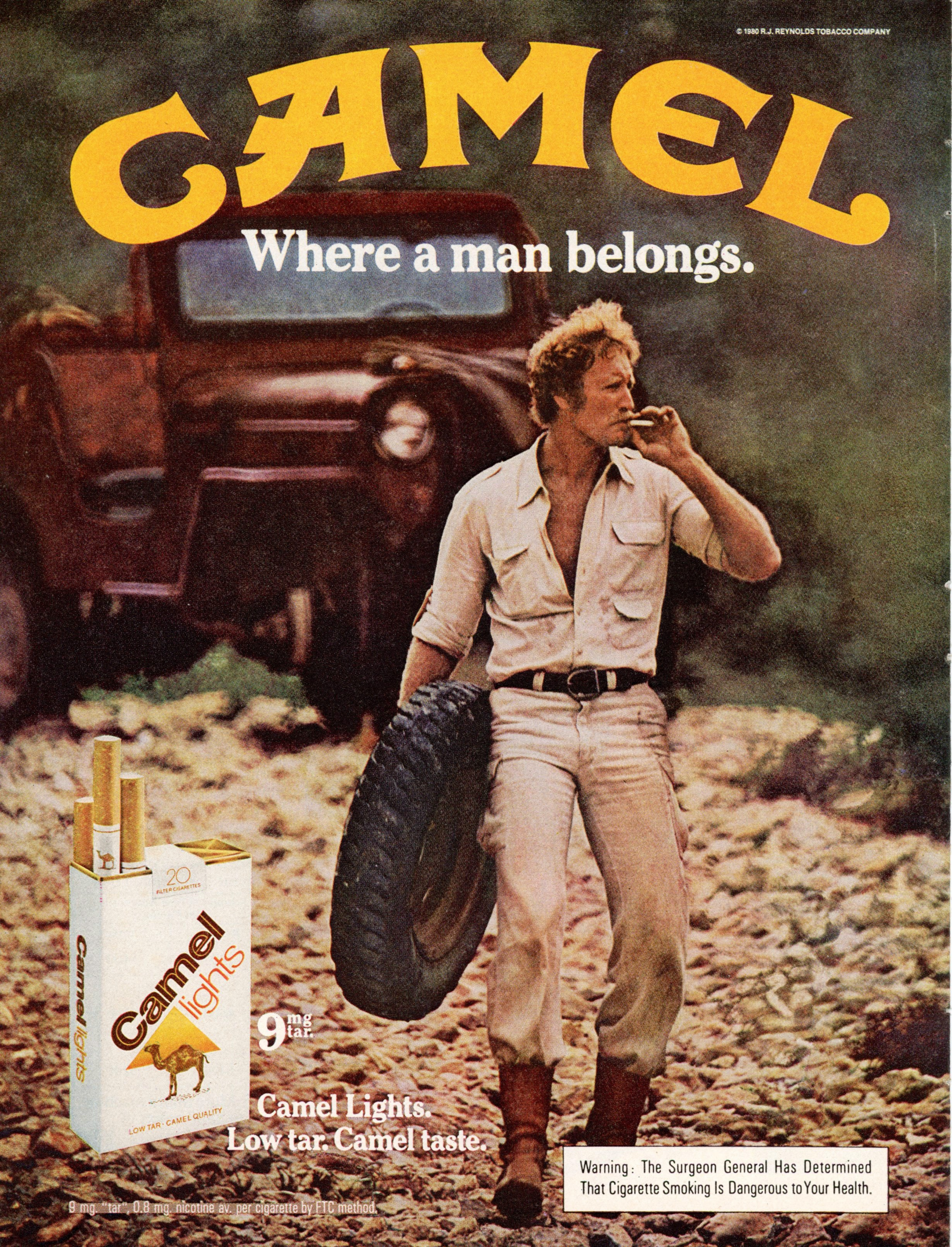
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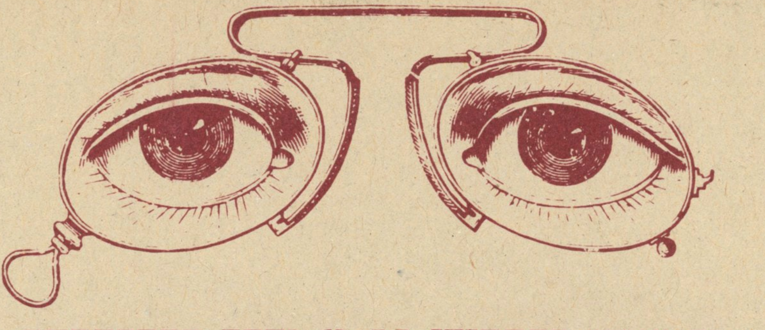


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SOUND OF RUDENESS

BY BEN STEIN

Straws in the wind. A Sunday morning in Venice, Calif. The West Beach Cafe, most in spot on the beach, is jammed with the young, the hip, and the rich. Waitresses in leotard tops and full skirts serve Belgian waffles. A group of five young men enter the restaurant. They sit next to four men who are seriously discussing a screenplay. One of the five young men suddenly begins to tell a dirty joke in a voice so loud that people in Santa Barbara, 90 miles away, could hear. Suddenly all the five young men start shouting to each other. Their noise drowns out every other sound in the restaurant. No other conversation can be heard. The five young men have made everyone in the West Beach Cafe their prisoners.

Another Sunday morning. The Sunday of Easter 1980. The Bel-Air Presbyterian Church, high above what may be the swankiest community on earth. While the choir sings of the Resurrection and the Life, a young man slips into a seat next to a pretty young girl who has appeared by herself.

"Hey," he says, "bitchin' service, huh?"

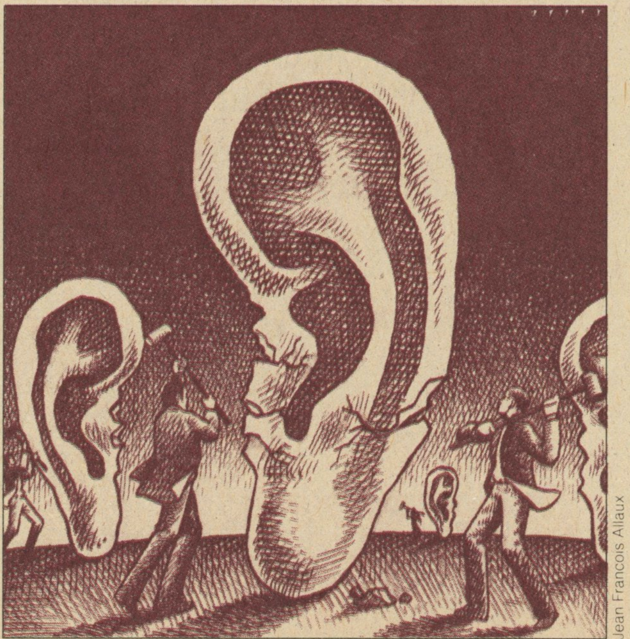
"Really," she says. They talk in perfectly normal conversational tones while the choir sings of the Cross.

"I think I know you, like maybe from acting class or something," the man says.

"Yeah, I'm in accounting, not acting," she answers.

After a few moments more of conversation, she gives him her telephone number. Easter service for everyone around them has been ruined.

A Wednesday morning. Aboard the Eastern Airlines shuttle between New York City and Boston. Men in flannel suits carefully study legal memos. They scan the documents their secretaries have prepared for their early-morning meetings. Two teenage girls get aboard the craft at the last possible minute. They go to seats in the rear of the A-300. After the plane is airborne, one of the girls takes from her book bag a Sanyo cassette player. Without a moment's hesitation, she switches it on and slams in a cassette of Kansas: "Dust in the Wind." The volume is deafening. It overpowers the jet engines. It shocks everyone on the plane. No one can read. No one can concentrate. A passenger asks the girls to turn off the machine. "Hey, forget it, man," the girl says. "We paid for our tickets, too." A stewardess will only ask the girls to turn down the volume. An hour of valuable work time has been lost for over 200 men and women.



Jean Francois Allaux

A Saturday evening. The Cafe Carlyle, Seventy-sixth and Madison Avenue, New York City. The last great nightclub in America. Dinner for two, well over $150 with drinks. The inimitable Bobby Short singing and tickling the ivories. The lights go down. Amazingly, adult men and women continue talking as if they were at home. The great Bobby Short appears and starts to sing. More talking. A drunken foursome enters the room. They shout to each other so loudly that Bobby Short must stop singing. They refuse to leave. A shouting match makes Bobby Short cancel the performance entirely. Incredibly, the same events recur the next night.

"It's like this every night these days," says a captain with a sigh.

A Wednesday at noon. A private dining room in Los Angeles. A meeting of the board of directors of the American Jewish Committee, an incredibly influential Jewish organization. A famous lawyer chairs the meeting. He stands at a tiny podium and talks about the problems of the Jewish aged in Los Angeles, city of the young and the Mexican. There are 40 people in the room. Ten of them—at least—are talking while the distinguished lawyer talks. There is no letup in their talking whatsoever when the next speaker rises to talk about Jews in Mexico. "I'm telling you, the wallpaper was strictly from hunger," says a woman near the speaker. "I told you never to go to a discount place," says the woman's partner, in completely normal tones. Finally, the speakers give up. The luncheon is over.

A Friday afternoon. A bank in Washington, D.C. There is a line of customers waiting to cash checks. On the other side of the room, worried people sit at large desks to apply for loans. They talk urgently, in hushed tones, about why they need the money. A teenager enters, carrying a radio playing soul music so loud that the floor shakes. He does not touch the dials as he gets into line. The music continues to blast forth. There is no way on earth that business can be conducted. The youth looks menacing. No one will order him out. All normal transactions simply stop.

A specter is haunting America. Rudeness has become so pervasive that daily life is becoming almost unbearable in public places.

The American boor has grown huge in numbers. He has turned completely arrogant. He takes every age group and every race within him. He has lost even the slightest shade of concern for the way others may want to live their lives. In America, people are so rude, so inconsiderate of others, that the most routine act of 20 years ago is torture today.

Why do so few people go to the movies today? Because the movies are terrible? Partly. But mostly, I believe, because the moviegoers are terrible. Watching a movie all the way through in peace and quiet is, quite simply, impossible today. Moviegoers—of all ages—think nothing of carrying on conversations from the start to the finish of a picture. Moviegoers habitually call out to each other from across the theater.

Dining out in all but the most expensive restaurants has become an ordeal. Diners bring small babies into restaurants. The infants scream bloody murder all during the meal. The parents do not make a move to silence the children. Even at elegant restaurants small children are let loose to wriggle under tables, to call out to each other, to throw things across the room. The parents' behavior is rarely any better. Digestion is impossible.

Don't even think about sporting events. Apparently, spectators come to them mostly to see how much they can aggravate their neighbors before they get killed. Even at tennis matches there is unceasing talking, standing up, walking up and down the stands.

People in America today assume that they can do anything, make any amount of disturbance, irritate people endlessly—in a word, do any goddamn infuriating thing they want and get away with it. As far as the American boor is concerned, the world exists as his playpen, and if someone is inconvenienced, well, that's a thought which never even enters the mind. A mind that is totally fixated on "I" cannot even comprehend that other people might have feelings or interests.

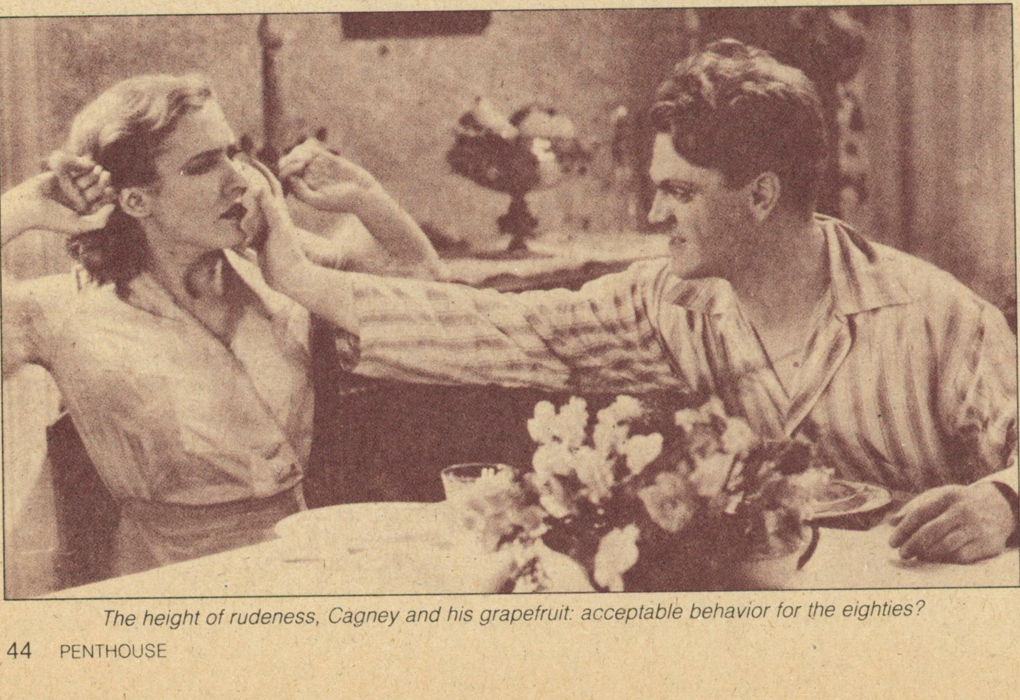
This rudeness has gotten far worse since I was a child. It seems to get worse day by day in public places. Lately I often see people just taking out their peckers and peeing in front of strollers on the boardwalk in Venice, Calif., once a lovely spot.

Happily, the rudeness is more concentrated in some groups than in others. I went to a funeral service in a small Oklahoma town recently. Almost everyone in the church was elderly and small-town bred. There was perfect decorum. When I went to a country music place in North Hollywood, the famed Palomino, the customers looked like they ate ten-penny nails. But when the singer came on, the audience was perfectly silent. As far as I can tell, the peak levels of rudeness come from urban or suburban, middle- and upper-class people of all ages, and in ghetto residents under 30.

The rudeness means a few things. First of all, it is completely maddening to the individual, raises his blood pressure, and tends to shorten and immiserizate his life. Second, it is a sign of a decaying society. Everyone from Gibbon to de Tocqueville points out that a vigorous society is marked by consideration for others. A collapsing system shows its weakness partly by the absence of any standards of concern for others as well as by the utter self-absorption of the individual. In other words, a society where a few men are allowed to ruin an evening of Bobby Short for 100 people is an ill society. Third, this ubiquitous rudeness in public places makes us all hermits. I would love to go to the movies more. I would love to go to more concerts. Instead, I stay at home, where I know people will not interrupt my enjoyment of television (if "enjoyment" is the right word), a book, or music.

But even that haven is disappearing. I live in Los Angeles, on Rancho Mirage, and in Aspen at different times of the year. More and more, neighbors blast away with music all the hours of the day and night. It destroys rest. It kills relaxation.

I can live with pollution. I can live with inflation. But the rudeness of modern life is literally unbearable.



Movie Star News

The height of rudeness, Cagney and his grapefruit: acceptable behavior for the eighties?

SCENES

DESPERATE DINING

Sooner or later it happens: you pull into your motel or hotel so late that even the Chinese restaurants and pizzerias are closed; room service has long since shut down; and the man at the desk tells you that the nearest food is at the greasy spoon 27 miles away on an unmarked road.

Don't grovel under the seats of the car for lint-covered M&M's, nor should you resign yourself to going to sleep hungry. It's a dull traveler indeed who can't figure out some way to have a good meal. You know what an Eskimo would do. He'd chew on his shoe leather and have his belt for dessert. The Living Dead would rob a grave.

The ordinary traveler should go to a Convenience Mart, buy some fixings, and cook up a feast.

Cook? Yes, it can be done quite handily, without benefit of pots, pans, hot plate, or stove. With a little ingenuity, you can eat like Diamond Jim Brady without so much as a can opener. For example, here is one automotive recipe guaranteed to please:

Fish à la Manifold. Select a box of frozen fish sticks and buy or beg a length of aluminum foil (a yard should do). Wrap the sticks securely in the foil, then wire the package to your car's manifold. Take a short cruise around town (five miles at most). Lift the hood . . . Smell the aroma of baking fish? Mmmm! Watch that foil—it's hot. With a gloved hand, test the package. Are the sticks tender? Good! Peel back the foil and dump out your fish. Dinner is served!

You see, the way we look at it, the world is filled with potential cooking appliances. A hot-air hair drier, for instance, makes a good convection oven, and it's wonderful for quick-defrosting Sara Lee cakes.

Do you carry a travel iron? Try this treat:

Croque Monsieur "Sunbeam." Find two pieces of bread and a slab of cheese and squish the cheese between the bread. Plug in the iron and flatten it against the sandwich. Press down hard as the cheese melts. Before you know it, you've got a wafer-thin sandwich as wide as all outdoors.

If you aren't in the mood to cook, you might want to dine in a bar. Even the sleaziest dive will have the makings of an emergency meal. Typical bar cuisine includes eggs floating in brine like unwanted fetuses, little pink weenies adrift in old beer, maraschino cherries, olives, and lemon rinds. In a bar with any class at all, you can also gobble free peanuts, pretzels, Cheese Doodles, and potato sticks—enough carbohydrates to ensure a lack of hunger for days.

But what if you can't even find an open bar? What if the only edible matter around is what's in the motel vending machine? No problem! Apply a little imagination, and that machine will serve you like a cornucopia, providing everything you could possibly want for a feast. Here are some favorite recipes from our forthcoming book, *The Vend-A-Snack Gourmet:*

Motel Molé. *A nourishing cold-weather pick-me-up.* Press the "chicken soup" button on the coffee machine. Select a Hershey Bar (no almonds) and melt it on the room radiator. Squeeze the melted chocolate bar into the chicken broth. Set the cup on the bed and start the Magic Fingers. One cycle should be enough to blend the chicken and chocolate. Garnish with a chocolate kiss and serve.

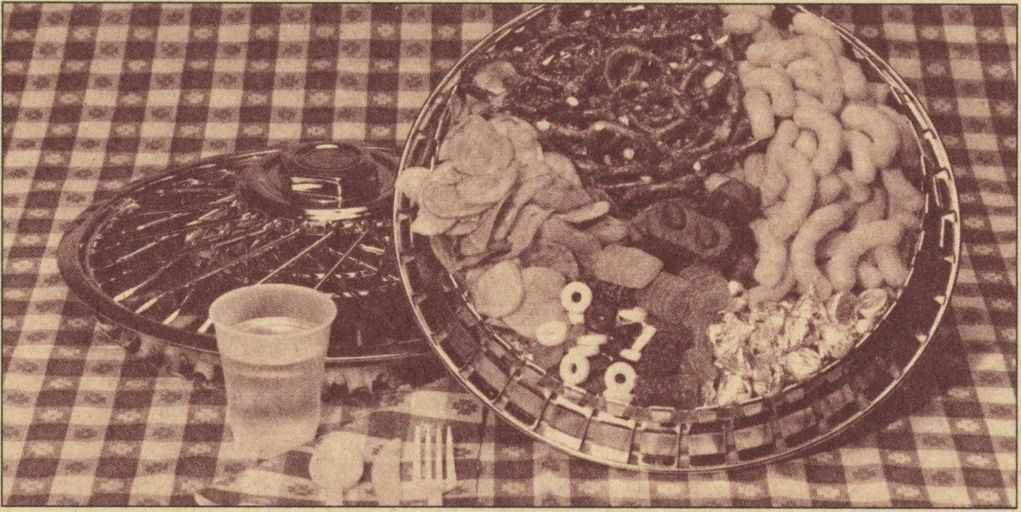
Candy Pie. *Sweet-toothed travelers tell us that gnawing on a piece of this festive bonbon is their favorite way of whiling away hours on the road and removing stuck dentures.* Purchase a large selection of hard candies and jellies—Life Savers, Jujubees, Jujy Fruits, Lemon Drops, Spearmint Leaves, and Root Beer Kegs are recommended. Pour the assorted candies into a large ashtray. Place the tray on a room radiator or aim your hair drier at it. Stir occasionally. The candy will congeal. Remove from heat when it has melted into a large, uniformly gray brown mass. Let cool, then break into fist-size chunks. Be sure to save leftovers. Store them on the rear ledge of your car, and they will form interesting and educational new shapes as you travel.

Stick-to-Your-Ribs Rarebit. *Here's a one-course meal that costs less than 50 cents a serving.* Crumble two bags of Cheetos into a shoe. Add enough warm water to form the Cheetos crumbs into a thick paste. Place the paste-filled shoe on a warmed-up TV until the insides bubble. Use the leftover Cheetos to scoop the paste out of shoe, like fondue.

Goober Gruel. *Peanut soup is an old-fashioned Dixieland delight—so comforting, it's guaranteed to help you sleep, or at least make you want to lie down.* Purchase two packs of salted nuts and chop them up with a pocket knife. Drop the nut crumbs into hot water and set on the radiator. Simmer one-half hour, or until the peanut pieces are spongy. Serve.

Paducah Pu-Pu Platter. *You'll say, "Mmm, velly tasty" when you try these exotic hors d'oeuvres, served in the Polynesian manner.* Take the hubcap from your car and arrange fried pork rinds, potato sticks, and multicolored Chuckles in a circle around its edges. Pour shaving lotion or lighter fluid in the center of hubcap and light. Use sticks from Q-Tips to toast savory delights over the flame.

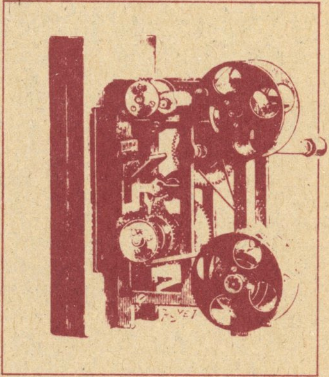
When your feast is finished, you'll find that many vending machines dispense the motel diner's favorite cordial, Alka-Seltzer. If none is available, go to the lobby and drink from an aerated fish tank.—*Jane and Michael Stern*


John Muth

Tips for hungry travelers: hubcaps make for a fine on-the-spot serving dish.

"Desperate Dining" is excerpted from the forthcoming book *Horror Holiday*, to be published by E. P. Dutton. Copyright © 1981 Jane and Michael Stern.

FILMS



UNDERGROUND

The place is Paris; the time, early in the 1940s. The Nazis officially occupy half of France. In the capital city they have imposed an 11:00 P.M. curfew that leaves the streets deserted and empties the clubs and theaters before the nightly closing of the subway system, the event that gives François Truffaut's ***The Last Metro*** its name.

Lucas Steiner, brilliant Jewish director of the Theatre Montmartre, is believed to have fled the country. But his non-Jewish actress wife, Marion, remains. With the stage manager, Jean-Loup, she is mounting a new piece, *La Disparue* ("The Woman Who Disappeared"). She will play the woman, and she has hired a new actor, Bernard Granger, to play opposite her as leading man. Through Jean-Loup's contact with the pro-Nazi theater critic Daxiat, they get the censor's approval. And so the little troupe begins rehearsals, religiously following the annotated stage directions Lucas has left behind.

But unknown to any except Marion, Lucas is still with them. Unable to get passage across the border, he remains hidden beneath the stage, in the basement, where he listens each day to the rehearsals. As he secretly reshapes the play's direction, he also learns of the growing attraction between his wife and young Granger. So we have theater at three levels: the mounted play; the private, passionate, often humorous romantic

comedy behind the play; and the dark and sinister melodrama of the world outside.

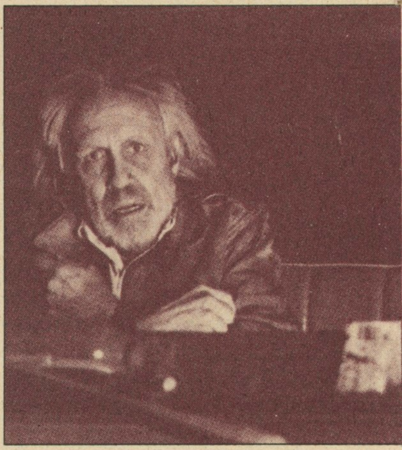
Marion (Catherine Deneuve) was a movie star and is a great beauty still. She deeply loves Lucas (Heinz Bennent), a theater celebrity in his own right, but she can't escape the appeal of Bernard (Gerard Depardieu), a typical, perpetually infatuated Truffaut hero who sees "two women" in every woman and who will eventually go off to join the Resistance. Along with Jean-Loup (Jean Poiret), these three, plus the troupe's talented lesbian designer Arlette (Andrea Ferréol), the ambitious ingenue Nadine (Sabine Haudepin), and a few others, constitute a nucleus drawn together as much by necessity as by spiritual affinity. In a sense they express "theater" less than they do, say, "Paris, 1942." Some of the film's most mysterious moments of theater—a glance exchanged between two women passing on the stairs at the Nazi Ministry of Culture, the disintegration of the troupe on a disastrous night out at a German-favored cabaret decorated in deep reds, browns, black, and shimmering gold—take place nowhere near the actual stage. The stage itself comes to life mainly when Arlette sets it in a spare and sophisticated style that evokes some famous French theater designs of the 1940s. There is properly no saying where history leaves off and imaginative fiction begins. And that carry-over is at the very heart of the movie.

Anyone thinking of Truffaut will want to compare *The Last Metro* with *Day for Night* (1972), his lovely tribute to the making of a film. But in some respects it belongs with the more austere Truffaut, like *The Wild Child* or *Two English Girls*—severe, somber movies that also transform their physical environments into settings for a theater of the mind. In the long run, *The Last Metro* is happier than either of those films, happier even than *Day for Night*. That's partly because there is a real love affair at its center, and partly because the very pressures of the Occupation furnish a sense of exhilaration and dramatic continuity.

The film's visual range opens up—just a little—when the Occupation ends, the vile Daxiat flees, and American uniforms replace the German uniforms in the audience of the Theatre Montmartre. Marion, who now acknowledges her second love for Bernard, comes to visit him convalescing in a hospital. The meeting is sober and strained but charged with a dramatic energy greater than anything in the old play, *La Disparue*. Suddenly we realize that this also is a play, that the building seen, through the window, across the street is a painted backdrop. It is a small discovery, but it changes everything. What had started out as a soberly realistic depiction of the loss of love turns into a triumph of pure theater.

At least one talent of *The Last Metro*, its great cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, can be seen only in the results of his craft. Among the performers, all fine, I like especially the teaming of Catherine Deneuve and, as her husband, Heinz Bennent, an actor I've never seen before. His urbanity, his sexual warmth, his wry sense of humor about being hidden, being an artist, being Jewish—wonderfully complement her perfect, blonde poise. When they are with one another, they furnish the deepest reasons for this intensely romantic, hopeful, beautiful film.

Catherine Deneuve and Gerard Depardieu in The Last Metro: *a triumph of pure theater.*



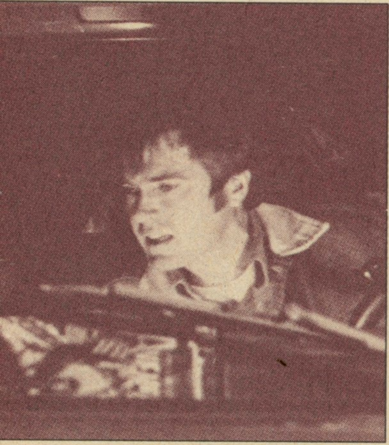
Jason Robards and Paul Le Mat:

The best thing about ***Melvin and Howard*** is the way it takes its own sweet time. Consider, for example, the opening sequence in which Melvin Dummar (Paul Le Mat), driving toward Las Vegas, picks up an injured, unkempt, possibly loony old man (Jason Robards) who says he's Howard Hughes. Dummar gives him a lift anyway. As they drive through the night, Melvin gets Howard to sing along on his own original Christmas song, "Santa's Souped-up Sleigh." Howard returns the favor by making Melvin listen to his slightly creaky, awfully complete rendition of "Bye Bye, Blackbird." Two whole songs. So much time for this not-very-long movie to be cooped in the cab of a pickup truck. And yet it is all exactly right. The leisurely pace lets us relax into the rambling universe of Jonathan Demme's new film.

After Melvin drops him off in Vegas, Howard never reappears—though his ghostly spirit does at the very end, as does the famous Mormon Will—maybe the second-wackiest episode of the Howard Hughes story—that supposedly bequeathed the $156 million, which is the only reason why anyone would make a movie about Melvin Dummar in the first place.

Given the reason, Demme has a wonderful knack for ignoring it, concentrating instead on the daily dramas of Melvin and his first wife, Lynda (Mary Steenburgen), his second wife, Bonnie (Pamela Reed), their various kids, his several jobs—right up to the gas station in Utah where, one day, a mysterious stranger drops off the fateful will. Melvin has trouble hanging onto things like jobs and wives. In a sense, *Melvin and Howard* is essentially a tale of possession and repossession, with Lynda typically following the color television set as the finance company carries it out the front door.

Melvin and Lynda are eager, if not wise, consumers. They adore what appears on color television, where each custom sports car or



the fortune of Howard Hughes.

five-piece bedroom set elicits ooh's and ah's as they watch their favorite talent-game show, "Easy Street." Eventually Lynda gets on "Easy Street," does a tap dance, and wins them their own colonial-style living room plus $10,000—enough to start Melvin on a new and more ambitious course of financial disaster.

"Easy Street," a $39 wedding in Las Vegas, Melvin's bid to make Milkman of the Month at the Los Angeles dairy where he finds his second wife plus a new load of debts—these are the substance of *Melvin and Howard*, which has more interestingly trivial things on its mind than the fortune of Howard Hughes. The real Melvin Dummar has given the film his blessing (he even appears in it), and well he might. It does him proud, if not heroic, and certainly not prudent. It assumes that at least his part in the Mormon Will affair was honest. But that matters less than his manner of living and a happy tolerance for the messes he gets himself into. Thanks to Howard, Melvin actually *has* a story. But thanks to Melvin, and Jonathan Demme, Howard still has a little bit of life. The film's approach is to let everything in around the edges. It nurtures a good-natured acceptance that never descends to ridicule or to the fallacy that a screwed-up life is necessarily worse than one earnestly spent. Who would rather be Howard than Melvin?

This is Jonathan Demme's third major feature. His last film was the intelligently lurid Hitchcock homage *Last Embrace*. Before that came *Handle with Care* (originally *Citizen's Band*), which pleased the critics but not the public with its inventive slapdash comedy about CB radio.

The danger for him, especially in something like *Melvin and Howard*, is that his artistry may feel so casual as to seem nonexistent. Neither obviously satiric nor sentimental, he may be, if you want to be told how to think, a little hard to take. But it would be wise to take him. He is becoming the brightest new crazy mirror we have around.—*Roger Greenspun*

Mary Steenburgen in Melvin and Howard: *eager consumer.*

WORDS

BROAD SHOTS

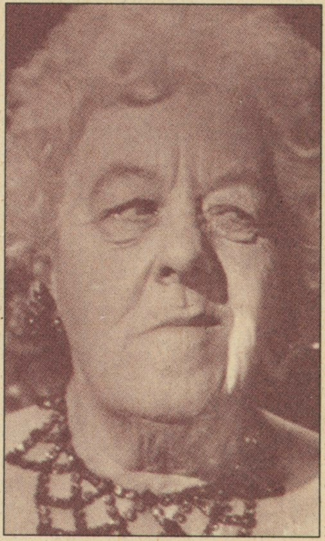
Whatever happened to all those women we used to meet in mystery stories? The sobbing little wife of the victim . . . the busty blonde who sent the private eye down blind alleys . . . the nice girl who couldn't believe that Daddy had embezzled all that money from his bank . . . the pretty debutante who was only trying to protect her virtue when she pulled the trigger . . . the sly old dame who figured out the murderer's identity while she dozed over her knitting?

These days women in crime fiction are breaking out of their traditional roles as passive victims and sexy window dressing. The girls are out there toting .38s and tracking down villains with all the guys. And when they murder, they no longer tiptoe into the garden for some *Amanita phalloides* to pop into the old man's salad. They now stab, stomp, choke, shoot, and do all the other vigorous forms of violence with the aplomb of a marine.

Women writers have always been active in the classic mystery field, and, of course, they dominate the romantic-suspense genre. But that's never stopped them from writing female characters every bit as clichéd as those dreamed up by men. The entrance of more women writers into the field may have a lot to do with the trend toward realistic women characters, but it isn't the whole story.

"The men are writing more interesting, more well-rounded women, too," marvels bookshop owner Carol Brener, who operates the well-stocked Murder Ink in New York and is one of the most knowledgeable sources on mystery fiction in the country. "Even in the hard-boiled and international-spy fields, men are starting to turn out strong women characters, who are real people, instead of those fancy ladies that macho male writers have always tried to pass off for women."

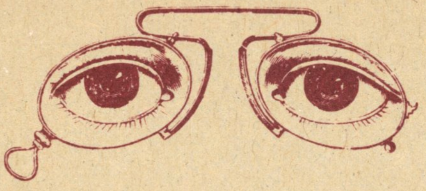
But let's give the women writers their due, because they started it. The success of best-selling mystery authors like Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, Margery Allingham, Josephine Tey, Ngaio Marsh, and P. D. James has finally lifted what Brener calls "the curse" on "lady authors" in the minds of the general reading public. "P. D. James changed all that for good," says Brener, who contends that James's unconventionally brilliant novels (including her most recent, *Innocent Blood*) have overturned "that old prejudice against women writers as talky and trivial."



Movie Star News

Reading beyond Miss Marple.

Three of James's early works have been reissued in a hefty edition titled ***Murder in Triplicate*** (Scribner's). Both *Unnatural Causes* and *The Black Tower* feature her sympathetic Scotland Yard detective, Commander Adam Dalgliesh, while the third novel in the collection, *An Unsuitable Job*



for a Woman, stars Cordelia Gray, the remarkable woman detective who inspired so many of her new fictional contemporaries.

Agatha Christie and the great Miss Marple will be missed. There will be no more annual examples of the perfect, classic mystery story—just seasonal redigestions of her vast output and the odd gimmick book, like ***The Agatha Christie Who's Who*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), a biographical dictionary by Randall Toye that offers a bit of fun in its 2,000 cross-referenced character portraits.

Meanwhile, in the absence of Dame Agatha, several other women writers of heavyweight reputation have new books out this season. The dependable Ngaio Marsh checks in with ***Photo Finish*** (Little, Brown), set in a godforsaken corner of her native New Zealand and featuring her elegant detective, Superintendent Roderick Alleyn. Dame Ngaio introduces a neat piece of bitchery in her portrait of the victim, a flamboyant opera star who throws the most delicious tantrums when unflattering, candid photos of her start turning up in sensational tabloids all over the world.

The peripatetic Helen MacInnes has yet another new international thriller out in ***The Hidden Target*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), and Ruth Rendell, who has outpaced Patricia Highsmith in the psychological mystery, offers another sample of her brooding cynicism in ***The Lake of Darkness*** (Doubleday), a hellishly ironic tale of what happens to a generous young man when he tries to give away his lottery winnings to the worthy poor.

Another veteran, Lillian O'Donnell, pulls off a tricky plot with a satisfying payoff in ***Wicked Designs*** (Putnam's), a classic domestic mystery that hinges on the murder of a rich and respectable New York dowager. The solid, if uninspired, O'Donnell has come up with an attractive female sleuth in Mici Anhalt, who does her investigating for something called the New York State Crime Victims Compensation Board (a bit gimmicky, that, and so dismally respectable). Like all the new lady gumshoes, Mici makes a point of being quick and clever but is always feminine enough to run to men for advice and sexual comfort.

With the tracks greased by all these experienced vets, many new women writers have been scrambling onto the mystery line. And a lot of them are bloody awful. Charlotte MacLeod, who debuted with *The Family Vault,* has followed it up with ***The Withdrawing Room*** (Doubleday), another Nancy Drew–type mystery for middle-aged girls. MacLeod gets some good local color out of her Boston setting, but her plots are encrusted with abominably cute characters, and her heroine sleuth is an appalling creature who is given to coy quips like "Would you all mind if I were to faint again?" Joyce Harrington is another new entrant into the field who should be stamped out before she spreads. Her first novel, ***No One Knows My Name*** (St. Martin's), addresses an unreadable prose to a plot about a mysterious woman-hater who is killing off members of a summer-theater acting company. At least ***Dear John*** (Richard Marek) is so howlingly bad that it's funny. The joint effort of Susan Lee and Sondra Till Robinson, this almost illiterate thriller takes a shrill man-hating line in its paranoid tale of a cracked woman who sets herself up as a pricey call girl (is $175 all that high?) so she can stalk and kill her clients. Sick time.

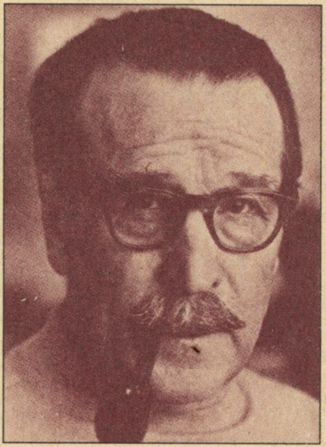
Besides the trash, some exciting new writing is turning up, now that more women authors are discovering the flexibility of the mystery genre. Like the novels of Anne Perry, who is quite the best thing to happen to crime fiction since P. D. James. ***The Cater Street Hangman*** and ***Callander Square*** (St. Martin's) are both absorbing tales of murder set in Victorian England and presided over by a wonderful heroine named Charlotte Ellison, a proper lady who has the wit and gumption to marry a police inspector. Through the eyes of the observant Charlotte, Perry examines in fine detail (and with great relish) the crimes and the moral hypocrisies of a society that swept all its dirt under the drawing-room rug. Perry's third novel, ***Paragon Walk*** (St. Martin's), has the redoubtable Charlotte detecting crimes of rape among the posh circles of her social set.

Meanwhile, male authors who have picked up on how much new life a liberated woman can breathe into a mystery story are hustling to introduce her into their fiction. Some writers have gone so far as to turn in their hard-boiled male operators for female private eyes. But even the traditionalists seem to be writing more realistic and sympathetic female characters.

Nicholas Freeling led the boys when he killed off his longtime hero, Inspector Piet van der Valk, and replaced him with two new series sleuths, Henri Castang and Arlette van der Valk. Castang continues his police work in ***Castang's City*** (Pantheon). But it was Arlette who shocked the socks off Freeling's devoted following when she appeared last year in ***The Widow*** (Pantheon). Remarried to a prissy English professor and replanted in her native France, the widow of Inspector van der Valk turns out to be a formidable investigator of provincial life and death, even if she is saddled with that convoluted Freeling jargon, with its queer slang and weird grammatical structure.

Lawrence Block hasn't done anything lethal to Bernie Rhodenbarr, the offbeat hero of his *The Burglar Who . . .* series. But in *The Burglar Who Liked to Quote Kipling,* he introduced Caroline, a witty and resourceful lesbian who so delighted his readers that he brought her back in ***The Burglar Who Studied Spinoza*** (Random House) as Bernie's sidekick—and possibly his new partner.

Now, when they're bad, the new lady sleuths can be pretty awful. Peter Abrahams's baby, introduced in ***The Fury of Rachel Monette*** (Macmillan), has got to



Horst Tappe

Simenon: giving women a chance.

be the worst. A line-for-line copy of the traditional macho-male hero who bolts around the world on impossible missions of international intrigue, Rachel is distinguished from the males of the species only by her woman's clothing. Like her fictional brothers in the field, she finds her quarry with incredible luck, dispatches the villains with spectacular ease, and gets laid with unbelievable frequency.

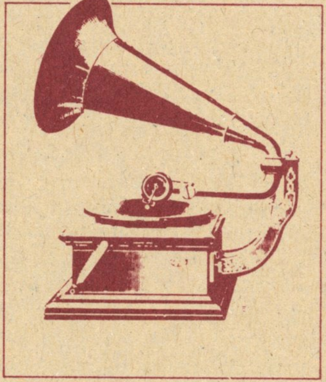
Sara Scott, the detecting heroine in Karl Alexander's ***A Private Investigation*** (Delacorte) is awful in exactly the opposite direction. A cliché of trembling femininity, Sara stumbles around her California locale like a blind baby groping for its rattle. Forever sniveling to men over the messes she gets in, Sara is so inadequate professionally that she's a menace—to herself, to the other characters in the book, and to the reputation of all the woman-detective characters struggling to make a start in crime fiction.

Among the male writers taking a wider-angled view of women in their fiction, Julian Symons adds to his already distinguished output with a masterful case study of a Victorian murderer. ***Sweet Adelaide*** (Harper & Row) is a fascinating fictional account of what drove the infamous Adelaide Bartlett to murder her husband. Taking off from public records of the crime, Symons has done a stunning character study of Adelaide and a convincing analysis of the murderous forces of Victorian society. And even the hard-liners are lightening up a bit on the ladies. Georges Simenon, that institution of French paternalism, has finally given Inspector Maigret's meek wife a break from her thankless cooking and sewing chores. In ***Maigret and the Apparition*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the mouse stirs from her pots to help the great man solve a case of international art fraud. And in ***Looking for Rachel Wallace,*** (Delacorte), Robert P. Parker's ballsy Spenser is actually assigned to protect the life of a lesbian feminist, drawn by Parker with broad but also decidedly sympathetic strokes. There's real hope for Spenser—especially if he sticks with his smart girl friend, Susan Silverman.

Some men, on the other hand, just go all to pieces when they try to treat women characters seriously. Peter Lovesey has written some straightforward women and girls in his Sergeant Cribb detective series. But now, under the pseudonym of Peter Lear, he has written first the silly *Goldengirl* and then the meretricious ***Spider Girl*** (Viking Press). A creepy suspense story of a "counter-phobic" woman who has been manipulated by men into thinking that she's first cousin to a spider, the novel preys on the nastiest of male fantasies about designing females.

But no matter how low they sink, neither male nor female writers of mystery fiction will ever be able to go back to the old days, when archetypal male heroes were the cleverest brutes under the sun and women their ornaments. Not so long as students of social criminology continue to explore the facts and demolish the fictions behind the real-life crimes of men and women. Anne Jones's ***Women Who Kill*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a brilliant study of murderesses and the social conditions that compel them to violence. Also fine is Faith McNulty's ***The Burning Bed*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), a perceptive account of a battered wife who murdered her husband. These books put frivolous old views of women squarely in their place.—*Marilyn Stasio*

SOUNDS



A HEAVY-METAL NIGHT

The coliseum was half full of teenagers when the kid with the bloodshot eyes lurched into the seat next to me. His blue-jean jacket, with the words *Black Sabbath* painted on the back, flew open, and half a dozen pocket-sized cylinders of nitrous oxide clattered to the floor. The couple in front of us didn't even notice; they were too busy emptying capsules full of white powder into their palms and snorting it up noisily. The kid with the nitrous slowly sat up and stared down at his cylinders. "Maaaaa-an," he said to nobody in particular as he scooped them up, "I'm *so . . . fucked . . . up*." Somebody handed him a bottle of wine, and he took a long swig before lapsing back into an apparent coma. But when the lights finally went down and a prerecorded Wagnerian fanfare announced the imminent arrival onstage of his favorites, he jumped to his feet. He didn't sit down again until Sabbath had played its last encore, almost two hours later.

Attending a heavy-metal concert is a little like walking into a convention of teenage zombies, especially before the music starts. There are more headbands, more cases of acne, and more glazed eyeballs than you ever expected to see in one place at one time; and watching the fans reel around dizzily or slump in their seats, you find it hard to imagine them responding to anything short of an atomic explosion or a heavily amplified pneumatic drill. Of course, that's just what heavy-metal bands sound like to the uninitiated. Their aesthetic centers on mind-dulling repetition, hard-thudding rhythms, howling vocals, and volume for its own sake.

Heavy metal's supporters maintain that the music keeps the raw, crude spirit of hard-core rock 'n' roll alive while rock's mainstream grows ever blander. To a certain extent, that's true. Heavy metal has thrived for more than a decade, while more heavily publicized trends have come and gone, because it doesn't depend on print publicity. It depends on the loyalty

Paul Cox/Retna

Blue Öyster Cult: still rocking and rolling.

of its teenage fans, who buy heavy-metal records by the millions. "Punk and disco are getting all the media attention," says a record industry insider, "but heavy metal is the only thing you know you can sell." In that sense, heavy metal does resemble early rock 'n' roll, a teenager's music that was generally denigrated by older listeners. But all too often, heavy metal substitutes a leaden *thud-thud-thud* for the peculiar rhythmic lift that's always been the heart of great rock 'n' roll, from Little Richard to the early Rolling Stones to Rockpile. Instead of rocking and rolling, it lumbers and crunches.

The antecedents of heavy metal are a surprisingly distinguished lot. The Yardbirds, an English rock group of the middle and late sixties that at one time or another included guitarists Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Jimmy Page, made up the ground rules. The band pioneered repetitive, heavily amplified guitar riffing and the use of feedback and other intentional electronic distortion. Clapton went on to found Cream, which was heavy metal when it wasn't trying to be jazzy, and in 1968 Page put together Led Zeppelin, which was to all intents and purposes the first major heavy-metal band. There was a parallel development in the United States, where groups like the Amboy Dukes (featuring future gonzo guitar star Ted Nugent) churned out layers of electronic sludge at vicious volume levels with little attention to detail or nuance.

Black Sabbath released its first album in 1970 and became best-selling recording and concert artists despite negative reviews and, at first, almost no air-play. Its lead vocalist, Ozzy Osbourne, was an inimitably excessive screamer, and guitarist Tony Iommi played tangled, undisciplined lead lines when he wasn't churning out bone-crushing riffs; the rhythm section nailed down tempos with sledgehammer force. The lyrics, with their images of death, war, mutilation, and Satanism, were like horror comics—the raunchy kind that were banned back in the fifties—set to music. Remarkably, Black Sabbath has survived without changing its tune. Osbourne is gone, but most of the teenagers who flock to hear the group today probably don't know the difference.

Late last year Sabbath undertook an extensive American tour with **Blue Öyster Cult**, a group from Long Island that's been touted as "the thinking man's heavy-metal band." As the tour rumbled across the American heartland, it left a trail of destruction; at one midwestern concert Sabbath abruptly quit playing after bassist Geezer Butler was hit by a flying bottle, and enraged fans tore up the coliseum and fought a pitched battle with police. I caught the tour a few days later at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, and although there were no battles, it was a lively evening. The kid sitting next to me—the one with the canisters of laughing gas—kept jumping up on the shoulders of a hefty friend, shouting incoherently in a vain attempt to be heard over Black Sabbath's machine-shop roar, losing his balance, and toppling over onto the next row of fans. Since *they* were standing on the backs of their chairs, the entire row would come crashing down. The kid kept hitting his head on the concrete floor, but it didn't seem to faze him.

Most rock-'n'-roll shows are carefully orchestrated dramas of tension and release; fast and slow songs alternate, and several minor climaxes are reached before the final blowout. But Black Sabbath hits its stride early on and just keeps crunching along, and the combination of the repeating riffs, the excessive volume, and the thick, droning textures can be hypnotic. Despite the corny lighting and the diabolist drivel, the group is impressive, if only for its single-minded devotion to funereal tempos, five-note scales, and overamplification.

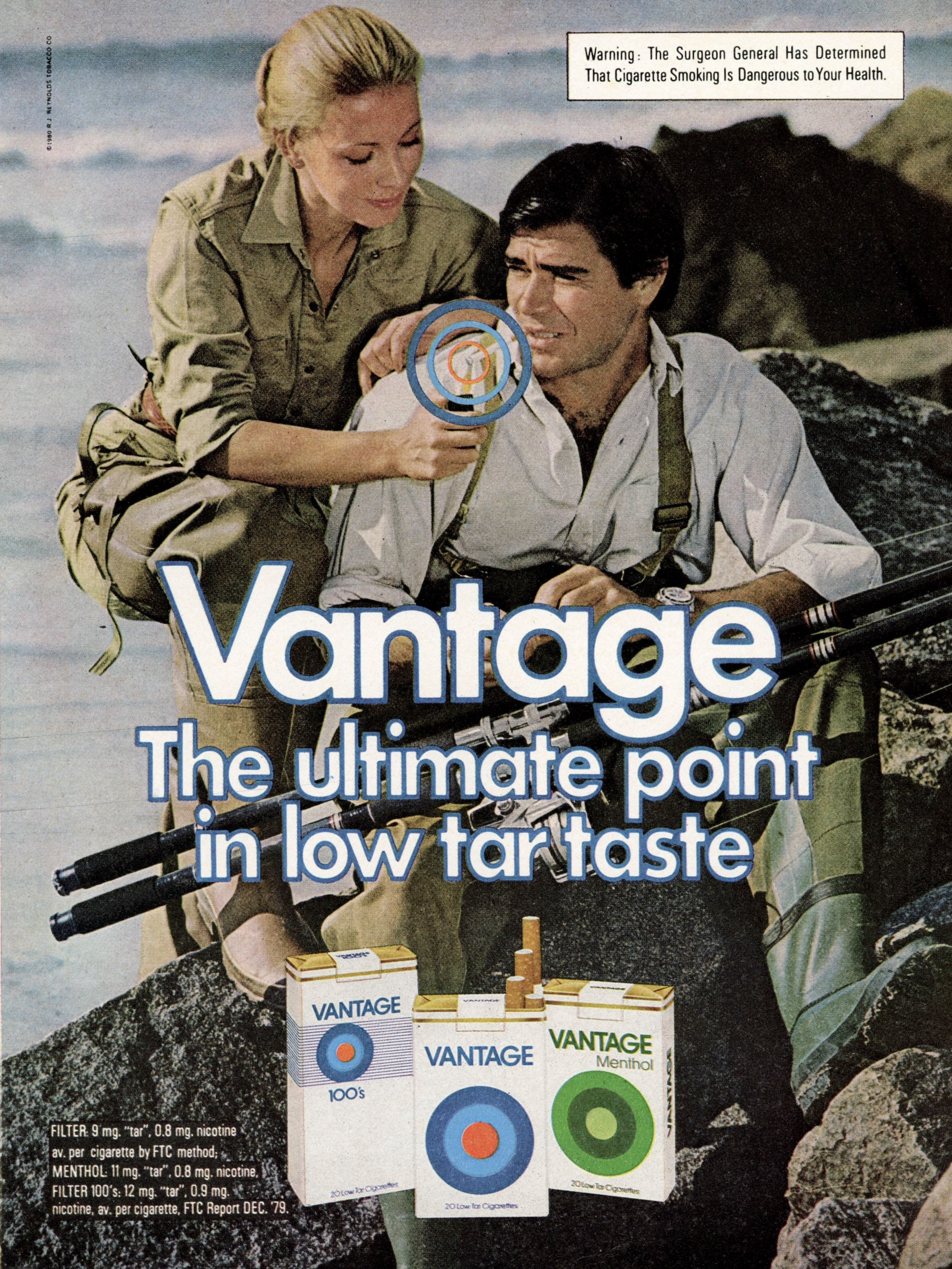
Michael Kagan

Van Halen: formula-prone heavy metal rock.

Blue Öyster Cult is more versatile. With its crisp guitar attack, faster tempos, and occasional ballad performances, the Cult, founded in 1970, is more a good American hard-rock band than a heavy-metal group per se. Critics have assumed that the group is past its prime, interpreting the dinosaur on the cover of the recent *Cultosaurus Erectus* album as the musicians' comment on their own obsolescence. But heavy-metal bands don't wear out their welcome the way most rock bands do. There's always a new crop of 15-to-18-year-olds, and as long as the musicians are willing to play the same riffs over and over, they'll have a following. Heavy-metal musicians don't tend to jump around the stage much anyway; it's easy to imagine Black Sabbath doing the same show 15 or 20 years from now. Blue Öyster Cult is more energetic, and the musicians will probably show their age more, but as a performing unit, at least, they're still in condition. They gave one of the hardest, most powerful rock performances I've seen in a long time, and they rocked and rolled, unlike the more plodding Sabbath.

If heavy metal were being kept alive only by veterans like Sabbath and the Cult, its days might well be numbered. But plenty of younger groups are coming along. In the past year there's been a widely publicized resurgence of heavy-metal activity in England. The members of **Def Leppard**, one of the best of the new English metal bands, are still in their late teens. The group's album *On through the Night* (Mercury) is one of the best examples of what the new wave of metal groups sounds like. **Judas Priest** (*British Steel*, Columbia), **AC/DC** (*Back in Black*, Atlantic), and **Van Halen** (*Women and Children First*, Warner Brothers) are more established and more formula-prone, but they command their legions of fans, and so will younger groups like Def Leppard if they stick with heavy metal.

Often musicians get tired of metal's restrictions and want to move on to something that allows them more latitude for self-expression. It's true that heavy metal is severely limiting musically, but too many rockers confuse self-expression with self-indulgence and become pretentious, and often uncommercial, when they forsake metal for the rarefied realm of "art." At least heavy metal connects directly with its audience and doesn't have to be analyzed in order to be appreciated. At its best, it's the supreme head-banging music, the perfect catalyst for a memorable Saturday night stupor.—*Robert Palmer*



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The homegrown Ayatollahs of the New Right turned Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign into a moral crusade. By 1984 they plan to turn America into a religious dictatorship.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

BY L.J. DAVIS

In the long run, perhaps the most important and most overlooked event of the 1980 presidential campaign occurred in Dallas, Tex., last August 21 and 22. Organized by the Religious Roundtable, the coordinating body of the New Right, the Dallas gathering was called the National Affairs Briefing. It was attended by between 8,000 and 15,000 fundamentalist Protestant ministers, and its ostensible purpose was to anoint Ronald Reagan as the chosen candidate of the evangelical movement.

What little attention the meeting did attract came from two events, both of them quickly forgotten as the campaign progressed: another slip of Governor Reagan's famous lip, when he informed a press conference at the meeting that he favored teaching the biblical story of the creation in public schools as a counterbalance to the theories of the wild-eyed Darwin; and, later, a blistering attack by the Roundtable's vice-president, the Reverend James Robison, on the doctrine of the separation of church and state. These events were something of a nine-days' wonder and were never heard of again, possibly because most of the press (what little there was of it) skipped the conclusion of the Briefing's working session to attend Reagan's press conference and so missed the ominous remarks of the past president of the Southern Baptist Convention, the Reverend Bailey Smith.

By a happy chance, this reporter heard everything Reverend Smith had to say. He made one thing abundantly clear: evangelical Christianity is planning a revolution in this country during the next ten years.

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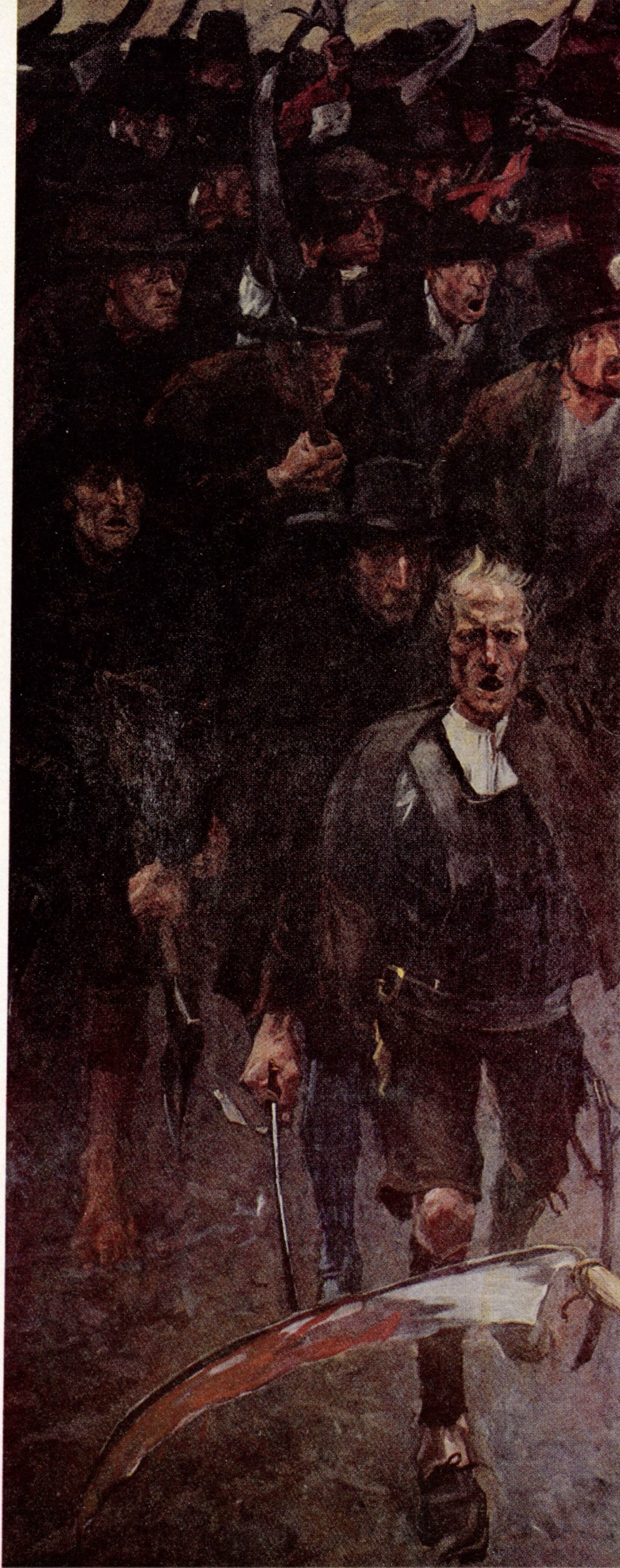

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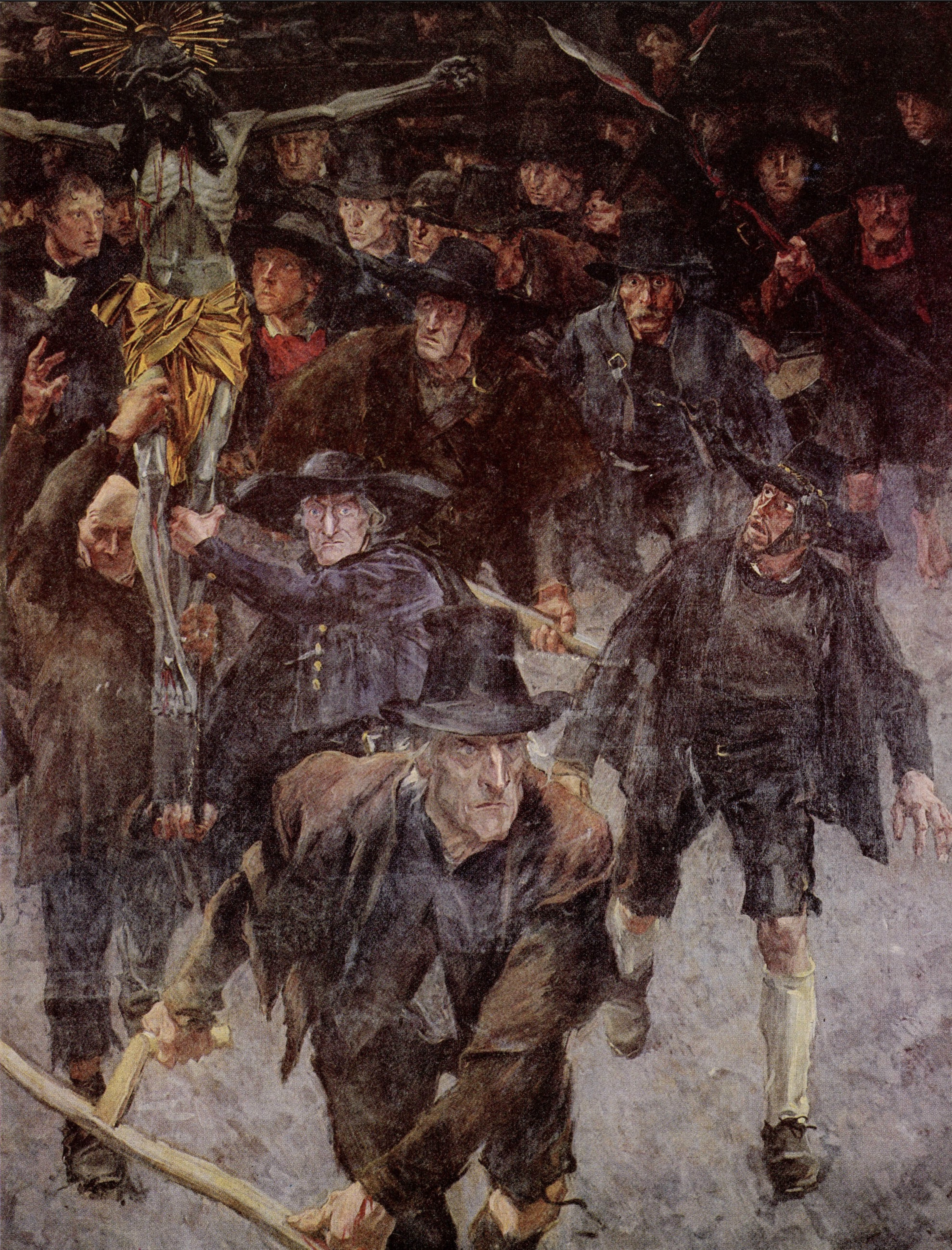


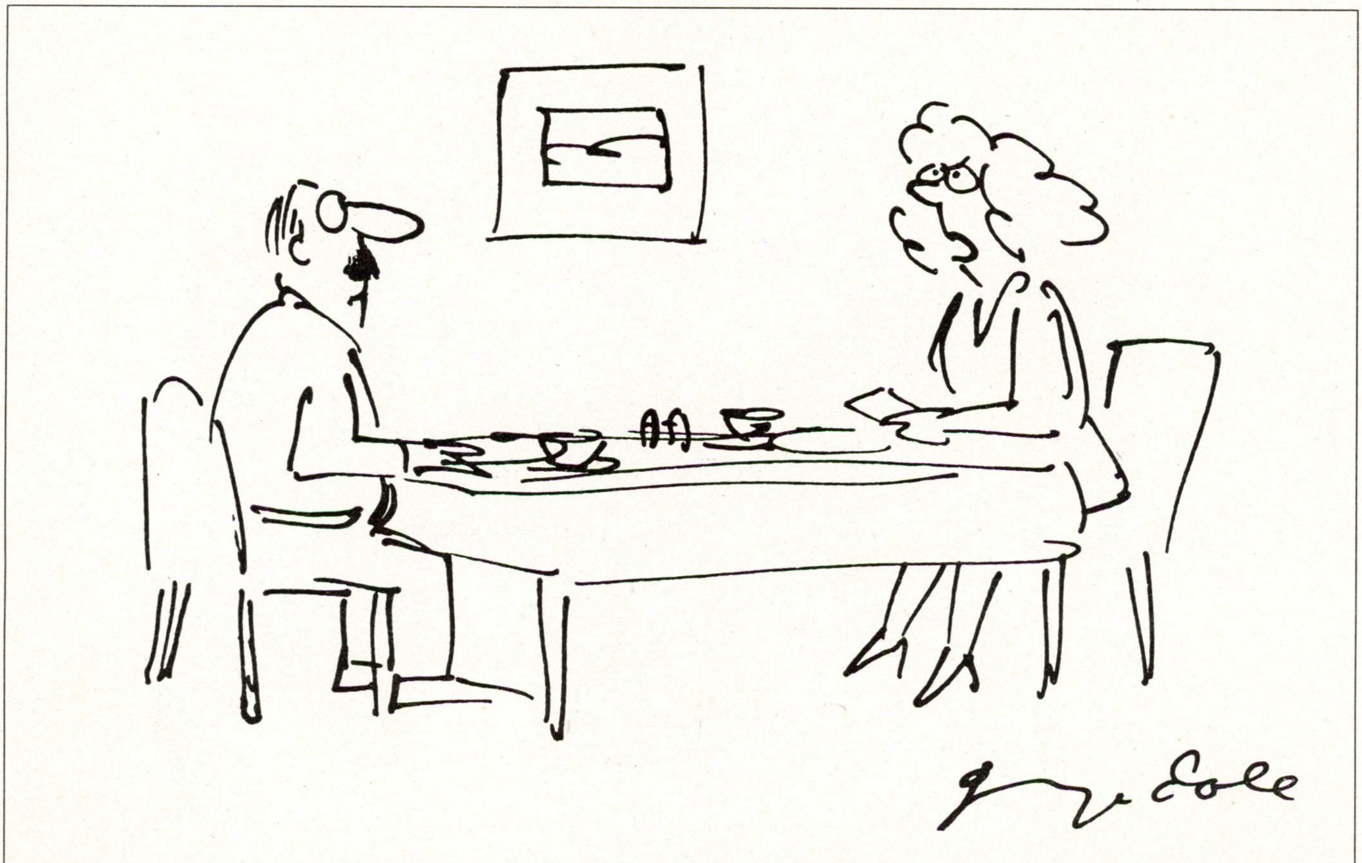
From the point of view of the Briefing's mastermind—an obscure but increasingly powerful New Right strategist named Paul Weyrich—it didn't matter much who was elected president. Jimmy Carter was the great enemy, of course, but he was weak. John Anderson never stood a chance. Reagan was preferable, as the most pliant and accessible of the three, but he had his flaws. Although he talked a good conservative game, his track record in California was not encouraging—like all American politicians who are remotely serious about their jobs, he moved toward the center once he came to power and attempted to govern his state according to the law. But Paul Weyrich despises many of the laws of the state of California—or of any other state—and he detests much of the Constitution. Reagan, though he might be useful, could not be trusted. Weyrich accordingly developed a hidden agenda.

During the course of the campaign much was written about the evangelical reawakening of America and its new political coloration, but none of these articles seemed to grasp the New Right's twofold objectives. First, it intends to seize a position of influence within the Republican party, combined with a beachhead of reliable legislators in Congress. Then, building on that base, it intends to turn the country into a fundamentalist dictatorship. When Reagan opened his mouth before the cheering throng in Reunion Arena on the evening of August 22 and proceeded to deliver one of his standard low-key speeches, he flopped and flopped badly. The hall went dead, stayed dead, and nothing he did could revive it. But it didn't matter. Weyrich had already outflanked him.

The preachers assembled in the arena that evening had just been saturated with some of the most spellbinding oratory in the country, and Reagan's amiable, media-oriented speech was bound to fall a little flat by contrast. Still, the whole thing was a little odd. The preachers gave him a tremendous ovation when he accidentally stepped onto the stage a half hour early, and they were on pins and needles right up to the moment when he opened his mouth. If Reagan's staff had bothered to leaf through the speeches and sermons of the previous two days, they would have found nothing visibly unusual; they were the usual potpourri of military preparedness, the Red menace, creeping socialism, prayer in the schools, the crimes of the IRS, the defeat of the ERA, the terrible burden of OSHA, and all the rest of the shopping list of perfectly valid if debatable issues that garnered Reagan such a rich harvest of primary votes. And the text of his speech, although occasionally rendered as though his voice were racing to rescue a banker's daughter from a runaway horse, seemed to hit all the high points presumably dear to the audience's heart. In ascending order, Reagan mixed politics and religion, denounced humanism in the schools, and seemed to lend his support to unfettered religious advertising on the airways, continued tax exemption for the office workers and accountants of his hosts' various television boondoggles, continued federal subsidy of segregated sectarian schools, and the primacy of parental rights. But it is amazing that the preachers failed to cry out as one man as he cleverly waffled his way through these points; he couldn't even work up much of a response to national defense, and his applause lines hung in the silent air.

The preachers were waiting for Reagan to declare a holy war against the rest of us, to draw the sword of Christ and lead them forth to slaughter. He didn't do it. And they were disappointed.

Don't think that these are wicked people; they bear no resemblance to the sort of ex-rednecks recruited by central casting to depict bigots in late-night movies. They're cleanly, kindly, upstanding folk, the best people in their towns, the pillars of their churches, kings and queens of the covered-dish supper, scions of the Old Republic. And they're being manipulated in a way that is very sinister and very American and not at all beyond belief. Reagan came of age in a Hollywood devoted to poses of nobility and virtue, and he is probably as cynical about certain things as any reporter. But the preachers in Dallas meant exactly what they said, even though they were talking in code by the time the cameras were turned on. True, there was little that was obscure and much that was magnificently humble about Sen. Jesse Helms's speech com-



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paring himself to Andy Jackson, but when he ascribed his senatorial victory to divine intervention, he was speaking with transparent conviction. When Ed McAteer, the ex-soap salesman who was one of the ostensible cosponsors of the meeting—we'll get to who really organized it in a minute—misquoted Machiavelli and announced that politics was the art of compromise, whereas there is no compromise when it comes to morals, he came closer to the heart of the matter.

The evangelists are planning to take over the country. And when they do, either they're going to convert the rest of us or they're going to . . . well, the precedents are not encouraging. What we witnessed in Dallas that night was neither fascism (although it is sometimes called that) nor Nazism (although it contains suggestive echoes of *"Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer"*), but another vigorous flowering of the gnarled stump of a New England that has nothing to do with Longfellow or John F. Kennedy. It is older than all of us, that grim theocracy, and we have slain it many times, or thought we did. It's back again. The ghost of Jonathan Edwards is back.

As I suggested before, the Rosetta Stone that allowed me to decipher all this was the Reverend Bailey Smith's last sermon of the working session. The Reverend Smith has a church in Del City, Okla., and he was the youngest president in the history of the Southern Baptist Convention (he is now 42 years old). He's an engaging man, an arresting speaker, and, unlike the folk who shared the platform with Reagan, he did not mince words or speak in code.

Brandishing a copy of that day's *Dallas Times Herald,* he noted that the local leader of the gay-rights movement had expressed certain reservations about the evangelists' vicious attacks on homosexuality. Reverend Smith didn't think it was right "when a pervert can pass judgment on a preacher. . . . The evil, wicked world has no right to pass judgment on a man of God!" After the audience—I judged there were about 5,000 of them, the same hard core that had danced attendance on the speakers all day—stopped hollering their approval and regained their seats, Reverend Smith went on to remind us that the purpose of a ministry "must be the preaching of the supremacy of the gospel of Christ. . . . No one can pray unless he prays in the name of Jesus Christ." Then he went on to refine his definition: "If a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jew are praying," he said, the Jew isn't getting through. "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew, for how in the world can God hear the prayer of a man who says Jesus Christ is not the true Messiah? It's blasphemous. Christianity isn't a religion; it is the *truth!"*

Okay, where do we go from here? According to Reverend Smith, moderate heat never boiled water, and the object of life is to get right out there and convert everybody except maybe the humanists and the Episcopalians, against whom he seemed to hold a considerable grudge and for whom he seemed to have plans, although he was vague about what these plans were. And there was more. "When God is in control, we don't need to worry about the enemy. What we need is for men and women to become so godly that nothing can penetrate their armor or resist them," he announced. "It is not God and country; it is God!" he concluded ringingly, adding the Constitution of the United States to the ranks of his victims.

Any reasonable witness to Reverend Smith's speech would have to conclude that the radical evangelist plan for the future of the U.S. includes:

(1) The supremacy of preachers, but only Christian ones and not all of those

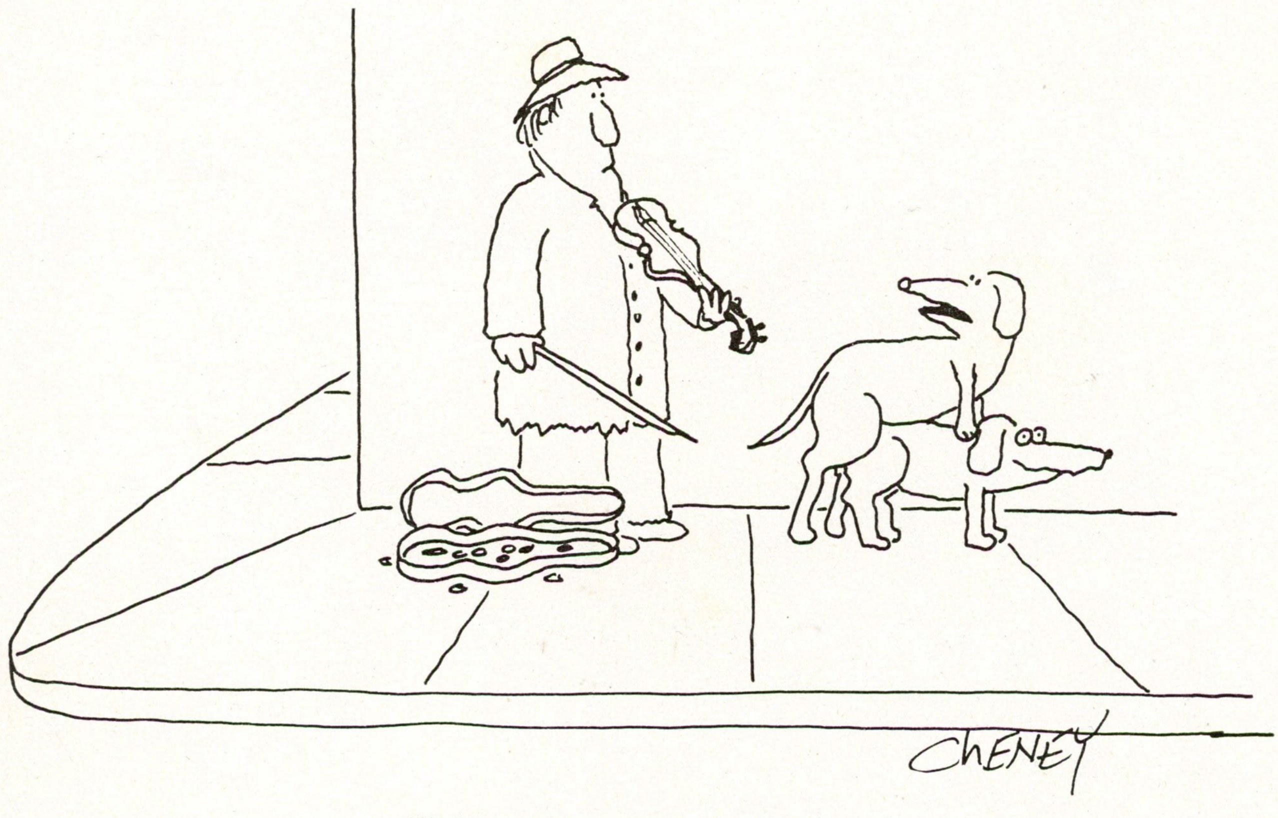
(2) The supremacy of Christ, but only the Christ known to those selfsame preachers

(3) Second-class citizen status for the Jews

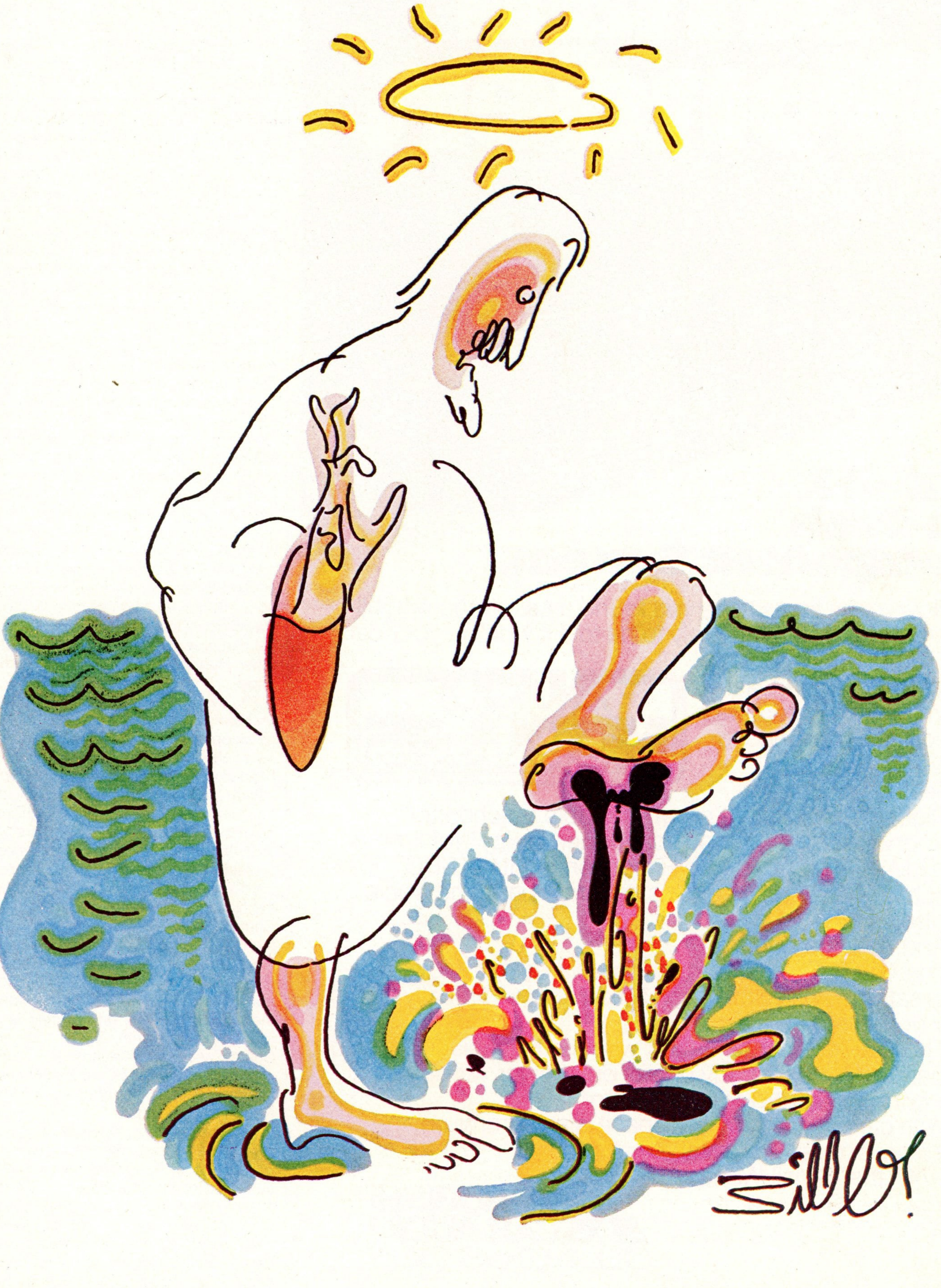
(4) The conversion of everybody else except humanists and Episcopalians, to whom bad things will happen

(5) The godly conquer the enemy and bring about God's kingdom in the form of a theocratic dictatorship

This isn't a new idea, of course. John Anderson seemed to have something of the sort in mind when he sponsored those embarrassing bills to make Christianity the state religion, and as recently as 1976, former Rep. John Conlan (Rep.-Ariz.) laid plans for a Christian Republic with the assistance of the Reverend Bill Bright, the



"Well, just don't stand there . . . play Bolero.*"*



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evangelist who has since been a major recipient of the bounty of Bunker Hunt. Viewed in this light, all the subsequent talk about the supremacy of moral issues over political ones and the literal truth of the Bible suddenly make a whole lot of sense. These evangelists want us all. They want us on their terms. And they want us now. After that, nothing else will matter.

In Robert A. Heinlein's prophetic 1939 novella *If This Goes On,* they allowed the Jews to live in ghettos and occasionally stoned some of them for diversion. In fairness to Senator Helms, Mr. McAteer, Reverend Robison, and the other speakers at the evening session, none of them mentioned this possibility. They didn't seem to think that there would be any Jews left at all except in Israel, which they admire tremendously. After hearing the Reverend Smith, it was clear why—Israel is a good place to put them.

The host of the gathering was an organization called the Religious Roundtable. The Roundtable's vice-president is the above-mentioned Reverend James Robison, an evangelist from Hurst, Tex., whose television program, "Man with a Message," grosses in the vicinity of $15 million a year and whose political philosophy appears to be identical with that of his namesake, James Robison (1739–1805), who wrote a book entitled *Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, Carried on in the Secret Meetings of the Free Masons, Illuminati, and Reading Societies.* Having identified the Reverend Robinson, we can now ignore him. Like most of the other preachers in the Roundtable, he is a tool.

The Roundtable's president is Ed McAteer, a former soap salesman. After he stopped selling soap, he went to work as a field director for Howard Phillips, the head of an organization called the Conservative Caucus and the loyal sidekick of the triumvirate that runs the New Right political movement. The latter three are Richard Viguerie, the wildly successful professional fund raiser and publisher of the *Conservative Digest;* Terry Dolan of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), the movement's hit man; and Paul Weyrich, whose Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress (CFSFC) operates out of an old townhouse on Capitol Hill. Viguerie finds the money, Dolan takes on selected targets like Senators Birch Bayh and Frank Church, and Phillips—whose one moment of glory came when he dismantled the Office of Economic Opportunity for Richard Nixon—tags along.

The one to watch, however, is Weyrich. (His former deputy, the Reverend Robert BIllings, was Reagan's religious-affairs adviser during the campaign.) Weyrich arrived in Washington at the age of 22 to work for Sen. Gordon Alliot of Colorado after working on the *Milwaukee Sentinel.* He knocked about on the Hill for a while, shifting over to Sen. Carl Curtis and later acting as a shepherd for the political activities of Joseph Coors, the ultraconservative Colorado brewing magnate. In 1974 he connected with Viguerie and the others, founded the CFSFC and the Heritage Foundation (the New Right's own think tank), and installed himself as the movement's boy wonder and chief strategist.

A good deal has been written about Viguerie's letter-writing campaigns and Dolan's clever but mindless assaults on the enemies of the Right, but until 1978 the New Right was just another pickup truck spinning its wheels in the mud and throwing quite a lot of it. It was a little to the left of the John Birch Society, a little to the right of the American Conservative Union, and could hardly have existed at all without Viguerie's miraculous fund-raising abilities. But in 1978, Weyrich—an Eastern Rite Catholic of great if somewhat narrow piety—discovered what he likes to call "the sleeping giant" of the evangelical movement, and he finally began to get the show on the road.

It has always been there, in the cinder block churches in their weed-grown lots, in the vast and tasteless cathedrals (often complete with a pool of Sacred Blood) of the strangely barbered, pastel-suited evangelists, some of whom, like Billy Graham, sleep each night surrounded by guard dogs and electrified fences. It was not a happy church, nor were its communicants rich—all those white rural and recently rural Protestants whom the American Dream had long since passed by, who had seen their children devoured by the satanic cities and their money devoured by the banks, their government appropriated by the rich and the foreign and their entertainment provided by Jews and blacks. Nothing had ever worked out; they lived in a country that was supposed to be utopia, of which—Mr. Jefferson had solemnly promised—they were supposed to be the yeomanry and the backbone and the last, best hope of man. But even the ballplayers had funny names now, and the believers no longer understood anything at all. Except, perhaps, their churches. There, at least, an angry God still reigned with promises of perdition for the wicked and glorious resurrection for the just, the preacher's message was no different from what any man could figure out, and the Bible never changed. Indeed, a preacher's success depended less on the breadth of his scholarship and the humility of his pastorate than on his ability to persuade his congregation that it, and it alone, possessed the Truth, that the Scripture was theirs, and that the revenge of which they dreamed was surely promised.

Some of the preachers did pretty well for themselves. Some of them became rich. But it wasn't until the advent of television that they hit the mother lode. Until a very few years ago, television was a costly undertaking. But satellites changed that. All you had to do was beam your transmission up to one of them, and the satellite beamed it right back down again in a sort of cone, at the bottom of which were a lot of people. It was cheap. Evangelists, who are very good at counting, appreciated this. And by an amazing stroke of good fortune, the technological miracle was wrought during the administrations of Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and James Earl Carter, Jr., who made a great many citizens very angry and very confused and very poor. As always, the evangelists' message was one of revenge. It caught on in a big way.

The Evangelicals currently estimate their television audience at between 40 and 60 million and their total membership at 75 million. Like all dogmatists, they're fond of throwing convincing-sounding statistics around, but the dollar takeout is in the hundreds of millions; so there must be a lot of them. And because they felt they were powerless and living in a foreign country, many of them never bothered to vote. Weyrich decided to change that.

Weyrich reached his great inspiration when he discovered that the IRS was about to rule that the tax exemption enjoyed by the segregated evangelical schools in the South constituted an illegal federal subsidy. The complexities of the case need not detain us; suffice it to say that Weyrich moved quickly to express the New Right's sympathy and support. He also hatched a plan. In February 1979 he was instrumental in the formation of Christian Voice, a political organization of fundamentalist ministers that, for the first time, gave the New Right access to the pulpit; Christian Voice has declared that liberalism is incompatible with Christianity. To keep an eye on things and guide the new group in the appropriate direction, Weyrich contrived to have his associate, David Troxler, appointed legislative adviser.

Next, Ed McAteer introduced Phillips to the Reverend Jerry Falwell, pastor of the Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Va. The Thomas Road Baptist Church is the largest in the nation, and the Reverend Falwell has for long awaited the Second Coming of Sen. Joseph McCarthy. He also commands the electronic pulpit of the "Old Time Gospel Hour," which grosses around $46 million a year—a rich prize. But Howard Phillips isn't exactly the most commanding intellect in the politburo of the Right, and when Falwell went on to establish Moral Majority, he took on the Reverend Bob Billings as his executive director. At the time Reverend Billings was Weyrich's deputy at CFSFC.

Reverend Falwell was a busy man last year, harvesting souls for the campaign. He also published a book entitled *Listen, America!*—the movement's own *Mein Kampf*. Although it closely resembles the ravings of a slightly crazed used-car salesman, it is an interesting volume, not least because Reverend Falwell cannot spell; he renders *corps* as *core, mirror* as *mere*, and *trawlers* as *trollers*. A close pe-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR
Chon Day

"Oh, he's in the reception room, making a futile pass at your secretary."

"I'm so lazy that if I actually stretch—even to yawn—I consider that serious exercise," Shawn Carney cheerfully admits. "I have a part-time job as a cocktail waitress," she adds with a desultory smile, "but when a customer gives me a big tip, it's usually more for my looks than my efficiency!" Shawn still lives in a small Louisiana bayou town, where her easy drawl and dreamy, laid-back manner have always been in style. "My favorite way to spend an afternoon is to lounge around on my back-porch swing, listening to Randy Newman records and maybe makin' love with my favorite man. And when I say yes to a guy, he'll be doin' most of the work... That's understood."

REBEL ROUSER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

Though Shawn is a typical small-town girl in some ways, she insists that her taste in men is anything but provincial. "Good ole boys aren't half-bad," she concedes, "but I don't necessarily send Yankee carpetbaggers packing either. As for rich men," she muses, "well, I guess I wouldn't mind bein' a poor little rich girl for a while, riding around in a limo instead of a pickup!"

At a splendidly seductive 19, young Shawn isn't sure when, as she puts it, "I'll get off this cute little ass of mine and do something a little bit more ambitious." She fetchingly displays her case in point. "It's hard, though, since my boyfriends like me to look pretty and parade my body around in the 'altogether.' It's not exactly a career, but I could think of a lot worse ways to pass the time..."

Although scarcely political, Shawn admits to the unshakable notion that most fellow southerners can do no wrong. "I guess when Jimmy Carter lost the election, it was a setback for the whole South," she observes, "but you know what they say ... The South will rise again."

And if they don't... we will!

The mind is
a terrible thing to waste.
Especially on thinking.

DUMB IS GOOD

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

PAINTING BY JURGEN ROGNER

WHO PUT THE *SAP* IN *HOMO SAPIENS?* *Stupidity* has this PR problem.

It has descended from quaint character-flaw to a kind of debilitating Mentanoma, or cancer of the intellect, whose side effects include ineptitude, vulnerability, inadequacy, dependence, and gullibility. We see it as a cerebral deformity and stare elsewhere or excuse ourselves in its embarrassing presence. Its victims are fair game for our ridicule—"He/she was so dumb that he/she: couldn't figure out a light switch; thought the Sudan was a car; couldn't draw a conclusion with a crayon; could out-think a plant, but only for short distances." And so forth.

We live in a predatory society whose competitive individualism decrees that intellectually we're not just different from each other but better or worse. We're taught that the Smart are somehow biologically superior, with the rest of us locked into a Dimwit caste. This has done the best hack job on self-respect since rape. *Sure* you could use more neurological armament in the cultural combat zone, but that doesn't necessarily mean that you were born into this world just to flesh out the word *jerk*.

"INTELLIGENCE" IS A STUPID CONCEPT

A man may be a first-rate mathematician, or an expert physicist, or a subtle psychologist . . . yet completely misunderstand . . . other men [and] fail to adapt himself to his surroundings.—Henri Bergson

Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects.—Will Rogers

Some big brains are full of wisdom, but many are full of shit. Most "geniuses" are just one-note wizards who flail haplessly outside their field of expertise. Academia is a game preserve for such closet nitwits—prodigies in literature, economics, or contract law, but retards when confronted with plumbing repairs, recreational drugs, or lowball poker.

Even the most brilliant minds lose car keys, light the wrong ends of cigarettes, and wander into the wrong bathrooms. *Especially* the brilliant—blinded by thought. Intellect without common sense is useless. Remember—you can only learn something new every day if you start out dumb enough.

STUPIDITY LIES IN THE EYE OF THE DEFINER

A child who scores poorly on standardized tests may have a very thoughtful, creative mind that refuses to see the world in the simplistic, black-and-white terms of the test-maker.—Arlene Silberman

Inner-city kids score 60 or 70 on these tests . . . then you see them outsmart the police and deal with pushers. They're hardly stupid.—Princeton psychology professor Leon Kamin

"Ignorance" is simply whatever the experts say it is. But what do *experts* know? Subtract our bias and conjecture from our "knowledge," and you could mail the remainder for 15 cents. One can only be "dumb" relative to someone else's definition of "smart," which is invariably their particular smartness.

The flaw in our concept of intelligence is that it's based not on one's performance in life but on one's performance on *tests*, most of which are self-serving devices for perpetuating the aristocracy of mentality. According to Brigitte Berger, intelligence tests just measure "modern consciousness"—those mental faculties best suited to our "technological, rationalistically bureaucratized" culture. The "stupid" are actually just those not plugged into the Mainstream Mind. Test scores reflect *assimilation*, not brains.

You're not dumb; you're just unfit for society's purposes. Congratulations!

GOD SURELY LOVES THE POOR, FOR HE MADE SO MANY OF THEM. HE MUST BE *WILD* ABOUT THE STUPID

We're *all* wild about the stupid. If you're so dumb that you move your lips when you sign your name, you're probably likable, pleasant, and always welcome. If you're up to your ass in brains, however, you're probably intimidating, resented, and distrusted, and your company is about as enjoyable to normals as a plague of toads.

Who's dumb? Beautiful blondes, impetuous kids, shit-grin yokels, pratfall fuck-ups, beef-slab athletes, goofy sidekicks, bubblegum boppers—in short, the kind of people we like and are comfortable with. How many of us have an affectionate fondness for orthopedic surgeons, corporate lawyers, or research chemists?

The stupid are popular: they're genial, uncomplicated, unchallenging, and make us feel smarter by comparison. *The intelligent are unpopular:* they're imposing, indecipherable, and serious, and their grim analyses have the power to depress anyone within hearing.

We resent "smart asses," feel cheated and exploited by "smart money," upstaged by "smart dressers," hassled by "wise guys," scorned by the "smart set," and want to punch out "smart mouths" before we're annihilated by "smart missiles." Americans may love winners, but we like and identify with the losers, without whose slashing ignorance our own mediocrity would be intolerable. Reject the eggheads, who give the impression that they'd love to suck their own cocks. Embrace the witless, who generally make *us* feel that way.

BY THEIR GOOFS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

The shallower the personality, the fewer hazards it conceals.—personal motto

The deeply befuddled are usually deeply beloved because there's less to the suckers than meets the eye—or at least not dangerously more. The simple-minded are simple, period. They don't put us through the rigorous social labors of communicating, relating, comprehending, or keeping up. They're comfortable and relaxing, a recess from the school of hard knocks.

And they tend to be what they *seem* to be. Duplicity, manipulation, and subterfuge require mental horsepower beyond the range of the dense, whose feeble attempts at pretense and deception are more cute than ominous. With the clever and sly, however, what you see is seldom what you get—let alone what you want—and this frequently by disreputable design.

The dumb are bumper-sticker people: simplistic, obvious, open, unequivocal. The smart are insurance-contract people: vague, contradictory, full of bewildering terminology and fine print. And, as with legal affairs, so with personal ones—the fine print will fuck you every time.

We dread those who are slicker than a jar of Vaseline and so artifically sweet they could give bladder cancer to mice. Their raised screens and ostentatious vocabularies habitually conceal more deceptions and half-truths than CREEP, and their time-honored ploy is that of big government and industry: equivocation.

We dread them for two reasons. First, because there's no prick alive like a prick who can pass for a nice guy. Second, because there are three answers to any question: *yes*, which is fine; *no*, which at least is definite; and *maybe*, which drives us nuts. And "maybe" is the password of the intelligent, whose prime ingenuity isn't their ability to be right but their ability to avoid being wrong. Those with *real* intellectual traction would go to a Hell's Angels fuck-in before they'd make a clear, irreversible commitment. Leave that to us simpletons.

> We're all wild about the stupid. If you're so dumb that you move your lips when you sign your name, you're probably likable, pleasant, and always welcome.

I'll get the feathers if you'll heat up the old tar.

IF YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER, DON'T BUY IT

We often speak of the estrangement of intellectuals from the rest of the people . . .
—Gerhart Niemeyer

Ours is an Ulterior Society, where it's not just who-you-know but how well you *use* who-you-know to get your way that counts. This has placed a premium on the skills of duplicity, evasion, and self-concealment. If intelligence is adaptation-to-culture, and culture favors the unscrupulous and crafty, what does that make the whiz kids?

You know the type—clever, glib, literate flannelmouths who can tighten your ass hole at 50 yards. Intelligence, when driven by ambition and selfish calculation, is as dangerous for others as street smack. There's no worse conversationalist than a charming liar and no crook like a sharp accountant. Trusting the artful, witty, and persuasive is like trusting the dice in a barrio crap shoot.

Given the laws of supply and demand, the value of genuine *friendship* is on the rise. When it comes to simple honesty and reliability, we want somebody we can take off our shoes—and our pretenses, facades, and shields—with. Spare us these civilized, tactful, arm's-length relationships with shrewder-than-thou types that provide all the emotional security of an earth-fill dam.

Stupidity means *honesty*, or at least insufficient guile to do much damage. The dumb aren't just less able to hustle us, con us, or rip us off but are also less inclined to, being largely consumed with keeping their own ass afloat and being sympathetic fellow victims of the Brain Bund.

For simple trust, give us balloonheads every time—those sweet, refreshing human oases of witless empathy in the desert of our on-the-make society. So what if you have the brains of a cinder block so long as you have the ethics of a pal. If you're seriously trying to help, your ineptitude doesn't matter; it's the volume of your sincerity that counts.

B.A., M.A., Ph.D., S.O.B.

The "knowledge industry," like any other, gravitates toward its most likely sources of subsidization.—Peter L. Berger, *Commentary*

Hang around the highly intelligent, and you'll invariably encounter more assholes than will a proctologist. To the brainiacs, being all-heart-and-no-brains isn't a virtue but a handicap; and those who pursue Fairness and Decency with dogged stolidity are *chumps*, while those who pursue Power, with ingenious self-interest and ethical ambidexterity, are *intellectuals*.

We recognize this principle in our basic clichés:

"Only a *fool* would: play fair / cosign a note / take an unpopular position / stick his neck out / sacrifice for others / fight city hall / stand on principles."

However—"If you're *smart*, you: look out for number one / hedge your bets / cover your ass / *run* city hall / compromise principles / never give a sucker an even break."

This is the credo of our think-tank moguls and idea men, whose formative insights are unburdened by sentiment and who have all the heart and compassion of committees, which they travel in for anonymity. You could squeeze more humanity out of a Crest tube.

The problem is that our biggest minds are often our biggest hypocrites as well, for whom "objective logic" is just the Esperanto of personal opinion, invoked to support scholarly edicts based less on Knowledge than on Rationalization. The big minds pass judgment on the rest of us with a bright-makes-right complacency, presenting academic unanimity as truth. Unfortunately, mixing high-voltage intellect with a this-brain-for-hire morality produces the kind of "rational detach-

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IRRESISTIBLE
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Two Cuban youths describe their escape to America and tell why life under the failed revolution of Fidel Castro is unbearable to the young.

RUNNING FROM CASTRO

BY LORRIN PHILIPSON

Four o'clock in the afternoon, the sky turning pink. This stretch of Miami Beach is deserted, with just a long sweep of ocean and palm trees, whose branches are already starting to look like large, dark spiders against the horizon. A small room inside one of the hotels reverberates with Alejandro's vivid personality. His bristling Afro-style hair and bright red shirt suit his emphatic way of speaking and his life-loving sense of humor. The words go by at a rapid clip with frequent exclamations and knife-thrusts of

PHOTOGRAPH BY VOLKER HINZ

R.N. 3859
FIDEL CASTRO RUZ

From the forthcoming book *Freedom Flights*, by Lorrin Philipson with Rafael Llerena, to be published by Random House. Copyright © 1980 by Lorrin Philipson and Rafael Llerena.

Volker Hinz

A young Cuban guard stands watch at the Museum of the Revolution.

irony. He is celebrating a hard-won victory, without self-consciousness. Along with his toughness there is an underlying innocence—an unwillingness to compromise, but no desire to impress.

"I was born in Trinidad, Las Villas Province, in 1956 and worked as an auto mechanic. There were eleven brothers, of whom I am the youngest. My family was humiliated by Fidel's government, although they had fought in the revolution and supported it in the beginning. My family eventually turned against the system because they saw that what was happening in Cuba was not what they had struggled for.

"There were many reasons for their anger and disappointment. In the early sixties the government went back on its promise to distribute land among the *campesinos*. Instead, even those who, like my parents, had small farms had to give them up, and those farmers who had never owned land just became paid workers of the State. The government claimed that the collectives it was organizing would be more efficient. But sending in managers who knew nothing at all about farming and who did not even know the area created terrible confusion and waste. The supervisors came in with their plans, which often had no relation to the actual physical conditions of the land. Their ideas of what could be planted and how it should be done did not work, because they had little or no experience with farming. It is an awful feeling to see the land being ruined and harvests failing, particularly when the people of the region were not being consulted about how to do the work. They were just given orders. The people could do little, and if they argued or tried to explain the proper ways of planting, they were accused of being counterrevolutionaries.

"The same kind of thing was going on all over the country. It was not the original revolutionaries who were in power but Communist party members who were suddenly taking over in the government, in the unions, and in the schools. The freedoms that Cubans had fought for were being taken away—with the newspapers and television and radio stations run by the government and people arrested and sent to prison only because they were suspected of being against the government. Many of them were revolutionaries. They were *not* opposed to the revolution but to the methods being used to force everyone to agree with whatever Fidel and his followers said. They removed my family to Havana and put my father in jail for nine years, one of my brothers for seven, and another for six and a half years. They sent me to a reformatory, because I was too young to go to prison. Afterward, I went to schools in Las Villas, Camagüey, and La Habana.

"In Cuba the police don't leave you alone. They tell you that you can't be without a shirt, that you can't have long hair. The young people don't receive anything decent for their work. There are endless lines for everything, and even on the beach there is nothing to eat. There are few clothes to buy; so you look for contraband. That exists in every country, and even more so in Communist countries, because they don't provide enough. The reason there is so little in Cuba is that they export almost everything.

"Every day the rationing gets stricter. Food and other things go to Angola, Ethiopia, and elsewhere. Any time one of those distant countries needs an egg, Fidel sends it. And all the time he talks in the plaza, he tells us what he is going to *take away*, not what he is going to give us. Even with the sugar! He said he was taking away one pound of it from each person's ration to send to another country. Then the authorities came with a piece of paper that you had to sign, saying you wanted to give it. If you said no, they took it from your quota anyway.

"The people I knew did not support Fidel. They think he is a criminal, *un sangriento* [a man drenched in blood]. He was the one who separated Cuban families. Why doesn't he allow the emigration of all the people who want to join their relatives in other countries? Let him keep only the ones who want to stay. Or let him have a system that works. Let him be adaptable. Cubans who come here have been welcomed and given work. The money Fidel charges Cuban exiles who go back to visit—eight hundred and fifty pesos—is *un descaro* [act of effrontery]. Tape recorders were selling for forty-three pesos, and he raised the price to four hundred pesos. He does not let people bring anything into the country. He forces them to buy what the government sells in Cuba. That is how he is taking money from other Cubans. It's a market. He runs it like a business.

"The young people just are not with Fidel. *Seguro! Seguro!* [I know this for sure.] The people who support him at rallies are primarily older people in the government who do not want to lose what they have, like a house or a car. And as a result of their behavior, whatever those people ask for they can get right away without waiting, unlike the ordinary people. Those who are with the government constrain and exploit the rest of the people. They are the guards who watch everyone else. I don't know why they are watching! Because the people who steal over there do it so that they won't die of hunger.

"In Cuba you are forced to steal in order to exist. And even if you go legally to buy extra things, because the ration was not enough, they put you in jail. You have to rob in one way or another to get by. I stole a machine part from my job to sell outside to another citizen who had an old car. The State would not sell the part because the car was for private use. Stealing that part enabled me to have a little money for what I needed, and it was a benefit for him, too.

"I decided to come here because there is freedom to use your mind, to express yourself, to act. Since I did not belong to any of the mass organizations in Cuba, I had trouble. They fired me from jobs, and when I tried somewhere else, they would check my political record and not hire me. Then, when I went to another place, they would give me the excuse that I could not work there because I had long hair. I would go somewhere else, and they would say they had no jobs, but it was because I didn't have any friends there. I wanted to become an engineer, but it's very hard for the average person. It is al-

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(preceding page) The young revolutionary Fidel Castro was imprisoned by Batista in this cell on the Isle of Pines (now the Isle of Youth) in 1953.

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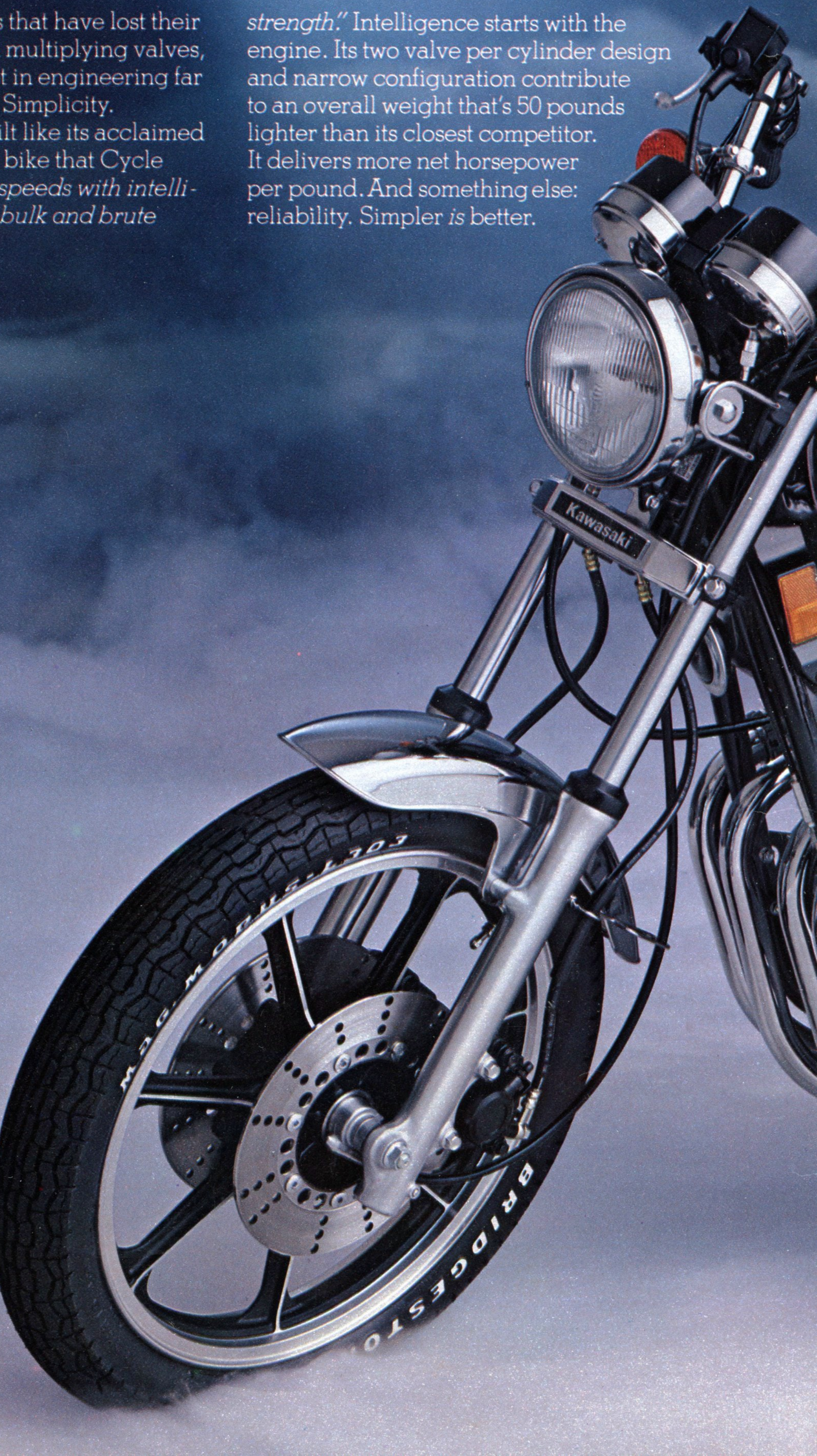

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most always possible, though, if you're the son of a *pincho* [slang for a member of the new class]. Then you can go to the university and have a career in engineering. Or if a person wants to become a lawyer, he has the chance of being one of three chosen from a thousand. If he doesn't make it, they send him to learn agriculture. In the present system the blacks are often the most rebellious, because the government says the blacks deserve everything. And then they give them the worst jobs. From above they say there is equality. Go see the Politburo in Cuba. There are almost no blacks in it.

"The government says that education is free, but in the secondary schools in the country you have to work in the fields to pay for it. I know about them, because I was in one. There are about five hundred pupils in each. In the morning, half of them study and then go to work in the afternoon. The other students do the same thing in reverse. The truth is that with the work they demand, you pay ten times over for your studies. They have work quotas for the girls as well as the boys, and you have to meet them. If a worker who is your boss helps you, he is penalized, often with a fine. Once my brother aided a young girl who did not feel well. Because she was weak and he helped her, they fined him one hundred ten pesos. They told him the assistance he had given did not make for a good worker—that the girl had to do the work to develop herself. I don't understand. The girl wasn't physically strong enough to meet her quota.

"I was in the military service for three years, earning seven pesos a month. They call it military, but I never touched a rifle! It was forced labor. You were practically a slave. When we were cutting cane, the machine to collect it often couldn't get the cut stalks because of the mud; so I had to pick them up by hand. After we finished in the fields late in the afternoon, the only training we got was marching. There was never any rifle practice. Because of this system many soldiers are sent off to Angola and other places without experience. They give you a uniform, but I wouldn't wear it. I dressed in working clothes. They put that on the report, too! Practically speaking, it is obligatory to wear a uniform, but because we were working, I gave the excuse that it was too hot and that it gave me a rash. I did not tell them the real reason—that I just didn't want to wear the uniform. Others did the same.

"There is propaganda that says the *Poder Popular* [People's Power] takes care of the people's problems. For instance, if my roof is leaking, the *Poder Popular* is supposed to give me cement tiles, but they don't give you anything. They put you on a list, and several years later you may get two tiles, which aren't enough to solve the problem. In the future maybe they give you the cement. Of course, by then your house is already ruined. So, if you need six sacks of cement, they give you two and you have to steal the rest. You can often find some just lying around getting spoiled. At the same time, you see that the *pinchos* have more commodities in their homes than anyone else. Yet if you steal and a *pincho* sees you, you're finished. He is the only one who can steal and get away with it. If you go to an assembly at your work center, as I did with a friend who is also a mechanic, and you tell them you need oil to repair a part, they give you water. If you say, 'No, we need oil,' they tell you, 'It is already being taken care of. We are resolving the problem; we are on the way now.' But they don't settle anything, and they don't give you what you need. So everything keeps declining. If you need a fan and go to a store, you have to wait for three months till one comes. When you get it, the price is high and it has defects. If they bought it on the world market for ten pesos, they sell it to you for three hundred pesos. But go into the house of a *pincho* and you see everything. *Todo! Todo! Todo!*

"Let me give you another example of how the system operates. One of my brothers lives in a house in a small town in Camagüey Province. While he was out one day, some people got into a fight in the backyard, which has no fence. The son of a member of the party was cut with a knife. No one inside the house had been involved in the fight. But when my brother passed by at that moment, the police, who had been called, arrested him and took him to the station. They told him that the fighting had started in his backyard and someone had to be responsible. They gave him a document to sign, and because my brother is partly illiterate, he could not read what it said. If it had been me, I wouldn't have signed it. But he wrote his name with great difficulty, and for that he got two years in prison. When he went to the trial, the judge said, 'You signed the paper saying you cut the boy.' We went to the offices of the party and to the other organizations, but no one would support my brother, since they knew we were in disagreement with the government.

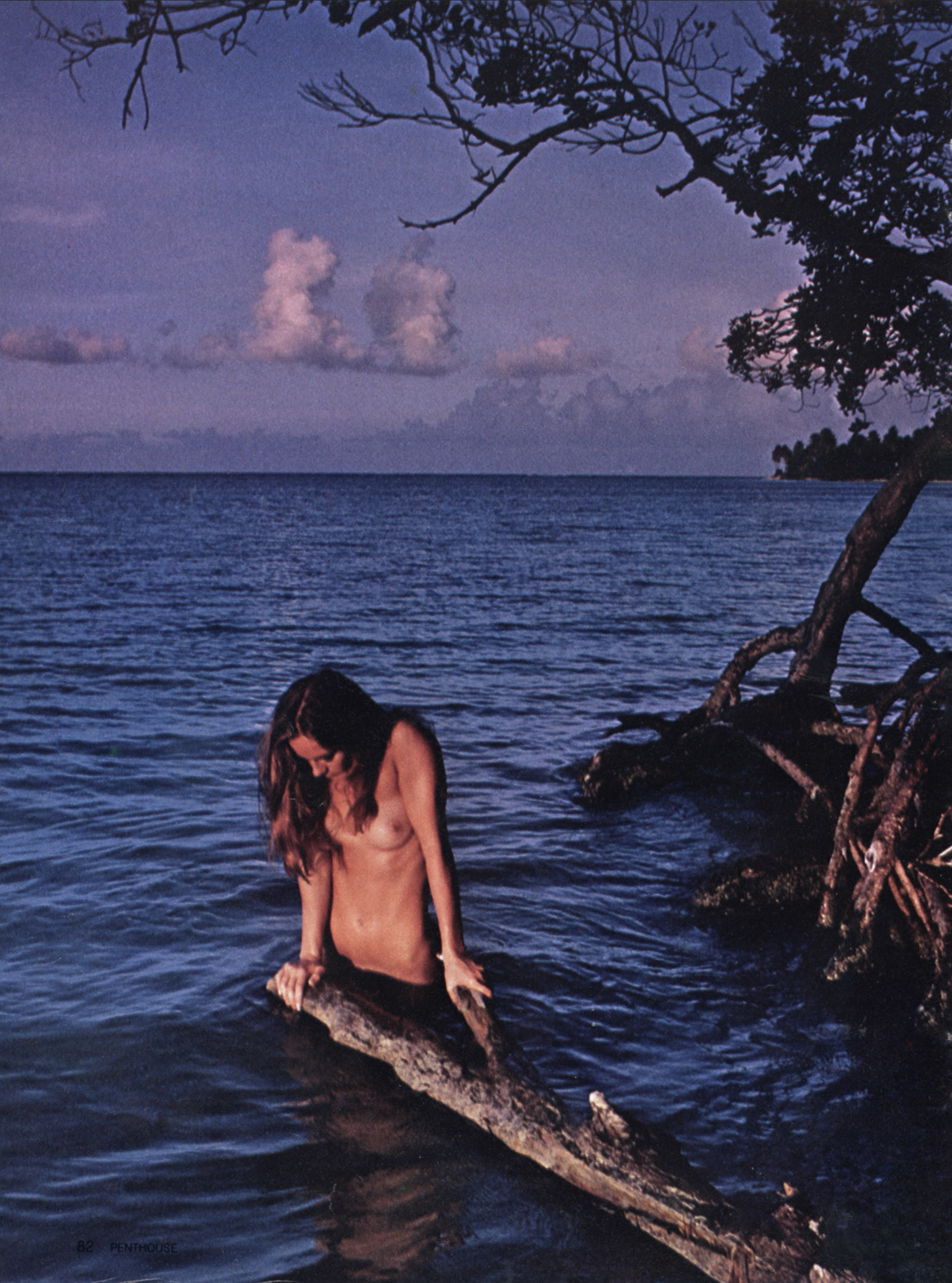
"I came just a few days ago, at a time when life in Cuba is getting worse and worse. There is more work and more misery. All of the young people are in some form of rebellion. Look, the people who are integrated into the revolution are so because they want to subsist. They may not have the will that I had to jump into the ocean and come here. Five of us left, without food, without water, without a compass. Five days of rowing, and we got lost on the sea. The integrated ones often don't really believe in the system. I know that many thought the way I did, because we used to talk among ourselves about these things. Everything is drudgery and slogans, and for tomorrow, not for now. Why? Everyone has a right to live. But they don't even make an exception to give us enough chicken or a liter of milk. They tell you that the children are the future. But what future is there going to be if the children are starving?

"For the sake of my people I would like to say all the things I have been telling you to a captain of the army, to the Politburo,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

"Ed, darling! Come in!"

BRENDA



CRAZY LIKE A FOX

I really love men who are good at working with their hands," declares delectable Brenda Holliday. "I don't necessarily mean using them on *me*," she adds, "though I certainly don't exclude the possibility!" Brenda's golden skin, honey-colored hair, and foxy 35-24-35-inch form radiate abundant good health—a lucky state of affairs attributable, in part, to her rural upbringing. "I grew up on a big ranch in Florida. My father was a rodeo rider and is now the biggest blacksmith in the area."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"Uptight urban types don't impress me at all; I need strong, adventurous, athletic companions." Our Pet of the Month warns any prospective admirers that may otherwise fill the bill that she's really a little bit crazy. "My mother was a full-blooded Sioux, so I'm the product of a cowboy and an Indian–which means I can pretty well look after myself."

Swimwear and sportswear by Hermosa General Store, Hermosa Beach, Calif.; Shell and coral jewelry from Cul de Sac at Casabella Condado, Puerto Rico.

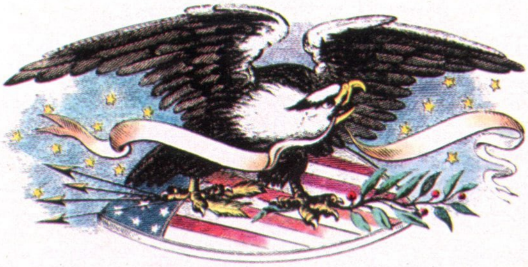
Brenda enrolled in the Houston School of Performing Arts when she was just 15. Now, at a giddy 20 years of age, she's relocated her training to the Big Apple. "New York," according to Brenda, "is still the heart and mind of our profession. When you conquer New York, you conquer the world! And like this city, I'm so full of energy and so restless that I need constant outlets and constant change."

"I'm only willing to stay put for several hours," she confides, "when I'm wrapped up in lovemaking. My record is twelve hours–ten for foreplay and two for the grand finale!"

Brenda claims that she is not limited to the perennial reenactment of your average sex fantasy. "Basically, my appetite includes just about everything in Bob Guccione's film *Caligula*!" Her more practical recurrent dream is to have "a working ranch, a superbly functioning husband, two kids, two cars, and a horse for every member of the family. In the meantime," she says, smiling, "I'll play the farmer–sowing all the wild oats I can!" Brenda credits *Penthouse* with allowing her the freedom to display the most desirable and secret recesses of her body.

"I see myself as a fluttering butterfly," she adds, "just out of the cocoon, ready to fly and fly and feeling sure that the sky's the limit!" They say butterflies are free, but *au contraire*, experience convinces us that this one is priceless!

MISS BRENDA HOLLIDAY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Perceptions play an important part in our responses to an issue. Today the Vietnam veteran is no longer seen by most Americans as a solitary neurotic with alcohol, drug, or other personal problems, capable of violence but unable to relate to family members or society. Rather, according to a survey conducted by pollster Lou Harris, the public agrees, by a margin of 63 to 23 percent, that "veterans of the Vietnam War were made suckers, having to risk their lives in the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time" (a proportion that has increased significantly from the 49 percent holding this view in 1971). This change in perception has produced an undercurrent of public sympathy for Vietnam veterans, a recognition of their emotional or mental problems, their problems in finding work, their problems with alcohol and drug abuse, and the discrimination they face because of their military service. Similarly, 62 percent of the public rate the federal government's performance in its serving the needs of the Vietnam veterans as only "fair" or "poor."

In our opinion, these public perceptions are fairly accurate. The responsibility of the government to meet the real needs of Vietnam veterans has been established. But the government refuses to understand that meeting these needs is an opportunity rather than an unpleasant social problem. Consider, for example, the controversy that surrounds Agent Orange. Instead of using the facts, the VA, the Defense Department, and the White House have allowed *all* those who served in Vietnam during the spraying of Agent Orange to live with terrible fears concerning their and their children's genetic fate in years to come.

> "Those who were drafted during the Vietnam War were not misfits and dropouts. Vietnam veterans at the time of their induction had an average of over 12 years of education, as opposed to World War II veterans, with 9 years."

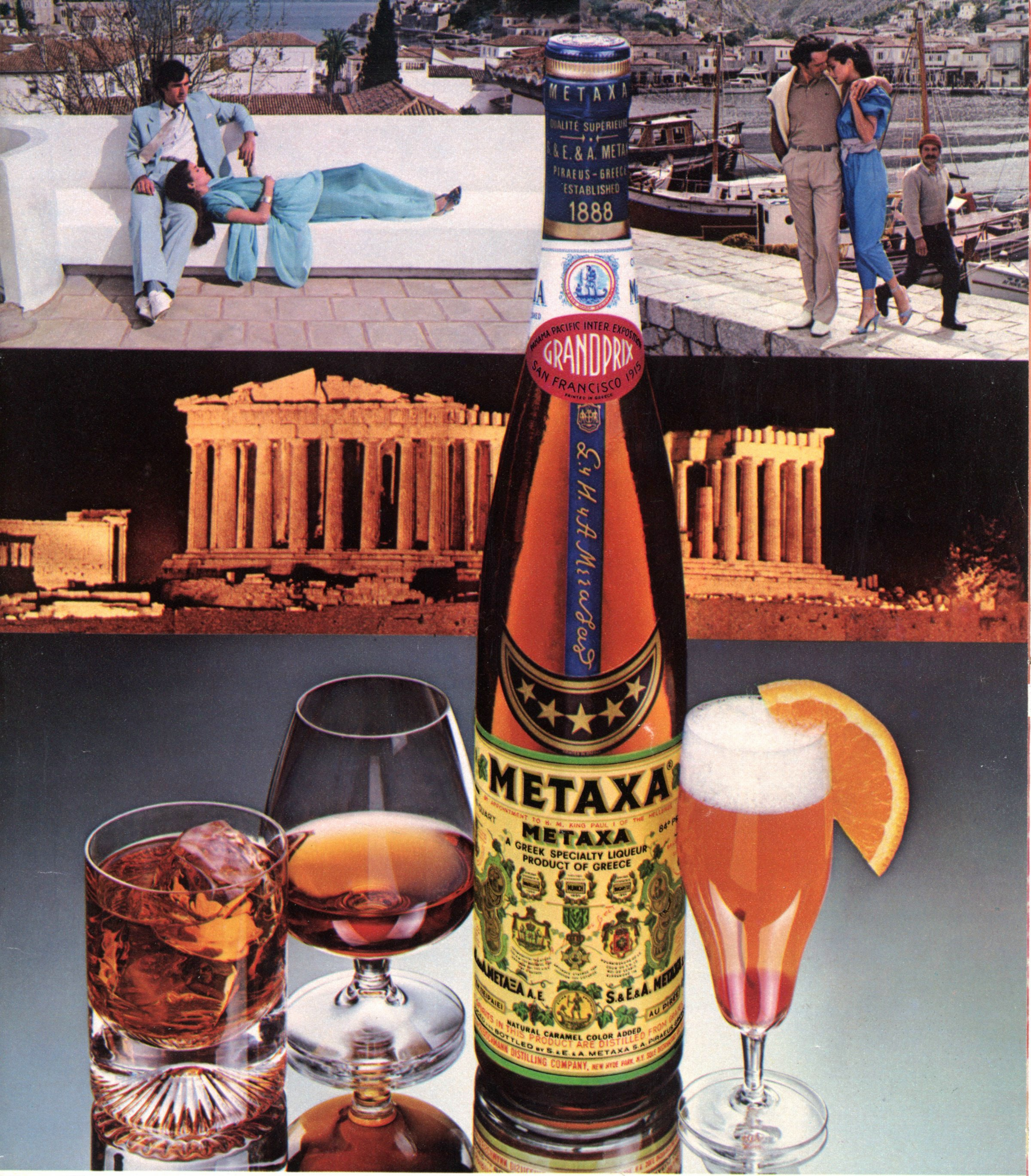
Similarly, the government has failed to recognize the presence of Vietnam veterans in American society as a cure for some of our nation's economic ills. For example, most economists are agreed that our nation's declining rate of productivity is a principle cause of the inflation that has plagued our economy for the past seven years. Nonetheless, the government has been unwilling to make the investment in human capital that is required to increase productivity.

Vietnam veterans constitute the most trainable group in our society. At first glance this may seem a bit strange. But it's not. Though the Vietnam War's draft was highly inequitable, in that the sons of America's "best and brightest" were able to avoid it, those who *were* drafted were not misfits and dropouts, as is commonly supposed. Rather, the draft fell most heavily on blacks and whites who—if the war had not occurred—would have found employment leading to vocations in trades and technical-skill fields. It's important to remember that Vietnam veterans at the time of their induction had on the average more than 12 years of education, whereas in World War II the figure was slightly over 9 years. This is not to say that all Vietnam veterans were prepared for Harvard Law School when they were discharged, but because the GI Bill has been inadequate in meeting the educational and vocational training needs of Vietnam veterans—as a group—they remain underemployed or unemployed.

This is sheer madness. It's as if the actual economic results from the more generous World War II GI Bill never occurred. As long as Vietnam veterans are unable to take their proper place on our nation's economic ladder, we will continue to be burdened with the problems of inflation and unemployment.

The idea of the Vietnam veteran as a resource rather than a burden is one that the Carter administration never grasped. In fact, aside from a handful of largely ceremonial positions, Carter did not appoint Vietnam veterans to substantive posts on the White House staff to deal with such problems as military manpower, morale, mental health, education, and jobs, or to positions in other agencies that must work with the Veterans Administration and its programs. And the results were predictable. Governmental programs were not responsive to the ever changing needs of veterans, nor were these programs coordinated with other government actions to promote the common good. *Comprehensive* is a term loosely bandied about in Washington, but during the Carter administration it was one that came to mean "all except Vietnam veterans." To cite just one example—and no one knows for sure how the bureaucratic sleight of hand was accomplished—Vietnam veterans have not received from the Small Business Administration the treatment and assistance mandated by law.

As a group, Vietnam veterans have been excluded from an important part of the political process. Their lack of spokesmen or advocates in the Carter administration bred further distrust between Vietnam veterans and the government and impeded its ability to deliver on mandated programs. This is an intolerable situation. Accepting and acting upon the idea of Vietnam veterans as economic resources is a matter of national survival. To do otherwise is to court disaster. Vietnam veterans have a significant role to play in the solutions of our nation's problems, and if they are unable to play that role completely and fully, these problems, like the Vietnam War itself, are bound to result in further failures. In our next column, we shall be assessing the plans of the new Reagan administration to deal with the problems of the Vietnam veteran.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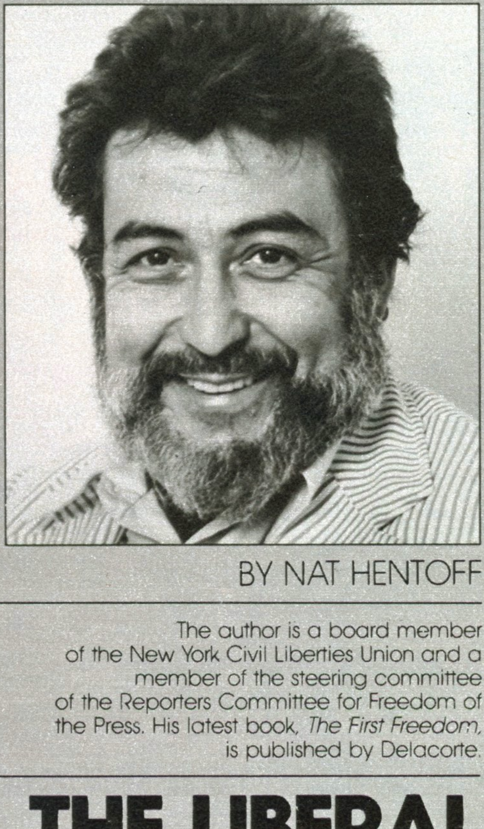

Pat Hill

BY NAT HENTOFF

The author is a board member of the New York Civil Liberties Union and a member of the steering committee of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. His latest book, *The First Freedom*, is published by Delacorte.

THE LIBERAL THREAT TO FREE SPEECH

Malcolm X used to say that he'd much rather deal with an up-front, self-proclaimed racist than with a liberal. "You always know where you are with a cracker, North or South," he told me once. "But liberals are slippery. They talk about their principles; but when *they* feel threatened by the logic of those principles, they abandon them. They say they're for integration, but not in *their* schools. They say they're for free speech, but they'd shut me down in a minute if they could. Oh, not all of them, but many more than you'd think."

Then, as now, what might be called the Liberal Hypocrisy on matters of free speech went largely undetected. One of the enduring national myths, for instance, is that censorship comes only from the Right and that white liberals, while they may have indeed lost their fervor for racial equality, at least continue to champion free expression. In politics, in the arts, in the streets.

Yet some of the most outrageous attempts to clamp down on dissent are now being pursued by diverse liberals. Consider Ralph Nader, the very model of a crusading liberal, whose entire career has been based on *his* right to criticize government and corporate power freely. However, when Nader himself was criticized in 1975 by a little-known right-wing columnist, Ralph de Toledano, the Consumer General tried to squelch this irritant by hitting him with a $1 million libel suit. There have now been five years of preliminary court maneuvers. Nader can afford them, but de Toledano (whose costs have exceeded $25,000) has been financially wrecked.

The case is not likely to be decided until sometime this year, if then, and the unanimous view of a number of leading First Amendment lawyers is that there is no way Nader can win. The First Amendment protects de Toledano, whose criticism, after all, was based on a congressional report that—like the column he wrote—takes issue with Nader's handling of certain charges against General Motors' Corvair.

But even if Nader eventually loses, he already not only has greatly punished de Toledano but also has so traumatized the syndicate handling de Toledano's column that the commentator is not allowed even to mention Nader's name. That's one of the ways in which libel laws are so destructive of free speech, and that's why Hugo Black and William O. Douglas opposed them. And for Nader to use a libel suit so punitively makes one wonder how much dissent this superliberal would permit if he ever won high political office.

Even more dismaying than Nader's hostility to open criticism has been the reaction of the liberal establishment press to this assault on Ralph de Toledano's free-speech rights. The columnist's case has received hardly any attention in the press during the past five years and absolutely no editorial support from such self-esteemed protectors of the free press as the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. Nor, although de Toledano has asked for it, did he get any backing from the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and other organizations devoted to the First Amendment.

The reason for his abandonment, as I have discovered

“For Ralph Nader to use a libel suit so punitively makes one wonder how much dissent this superliberal would permit if he ever won high political office.”

through various interviews within the liberal press establishment, is that de Toledano is a conservative—and, worse yet, a "too strident," not sufficiently respectable conservative. As if the framers of the First Amendment limited its protection only to the careful and the bland.

Yet another illustration of how slippery liberals can be on questions of free expression is the case of *Cruising*, a Billy Friedkin movie that infuriated many homosexuals around the country. While the movie was being filmed, they exercised their First Amendment right to picket but a good many of them also tried to shut it down. Most of these homosexual leaders are fervently liberal on other matters—including the rights of homosexuals not to be discriminated against and suppressed.

In New York City, where most of the filming took place, sustained pressure was placed on the mayor to deny *Cruising* permits to use city streets and all other city support for the movie. But the mayor, Ed Koch, said that the state has no business placing sanctions on a film because of its content. After all, if he had yielded, another administration could have refused the streets to a *pro*-homosexual movie. But those who would censor, whether liberals or reactionaries, habitually do not take the long view of freedom, because they do not understand that freedom of expression is indivisible. Once denied to one group, it can be denied to all.

In San Francisco, meanwhile, Mayor Dianne Feinstein, the prototype of a Democratic liberal, first tried to get United Artists, *Cruising*'s distributor, not to show the film in "her" city at all. (Pivotal support for Feinstein's election had come from the homosexual community.) Then, when United Artists brought the movie anyway, Mayor Feinstein—in the first such incident in American municipal history—tried to bill the film company $130,450.03 for the police cost of overseeing demonstrators against the movie on San Francisco's streets.

The mayor did not press her peacekeeping bill after the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California instructed her that "since the city has a duty to provide police services to protect the public equally—and the city may not charge a fee for expression that is controversial—your demand for payment is illegal."

Consider the precedent this intensely liberal mayor tried to set. If police costs could be charged to demonstrators, there would be a means test for exercising First Amendment rights of assembly.

Meanwhile, in New York, a coalition of liberal Hispanics, blacks, and whites tried to close down by court order the shooting of *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, starring Paul Newman and Ed Asner. The charge was that the movie defamed the people of the South Bronx, and the coalition's lawyer turned out to be that renowned People's Attorney of the Left, William Kunstler. Also part of the alliance were two of the most outspokenly liberal leaders of the Puerto Rican community—former Congressman Herman Badillo and the present South Bronx incumbent, Robert Garcia. It bothered neither of them, nor the rest of the coalition, that if the courts do have power to stop the filming of any one movie, they can suppress another film that some other group of citizens considers insulting. The government, then, through the courts, would become the all-powerful, all-pervasive censor, in total violation of the intent of the First Amendment.

The attack on *Fort Apache, the Bronx* failed, but the various campaigns to prevent both it and *Cruising* from ever being made may yet have a payoff in increased *self*-censorship among filmmakers themselves. Larry Marks, vice-president for production and marketing at Paramount Pictures, has told a prominent homosexual, who aspires to be a censor, that the industry will be more careful from now on not to "offend" sensitive groups. And in time some producers may well yield to the growing demand among homosexuals, feminists, blacks, and Hispanics to have "review" power over scripts before any shooting even takes place.

Again, these particular raids on free expression are not coming from the Right—but from those who consider the Right to be their enemy. But the yearning to smash "hateful" ideas cuts across all ideological divisions. As Phil Kerby, an editorial writer for the *Los Angeles Times*, says: "Censorship is the strongest drive in human nature; sex, a weak second." And, Kerby might have added, this drive is overwhelming among all genders of censors. Feminists, for instance, have been mounting a national campaign against pornography. Some insist that it all must be abolished—by the state, through its courts—because pornography causes real, not fantasy, damage to women, from battery to rape, by men "incited" by these materials.

Other feminists, mindful of the First Amendment, prefer to educate and picket rather than censor. Says Susan Sontag: "It would be very nice to get . . . this obscene propaganda against women off the streets, out of the movie theaters, out of the bookstores, and so on. But it's simply a precedent for other kinds of censorship—and pornography will only go underground."

A revealing and chilling illustration of what happens when feminist censors strike took place in the spring of 1980 at the citadel of academic liberalism, Harvard University. At Quincy House, a residence hall for both men and women, the heads of the film society, Harvard juniors Carl Stork and Nathan Hagen, decided to show *Deep Throat*. In protest, a group of feminist students organized a picket line and an educational slide show but emphasized that they did not want to censor the movie. Two young women in Quincy House, however, anonymously filed a complaint with the district attorney, and he pulled state police off murder investigations to collar anyone showing the movie.

On the fateful night, *Deep Throat* was preceded by a lively debate between a leader of the noncensoring feminists and Harvard Law School Prof. Alan Dershowitz, a renowned free-speech lawyer and volunteer attorney for the soon-to-be-arrested Harvard undergraduates. In their full and vehement exchange of ideas, including the audience, the First Amendment was in full flower—until, immediately after the showing, minions of the state arrested Stork and Hagen, who now face charges that can bring them up to five years in prison. "It

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JESSE JACKSON

> ‘We allowed Kissinger and Rockefeller to put their special interests in Iran over our national interests and allowed the shah to come to this country. The shah was the Hitler of Iran. The Iranian people's reaction was predictable.’

For the last 20 years he has appeared on the center stage of almost every major civil-rights drama. From Greensboro and the nation's first sit-ins in 1960 to Selma to Memphis and that April day in 1968 when, just 25 years old, he cradled the dying Martin Luther King in his arms, to last year's march in Miami just before Liberty City blew up, the Reverend Jesse Louis Jackson hasn't missed a chance to shake the conscience of the country. Immediately tagged as King's successor, Jackson has become a powerful preacher who can fan the passions of hope in ghetto kids just as easily as he can fan the fires of hatred in the white establishment.

Two years ago Jackson threw himself into another arena of controversy by speaking out about Palestinian rights to a Middle East homeland. Immediately thousands of hate letters flooded his Chicago headquarters, while his Los Angeles office was littered with bloodied animal heads. Undeterred, Jackson last year journeyed to South Africa, where he called the Pretoria government a "terrorist dictatorship" and parleyed with the Palestinian Liberation Organization's chief, Yasir Arafat. For blacks Jackson is now "demanding the right to participate in foreign affairs." As usual, he's meeting stiff resistance.

For the man whom the *New York Times* once called "the most persuasive black leader on the national scene," the swirl of controversy and threats are old hat. Jackson still remembers a day when he was six years old and a white man put a .45 pistol to his head, remembers the times when he was thrown in jail for cursing, remembers his boyhood chums who were killed by cops, always "in the line of duty."

Unlike King, who grew up middle-class in Atlanta, Jackson was born poor in Greenville, S.C. He had five siblings; his stepfather was a janitor, his mother, a maid. Racism, poverty, and hatred were a way of life that stamped him permanently but from which he managed to escape. His quick mind and athletic prowess carried him through school, but he could never avoid the facts of black life. Fresh from high school, he turned down an offer to pitch for the Chicago White Sox because "they wanted to give me less money to sign than the white boys I was striking out." He quit the University of Illinois after just one year because the football coach told him that a black man could not become a quarterback.

In 1960 Jackson moved back south, to the Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina in Greensboro. It was here that young Jackson was first introduced to civil rights. Earlier that year four black college students had stunned the country when they refused to move from a local Woolworth lunch counter after being denied service. By the end of 1961, more than 70,000 black and white students had participated in "sit-ins" across the country and Jesse Jackson was a serious civil-rights organizer.

After graduation, following the instincts of his childhood religious upbringing, Jackson traveled north and enrolled in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He spent much of his free time organizing the local black community, taking time out in 1965 to join King in his historic march from Selma to Montgomery, Ala. When King passed through Chicago in an organizing drive the next year, he again met Jackson. Impressed with his talents, King encouraged Jackson to complete his divinity training and appointed him head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's economic projects in the North. Jackson was only 23.

It didn't take long for Jackson's oratorical and organization flair to be felt. With his leadership of Operation Breadbasket, the Chicago-based SCLC program was soon recognized as "the most impressive demonstration of black economic and political power in the United States." Breadbasket's goal was awakening both blacks and whites to the potential, once organized, of black power. Using the threat of boycott, Jackson convinced local businesses to hire blacks and stock their shelves with black-made products. His biggest victory came with an agreement from the giant Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company supermarket chain to hire more than 700 blacks to work in its 40 Chicago ghetto stores, to market black businessmen's products, and to use black companies for its building, banking, advertising, and janitorial needs.

With Jackson's Chicago operation as a model, Breadbasket soon spread to 15 cities across the country.

Whether or not King would have been able to manage the new geographical and strategic turn that the civil-rights movement began to take in the late sixties and early seventies will never be known. But it was Jesse Jackson who best personified the transition from South to North, from farm to ghetto, from sit-in and marching to economics and politics. He "sounds a little like the late Reverend Martin Luther King," commented the *Times* as Jackson began coming into his own just after the leader's death, "and a little like a Black Panther."

Jackson was a minister. But he was also young, tough, and radical. To King's philosophy of nonviolence he added his own precepts of practical strategy. "The perverted idea

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

of manhood coming from the barrel of a gun is what keeps people from understanding nonviolence," he railed in 1969. "There's no sense in facing tanks with a .22 pistol."

In 1971 Jackson split from the SCLC to launch his own Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity) and set up his headquarters in the heart of Chicago's South Side ghetto. With an up-by-the-bootstraps philosophy that has taken him back and forth across the country, Jackson has spent the last nine years exhorting black parents and their children to pick themselves up. He can work the most jaded ghetto audience to a frenzy with such chants as "I am somebody!" "Nobody can save us from us but us!" "I am somebody!"

In the last few years Jackson has channeled his self-help pedagogy into a special motivation program, targeted at ghetto students, called PUSH for Excellence, or PUSH-Excel. Eleven schools in Los Angeles, ten in Chicago, two in Kansas City, and others in Denver, Memphis, and Chattanooga have signed on to the program. In the 18-page guidebook that outlines the program, Jackson counsels students on the basics and offers such suggestions as not to watch television. "We've got to get the dope out of our veins," he exhorts them, "and the hope into our brains."

A reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* who has been a longtime observer of Jackson in action has written that when the six-foot-two-inch, 215-pound preacher strides before a high-school audience, "his cool combination of street talk and superstar sophistication boggles even the most jaded ghetto veteran. Jealous wonder spreads slowly across the faces of long-defeated teachers when Jackson pauses at the beginning of his address and orders the boys to take off their colored knit hats. From long experience, the teachers know it's all a waste of breath, if not an invitation to a donnybrook. At first the boys are defiant . . . then a little sheepish . . . and then, one by one, *the hats come off* . . . and Jackson will not continue until *all* of those hats are off. The kids shift in their seats, impressed by the ease with which Jackson has made them do it."

Ironically, it is partly because of this charisma, the street talk and superstar sophistication, that Jackson has invited the criticism that badgers him now. It is success that haunts him, not failure. "Jackson is one of the few men alive who can actually communicate with ghetto kids," says the *Tribune* reporter, Clarence Page. But, wonders Page, "shouldn't he spend most of his time with the [PUSH-Excel] program, where he is needed," instead of globe-trotting around the world?

Thus, when Jackson began calling for peace in the Middle East, an end to terrorist acts, and the establishment of a Palestinian state, he incurred more wrath than just that of confirmed Zionists. But Jackson couldn't be ignored. When he went before a national television audience in August of 1979, he explained his foray into international affairs succinctly: "If there is a hot war, black Americans will die first. If it is a cold war, we will starve first. We have a vested interest in peace in the Middle East."

In a series of conversations over a period of nine months, Jackson talked with *Penthouse* interviewer Ric Ballad. Jackson talked about his actions and his critics. He explained why he called Moses a terrorist and why Yasir Arafat is "reasonable." He shed light on the dismissal of Andy Young as United Nations ambassador and told us why President Carter consulted with him before appointing a replacement. The interview helps explain why Jesse Jackson is still on the center stage of the world's civil-rights drama.

Penthouse: How would you describe the progress of blacks in America?

Jackson: I believe we have gone through four stages. In the first, we were slaves. In the second, we were servants under apartheid. In the third stage, we were rebels for civil rights. Now, in the fourth stage, we are seen as compassionate liberators. We are not identified with racism, imperialism, and militarism. We are seen as *victims*, in the process of overcoming. That's why those black hostages were let go in Iran. That's why we have acceptance throughout all of Africa and the Middle East. We are seen as the humane remnant in America who are willing to use our position of the wheel within the wheel to help humanize the whole world. Black America is one of the most vital national resources this country has.

Penthouse: But few people ever thought of blacks as a national resource in foreign policy. When did you first realize that?

Jackson: At least 10 or 12 years ago. It's become more apparent in the last two years. When you go to the U.N., to a world arena, people want to sit down and talk to a former slave about how he overcame slavery. They are not interested in talking to the former slave master about how he perpetuated slavery.

Penthouse: In 1979, Andrew Young held what the press called "unauthorized" talks with the Palestinian Liberation Organization. Isn't it true that he took the blame for the Carter administration—that he had been asked to talk to the PLO?

Jackson: Yes.

Penthouse: Is that an instinctive feeling, or do you have facts?

Jackson: It was evident that the Carter administration was striving as diligently as it could, under the political circumstances, to include the PLO in the talks. All of our intelligence sources tell us the PLO is, in fact, a government in exile and that it is not just going to go away. We're talking about 4 million people. We're talking about the most literate people in the Arab world who, after 30 years in the Diaspora, are now exporting talent.

Penthouse: They have been called the Jews of the Arab world.

Jackson: In terms of their aggressiveness and dynamism, yes. Their flag flies alongside those of other Arab states. One hundred sixteen nations of the world recognize them as a government. The Palestine Liberation Organization is the most representative voice of the Palestinian people, and it's not going to disappear. On the other hand, our intelligence sources tell us the number-one *cause célèbre* of the Arab world is the Palestinian cause. I have always thought that the rupturing of America's Middle Eastern relationships would not come from the Ayatollah's holding people hostage but from, at some point, Yasir Arafat calling a work strike in the Persian Gulf, which I felt would have worked. It would disrupt the world economy.

The Palestinian cause has that kind of a following in the Arab world, and I think that many of those governments there would have to join them. There is *no* military defense against people who believe religiously in a right cause. And the Palestinian cause is tied up with the religion of the people in the Middle East. The Palestinian cause is part of the prayers of Middle Eastern people. They see going back to Jerusalem as a Holy City—as an International City of Islam, Judaism, and Christianity—as a part of what God has offered them. They see the Palestinian homeland as a part of their religious quest, and it's expressed in their conduct, their oil allocations, the whole business. Furthermore, we know the PLO can be talked with. And I think there is deep regret that Kissinger signed a no-talk policy and did it by night, in some clandestine fashion.

I think the no-talk policy threatens our national interests. We have four critical issues that must be reconciled in the Middle East. First, we must enforce Israel's right to exist and Israel's need for security within internationally recognized boundaries. Second, we must support Palestinian justice, the most concrete manifestation of which is a Palestinian homeland. They say they're now willing to accept 23 percent of their original goal—all of Palestine—namely, the Gaza Strip and the West Bank. Third, we must support the territorial integrity of Lebanon. And lastly, we must normalize ties with the Arab world. Those four interests must be recognized and cannot be reconciled with a no-talk policy.

Penthouse: One of the statements that you made in connection with the Middle East was that Moses was a terrorist. That infuriated the pro-Israeli faction.

Jackson: Well, Moses *was* a terrorist. He had been working for the government under which he grew up. But his people were occupied and were oppressed. So he turned on the cruel overseer and killed him—an act of terrorism.

But you have to talk, even with terrorists. Take St. Paul. He persecuted Christians when he was known as Saul of

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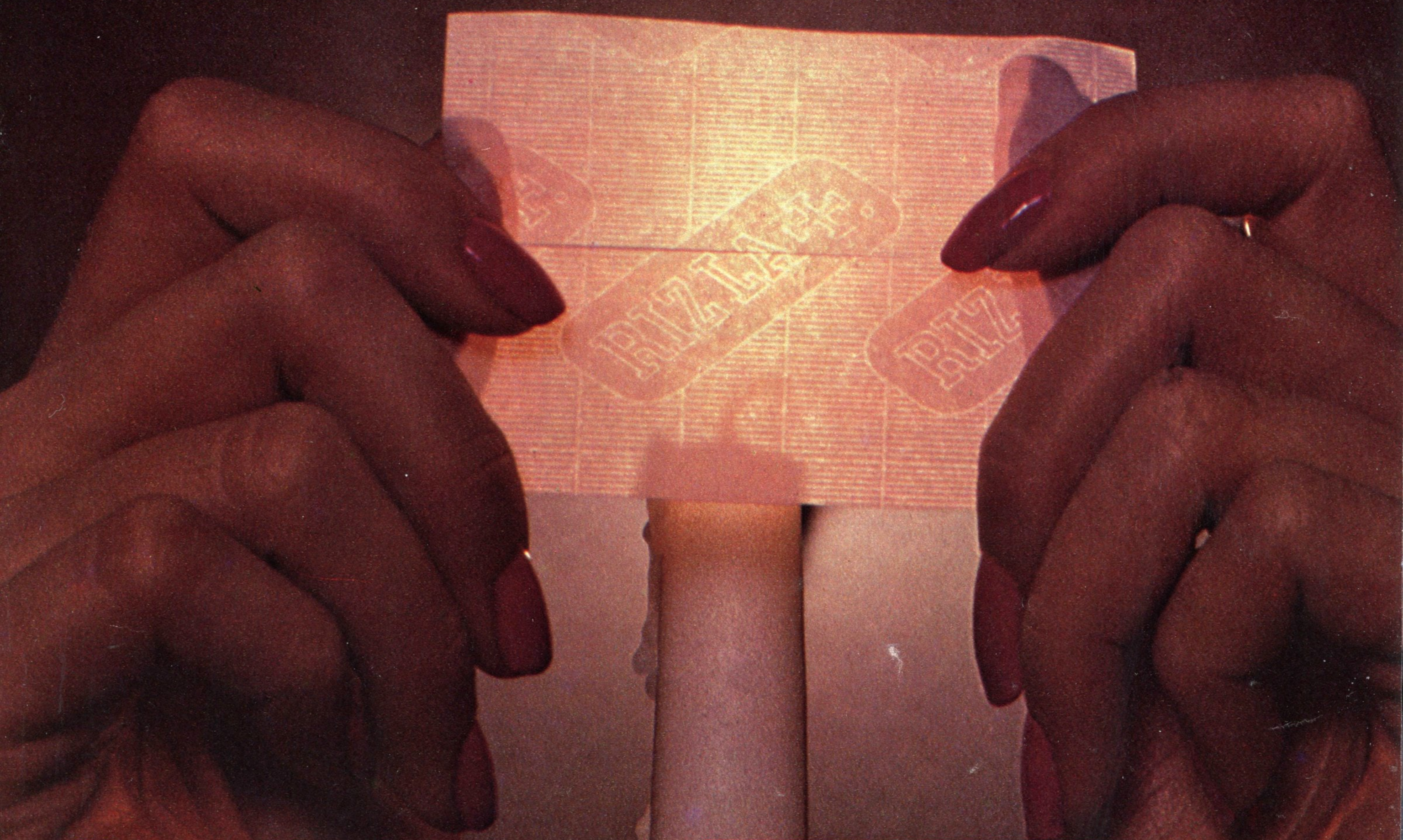

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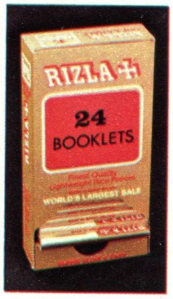
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Tarsus. Murdered them. But God did not adopt a no-talk policy toward Saul. God talked with him, entered his mind and heart. And Paul the Killer became Paul the Apostle.

Penthouse: What do you think of PLO leader Yasir Arafat?

Jackson: Arafat is willing to settle for a new Palestinian state—23 percent of their original demand—that would comprise the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Arafat comes down on that side of the equation. He balances those forces that call for all of the land they call Palestine. So, in that context we would call him a mighty politician. Arafat is educated, urbane, reasonable. I think his commitment to justice is an absolute one. His commitment to the liberation of his people is an absolute one. I think he is a student of the negotiating process. He understands tactics and timetables. The goal of a Palestinian state, I think, is now clear for all the world to see. The PLO has moved to center stage. Even the pope recognized their cause. Their strategy has shifted, but their goal of self-determination and a homeland has not.

Penthouse: Have you had other contacts with the PLO?

Jackson: Yes. The first week after the hostages were taken, my wife and some other women went to Lebanon and met with the PLO for about ten days, conveying to them how significant we thought it would be if they would take part in getting the hostages released. The point was to let them know that we understood the revolutionary urge of the Iranian people and their determination but that the holding of hostages and the violation of the sanctity of embassies had a way of reducing dialogue, increasing tension, and making world war increasingly likely.

I have talked with them almost twice a week since that time. Some of the tensions between the Palestinians and the Libyan government are due to the PLO efforts to free the hostages. The PLO was definitely instrumental in helping to free the first 13 hostages. They've been working to free the rest. I have talked to State Department officials in Washington, who admit that the PLO has been helpful. During the first weeks of January, I know for a fact, American officials have been in constant touch with the PLO.

I think American writers and reporters who know this have been very slow in crediting this to our meeting with the Palestinians.

Penthouse: Do you think most Americans are fully aware of the changing power patterns in the world?

Jackson: No. There has been a radical redistribution of power in the last ten years. America represents four percent of the world's population. *Four percent*. Ninety-six percent of the world is beyond us. We no longer have a monopoly on power or technology or brains or the will to be free. Half of all the people on earth are Asians, and half of those are Chinese.

One of every eight human beings is African. One of every four Africans is Nigerian. Nigeria has now begun to emerge as a world power. It is the greatest supplier of oil to our country. Look at the muscle that the Nigerians exercised with British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. They nationalized British Petroleum and threatened to cut off her consumer market, and Mrs. Thatcher changed her tune on channeling oil to Rhodesia through South Africa. In the last ten years the Arab technicians have emerged, and under them is produced 60 percent of the world's petroleum. They produce 43 percent of the oil for the Western world.

Arab monetary reserves exceed $141 billion, more than half of it in U.S. dollars. Some financial experts estimate that within ten years the financial reserves of Saudi Arabia alone will be greater than those of the U.S. and Japan combined. Clearly we are overly dependent on their fiscal policies and their petroleum production. Those are new options that no American government ever had to wrestle with before. We're more vulnerable to Arab and OPEC fiscal and petroleum leverage than we are to Russian and Chinese military leverage. These are new options, and to think that somebody is going to ride in, playing Marlboro Man in the new world, is absurd. Our neighbors to the south of us—Mexico, Central and South America—who speak Spanish and Portuguese, millions of them, have changed their minds about themselves. There is a worldwide human-rights renaissance in process. One of every four Americans is either Hispanic or black. It's a very new world, and most Americans really suffer from cultural and future shock.

> Whites, who have the power, have always used black bodies to do their dirty work, whether in the cotton fields or on the battlefields.

Penthouse: People believe you had U.S. government encouragement to go to the Middle East?

Jackson: No. I wasn't on any unofficial mission. My wife led a delegation to Lebanon in June and met with Mr. Arafat three times. I spoke about the morality and human-rights aspects of the Palestinian-Israeli issue in my PUSH convention address way back on July 10, 1979, in Cleveland. So I didn't just wake up one morning and go to the Middle East, but neither did I have government encouragement, nor was I just reacting to the forced resignation of Ambassador Young, which took place in the middle of August.

Andy Young had been violated as a person, and I felt the Palestinians had been violated as a people. I think that as a result our national security is in greater jeopardy and our moral authority diminished. We cannot ignore the quest of the Palestinian people to have a homeland. The president mentioned several times in 1979 that the Palestinian cause, in many ways, is similar to our own civil-rights movement. That was a kind of trial balloon to see where the American public was on the issue. At that time the American public knew very little about it, because we knew about the Middle East—103 million people—basically through the eyes of 800,000 people in Israel. By and large the American press has left us ignorant of the Middle East, its people, its culture, its options, our dependency on it, and our need to reconcile our several interests there. We don't need to choose between Arabs and Jews. We can reconcile with them both. We don't have to choose between morality and petroleum. We can have both. And we need not be without either.

Sometimes we are politically bound in situations that are against our interests. A no-talk policy is a political knot that appeals to Israeli Prime Minister Begin and some of his element. And many people in this country accept Begin as some combination of politician and religionist. I, of course, do not equate political Zionism with religious Judaism; and I think that when Begin speaks of aggressive acts and of his willingness to expand Israeli occupation, it is the worst extreme of Zionism, and it is not at all compatible with Judaism.

We were invited to the Middle East by Mr. Arafat and by Syria, Egypt, Lebanon, and Jordan. And so we went.

Penthouse: But you went to Israel, too?

Jackson: Yes, even though we were not invited. We wanted to go, because we cared, because we knew that Israel, in its existence, is of great moral concern to my people and is of great interest to our nation, religiously, morally, economically, politically, and geopolitically.

Penthouse: Why were you quoted as saying you were sick of hearing about the Holocaust?

Jackson: That statement needs to be put in context. I did *not* say that I was sick of hearing about the Holocaust. That was a lie that was told about me. When we came out of the Holocaust Memorial in Israel, a young man—I think he was a guide—asked me what I was feeling. I said I thought it was one of the great tragedies of human history. One cannot tour the Holocaust Memorial without having a profound sense of tragedy.

But I said that this was not unique in human history and that I would choose to use the word *tragic*. As a social scientist who has a liberal-arts education, I am aware of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

ANDY AND MARLENE

“They are slaves to a passion that humbles them both, consenting equals in a bondage that desires no freedom but longs for total release ...”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

At their first chance encounter the rules were understood: they would keep their love on a strictly first-name basis. No details that clutter and cloud, no facts that confuse and constrict–nothing would interfere with the magical truth of that rare and cherished obsession. The look that shone in their eyes made the real world disappear; no questions are needed where no easy answers exist...

Fugitives from dreary day-to-dayness, the boredom of
mundane duties, and ritualized feelings,
they meet whenever they can to embrace and kiss in the
shadows–and also, of course, in the fragrant
crevices and hollows of their breathless young bodies.
They are slaves to each other but greater
slaves still to a passion that humbles them both,
consenting equals in a bondage that
desires no freedom but longs for total release ...

Once again they abandon themselves to their deepest impulse, throwing off clothes, long, naked limbs flashing in the dark...hearts pounding! Her lips are a sophisticated and well-practiced organ able to arouse her partner to splendiferous heights and stiffened resolve...At once compliant and voracious, her teeth, tongue, and lips reduce him to rubble.

They barely exchange a word. It is neither intellect nor curiosity that rivets them, it is the raw chemistry of their mutual attraction. His hypnotic gaze and wildly roaming hands make conversation and etiquette obsolete.

Nothing they do with
each other could ever be wrong: in
eloquent silence they answer
only to themselves ... Aching to have her,
he feels himself strain
against the only tie that binds him ...

Outsiders would call their lust wanton, but
to them it is sacred–an awesome
tide that never subsides. Stripping free
at last, he pulls her to him and
ends his splendid misery...

Though satisfied, the lovers unearth in each other a nature far too unruly for the well-mannered social structure in which they were born.

Locked in his harboring arms, she presses against him—wishing to become as one with the man she will always love...but never live with.

DUMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

ment" that could excuse, say, killing babies, on the grounds that today's baby is just tomorrow's adult.

Not all intellectuals are necessarily devoid of humanity—Einstein, Pauling, and others have been towers of genius *and* conscience. But as a rule, brains and gut emotions are often incompatible, with sincerity, pity, and other wheyhead feelings becoming actual matters of embarrassment. This is what happens when you *study* and learn and don't *live*-and-learn.

What the hell, maybe you *can't* think. But you *feel*; therefore you are!

SELF-AWARENESS IS JUST A EUPHEMISM FOR NARCISSISM

In terms of getting laid—always important terms—honest, wholesome, downhome ignorance is on the resurge. Increasingly, we find low-yield wit attractive: Cheryl, Fonzie, Suzanne, NFL cheerleaders. Complexity and profundity are Out; salt-of-the-earth simplicity is Hot; and the most successful lines in pickup bars begin with "Duh."

The brainy are far too reserved, inaccessible, and cautious for comfort, let alone lust. We want lovers we can understand, not those whose smug superiority conceals hidden motives, morals, and personalities. Any relationship that isn't real is fucked. Give us those who put their arms around us and *mean* it, not some manipulative slicker who secretly views life as a urinal and us as the attendants. The symptoms of ignorance—awkwardness, unsophistication, and self-doubt—are hugely attractive to those who share them, which is most of us. Persons too dumb to hurt us are the safest kind to have around.

Moreover, massive intellect can be a massive *bore*, especially in the sack. Nothing is so unexciting as orderly deliberation, which eliminates the uncertainty, spontaneity, and exhilarating unpredictability from sex. In bed the "rational act" is the dreariest kind, whereas the "*unthinking* act"—impulsive, heedless, unpremeditated sexual behavior—is the one that gets our pulses racing.

Another thing: studies of people's performance on various brain tests show a clear correlation between "intelligence" and physical *reaction time*; the quicker, the smarter, and vice versa. By this standard, most coke dealers would qualify for Mensa.

But consider the *sexual* implications. What if most "premature ejaculators" are just victims of big-brain reflexes—literally too smart for their own fucking good? This makes for a great alibi: "I'm not hair-trigger, just brilliant." But it also implies that ignorance means staying power. It really is bliss, or at least *longer* bliss. "Fucking your brains out," indeed.

TO THE VACUOUS GO THE SPOILS

Nothing . . . can take the place of persistence. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education alone will not; the world is full of educated derelicts.—from McDonald's corporate slogan

Success is receiving checks!—Salvador Dali

America's Horatio Alger stories aren't about the brilliant or learned but rather the obsessive tinkerers and dreamers who have made "If you're so smart why aren't you rich?" the one question that stumps those with all the answers. The list of megavolt entrepreneurs, tycoons, and even geniuses who never finished high school is long enough to keep the Brain Bund awake nights and does: Edison, Twain, Carnegie, Ford, the Wrights, scores of lesser fry.

If Rockefeller, Lincoln, and Truman didn't need college, and Darrow didn't need law school, why do you? It's a basic tenet of the American Dream that if you crash around in the dark long enough, you'll find the lights. (Indeed, the first practical light bulb was created by a lab worker too dumb to realize that his design, by all physical laws, couldn't work. "If he'd had any knowledge of metallurgy, he'd never have been able to do it," chortled Edison, whose motto was "Genius is 1 percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration.")

> "Maybe" is the password of the intelligent, whose prime ingenuity isn't their ability to be right but their ability to avoid being wrong.

Also, in a world where imbecility rules, the imbeciles can do quite well, and many "visionaries" are just crackpots with good track records. America's idiot-fringe also happens to be its commercial-political mainstream and has made Success Through Stupidity a growing trend.

Great fortunes are now made out of asininity—Mel Brooks, Werner Erhard, Chuck Barris, Billy Carter, Kiss, Fred Silverman, Hare Krishna, and most government contractors. Athletes do better without much intelligence, which lowers their performing zeal *and* their popularity. Many leading politicians would be nothing if they had any brains, since voters adore their gee-whiz harmlessness, and since the powers-behind-the-throne prefer to fill that throne with those too slow to realize what's going on.

Smart Places to Play Dumb: in bed, in court, during an IRS audit, in arguments about the ERA, whenever volunteers are asked for, when your boss fucks up, during family feuds (especially the Mansons'), and when caught in the act.

A SPOONFUL OF BRAINS BUT A BARREL OF FUN

A penny for her thoughts would be price-gouging.

You knew when he was thinking; you could hear the echoes in his head.

You've got the brain of a five-year-old, and the five-year-old doesn't miss it.—"dumb" jokes

By God, the dumb are *fun*. Show me somebody with a brain like a doorstop, and I'll show you a good time, laughter, the easygoing glee of befuddlement, confusion, and mindless enthusiasm. From ancient "moron" jokes to contemporary "Hey, dummy!" comedy, the ignorant have ever provided us with humor, have made us laugh. Meanwhile, the smart provide us with problems and make us nervous.

The intelligentsia are gloomy, pragmatic, somber, and uptight. Intellectuals tend to spend life cooped up in their own thoughts, unable to compromise the *rational* with the *enjoyable*. They move among us wearing long faces and psychic Kick Me buttons and brooding about life, fate, and the tragic melodrama unfolding within the proscenium of their days. They're the *hypersensitives*—wounded when not even aimed at—and in general are about as much fun as a year in Attica.

Many people, observing the dumb-is-fun principle, have opted for idiocy and have made tidy sums by appealing to our fondness for flakes and latherheads and concealing their own cleverness behind dolt-next-door humor: Jerry Lewis, Lucille Ball, Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, Tom Smothers, Chevy Chase. Maybe you can't parlay your particular imbecility into a career, but so what? At least you're good for a few chuckles. And anybody who makes people laugh is a success. Everybody else is just driving a bus.

THEY CALL IT A "SMART" BOMB BECAUSE IT KILLS MORE OF US THAN A "DUMB" ONE

The emergent class of those who believe themselves to be measurably brighter than everyone else . . . is self-perpetuating, permanent, and segregated . . . and a threat to democracy . . . from political manipulation in the name of morality.
—David Lebedoff, *Esquire*

If American society seems headed for the crapper, don't blame the brainless. Blame the intelligentsia, which has bred itself into a political power bloc and has redrawn this country into a *Meritocracy*, meaning equality for everyone but the

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Print clearly please. Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere, add $6 per subscription. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue. Offer void after August, 1981. PP281 dumb. In the Brain Bund's considered opinion, "the dumb" includes most of us, and anyone who disagrees gets conveniently stamped DUNCE.

The Brainclass has taken charge of things. Its favorite retreat is government, where it is most free of interference by the shitbrain masses and where it has made the CIA, IRS, FDA, FBI, DEA, and other agencies into mechanisms for running our lives.

The Brain Bund's basic premise here is that society is best governed by rationality and raw acumen. But this premise has so far given us Vietnam, resurrected the Cold War, and rationalized our support for the shah and for the Saigon regime. Domestically, we can thank this premise for Operation Intercept, swine flu vaccine, methadone maintenance, nuclear energy, and tax law. How much worse could government by blockheads actually *be?*

HITLER NEVER SAID, "UH . . . ER . . ."

Intellectuals are severely dissatisfied with contemporary American society. Redemption must come through governmental action . . . to abolish any situations which offend their moral sense.—Edward Shils, *The American Scholar*

The Brain Bund doesn't run things out of any sense of civic responsibility, either. The smart rule because historically, whenever the dumb rule, the smart suffer. Very simply, intellectuals hold the reins for the reason that they don't trust those reins in the hands of us unruly primitives.

You don't have to stand for this, you dummy!

As Lebedoff notes, our "shift to the right" is really just our revolt against the Brainclass. People voted for Ronald Regan *because* he had the alpha waves of a carrot, not despite the fact. And for a while we did like Carter only because he was the peanut-farmer incarnation of Dipshit America. Now *he's* on our shit list for his born-again evasiveness and sleight-of-tongue.

Thus, politically, the aw-shucks clodhopper is now a hot property. We may be dumb, but we're not crazy; and if we have to bestow power, we'll bestow it on those least able to control *us* with it. Give us leaders addled enough to put a return address on a ransom note. Just as it was Nixon's cagey guilt that got us into Watergate, so it was his blundering stupidity—the tapes—that got us out.

THE AWFUL TRUTH IS THAT THE TRUTH IS AWFUL

The difference between an optimist and a pessimist is that the pessimist is better informed.—Hungarian saying

Once you have a concept of success . . . you are always concerned about failing.—Stanford psychology professor P. Zimbardo

We're told to *deal* with stupidity as if it were some cerebral athlete's foot: don't let it go without treatment; see a specialist if necessary; ignore it and it'll just get worse. Bah. Maybe you can transcend your own vestigial wit—but *should* you? The more you know, the more you realize you don't know, and the less decisive you become. Knowledge is paralysis, when it hamstrings action with alternatives, drawbacks, second thoughts. Ignorance is the freedom of simplicity. Wisdom is just the knowledge of how fucking dumb you really are. It's the ultimate insult of intelligence. Why seek it out?

Moreover, many of us have little intellectual acuity simply because we don't want a lot of it. Dull perceptions are a blessing in a world whose stench, din, grime, and moral rot have made sharp senses impractical *and* intolerable. How smart we should be depends on how smart we have to be to achieve peace of mind. If there's a stupefying shortage of thought in society today, it's not just that we're ignorant; it's also that we're *tired* of thinking, of the frustration of concentration, after ten years of analyzing our bloody brains out over the War, Watergate, energy, conspiracies, self-realization, *ad migraine.*

> Our shift to the Right is really just our revolt against the Brainclass. People voted for Ronald Reagan *because* he had the alpha waves of a carrot, not despite the fact.

All we're saying is "Time Out!" for God's sake. We want to *lower* our consciousness for a change and raise our heads again; and if that means converting society into a Simpleville for the soul, let's go. Fuck the cheap Brainism and tyranny-by-mentality of these neurological *arrogants.* We don't *want* to know how bad things really are.

Also—intelligence isn't just a precious gift; it's an ass-pain *obligation.* The intelligent must perform / succeed / lead / discover / solve / excel. Alas, nothing crushes the spirit like lugging the Cross of Potential. Pity the bright, for they are beset by expectations, and the demoralizing ability to distinguish between what is and what might be.

Those cursed with "vision" must constantly see things they can't reach. For those of us blessed with the pleasant myopia of stupidity, "success" is ending a day without having pissed on our shoe. Some persons dedicate their lives to becoming smart, on the belief that this will make them happy, or at least prosperous, which is close. The rest of us just stay dumb but satisfied. So who are the idiots?

WHEN YOU'RE "TOO DUMB TO HURT," YOU CAN'T *BE* HURT

. . . Millions of college-trained . . . people sit in metropolitan offices these days . . . adrift, alone with their subjectivity . . . figuring out how to be "emancipated," "relevant," "happy" . . . . —Gerhart Niemeyer

To embrace reason *only* is to reject common sense—the values, traditions, and beliefs that make life comprehendible, meaningful, and manageable for most of us. The Brain Bund has lost these anchors. Its Creed of Skepticism rules out the unquestioning faith that supplies us morons with such sustaining concepts as romantic love, inevitable justice, and immortality.

As a result, intellectuals are emotional wrecks, burning with introspection—the mind's iodine—and plagued by *anhedonia*, the clinical inability to experience pleasure. Brains and bereavement go together like Exxon and money. The higher the intellectual plane, the greater the addiction / depression / neurosis / alcoholism / suicide rates. Anxiety—society's most destructive emotional disability—is epidemic among the Brainclass, whose official snack is now Valium.

The road to brilliance may be tempting, but it's paved with nails. We know that nothing accelerates learning like frustration; and studies of history's overachievers show a common pattern of compensation-for-misery, usually over the death of parents in childhood. Is so-called intelligence worth the price? Can the puny ticking of one more mind make any noise in the vast clangor of human thought?

Inasmuch as scientists say insects will ultimately inherit the earth, and since life's hazards and disasters are increasingly man-made, "intelligence" may well be a negative survival trait. Knowledge? *Nobody* "knows" how things really are or why or what'll happen next. People too dumb to get into the army, vote, move to San Francisco, or take est (when they could afford it) were also "too dumb" to die in Vietnam, elect Nixon, join the People's Temple, or get ripped off by est.

Acknowledge your ignorance; demand your right to it. Reject neurosis for self-acceptance, despair for obliviousness, envy for mindless cheer. The best and most accurate answer to most human questions is the one that only the stupid are smart enough to give anyway: "I just don't fucking know."

Remember—the brain is the body's spark plug: vital to one's getting anywhere but useless if burnt out. You've only got one life to live. Don't waste it thinking.

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FICTION BY T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

— For K

B stands at the side of the highway, helpless, hands behind his back, the droopy greatcoat like a relic of ancient wars. There is wind and rain—or is it sleet?—and the deadly somnolent rush of tires along the pavement. His own vehicle rests on the shoulder, stricken somewhere in its slippery metallic heart. He does not know where, exactly, or why—for B. is no mechanic. Far from it. In fact, he's never built or repaired a thing in his life, never felt the restive urge to tinker with machinery, never as a jittery adolescent dismantled watches, telephone receivers, pneumatic crushers. He is woefully unequal to the situation at hand. But wait, hold on now—shouldn't he raise the hood as a distress signal? Isn't that the way it's done?

Suddenly, he's in motion, glad to be doing something, confronting the catastrophe, meeting the challenge. He scuttles round to the front of the car, works his fingers under the lip of the hood, and tugs, tugs to no effect, slips in the mud, stumbles, the knees of his trousers soaked through, and then rises to tug again, shades of Buster Keaton. After sixty or seventy seconds of this, it occurs to him that the catch may be inside, under the dashboard, as it was in his late wife's Volvo. There are wires—bundles of them—levers, buttons, handles, cranks, and knobs in the cavern beneath the steering wheel. He had no idea. He takes a bundle of wire in his hand—each strand a different color—and thinks with a certain satisfaction of the planning and coordination that went into this machine, of the multiple factories, each dominating its own little Bavarian or American or Japanese town, of all the shifts and lunch breaks, the dies cast and what do you call them, lathes—yes, lathes—turned. All this, but more, much more. Iron ore dug from rock, hissing white-hot vats of it, molten recipes, chromium, tall rubber trees, vinyl plants, crystals from the earth ground into glass. Staggering.

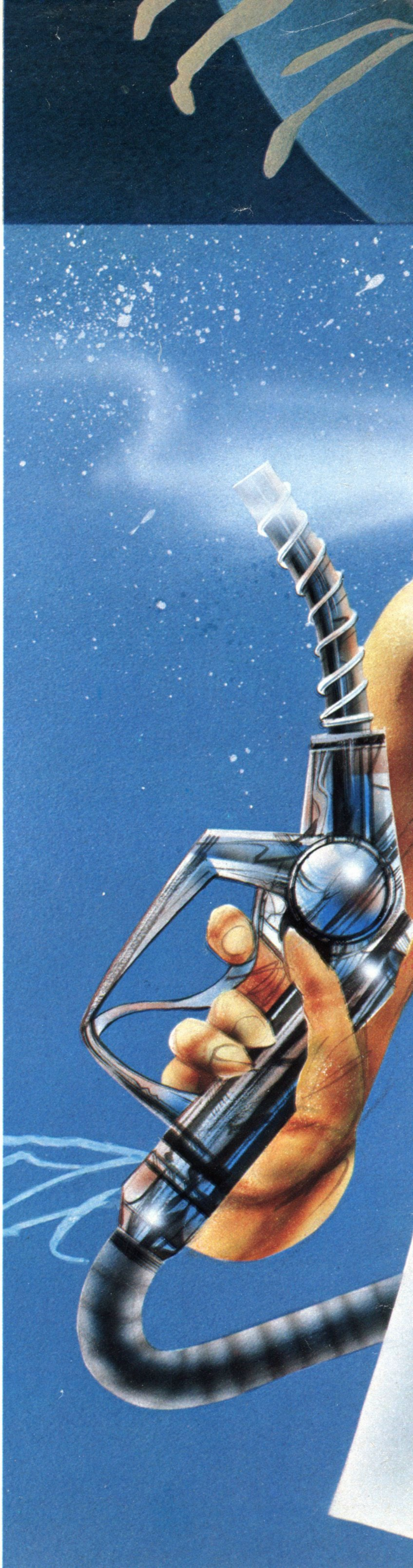
"Hey, pal—"

B. was jolted from his reverie by the harsh, plosive spasms of amber light expanding and contracting the interior of the car like the pulse of some predatory beast. He looked up into a lean face, slick hair, stoned eyes. "I was ah trying to ah get the ah latch here—"

"You'll have to ride back in the truck with me."

"Yeah, sure." B. sits up now, confused, gripping the handle and swinging the door out to a shriek of horns and a rush of air. He cracks something in his elbow, heaving it shut.

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY WEITZ



Tony Weiz

"Better get out this side."

B. slides across the seat and steps out into the mud. Behind him, the tow truck, huge, its broad bumper lowering over the hood of his neat little German-made car. He mounts the single step up into the cab and watches the impassive face of the towman as he backs round, attaches the grappling hook, and then hoists the rear of the car, spider and fly. A moment later the man drops into the driver's seat, door slamming with a metallic thud, gears engaging. "That'll be forty-five bucks," he says.

A white fracture of sleet caught up in the headlights, the wipers clapping, light flashing, the night a mist and a darkness beyond the windows. They've turned off the highway, jerking right and left over a succession of secondary roads, strayed so far from B.'s compass that he's long since given up any attempt at locating himself. Perhaps he's even dozed. He turns to study the crease folded into the towman's cheek. "Much further?" he asks.

The man jerks his chin, and B. looks at a blaze of light on the dark horizon, light dropped like a stone in a pool of oil. As they draw closer, he's able to distinguish a neon sign, towering letters stamped in the sky above a complex of offices, outbuildings, and hangars that melt off into the shadows. Eleven or twelve sets of gas pumps, each nestled under a black steel parasol, and cars, dark and driverless, stretching across the whitening blacktop like the reverie of a used-car salesman. The sign, in neon grid, traces and retraces its colossal characters until there's no end and no beginning: GARAGE. TEGELER'S. BIG. GARAGE. TEGELER'S BIG GARAGE.

The truck pulls up in front of a deep, brightly lit office. Through the steamed-over windows B. can make out several young women, sitting cross-legged in orange plastic chairs. From here they look like drum majorettes: white calf-boots, opalescent skirts, lace frogs. And—can it be? Dale Evans hats! What is going on here?

The towman's voice is harsh. "End of the road for you, pal."

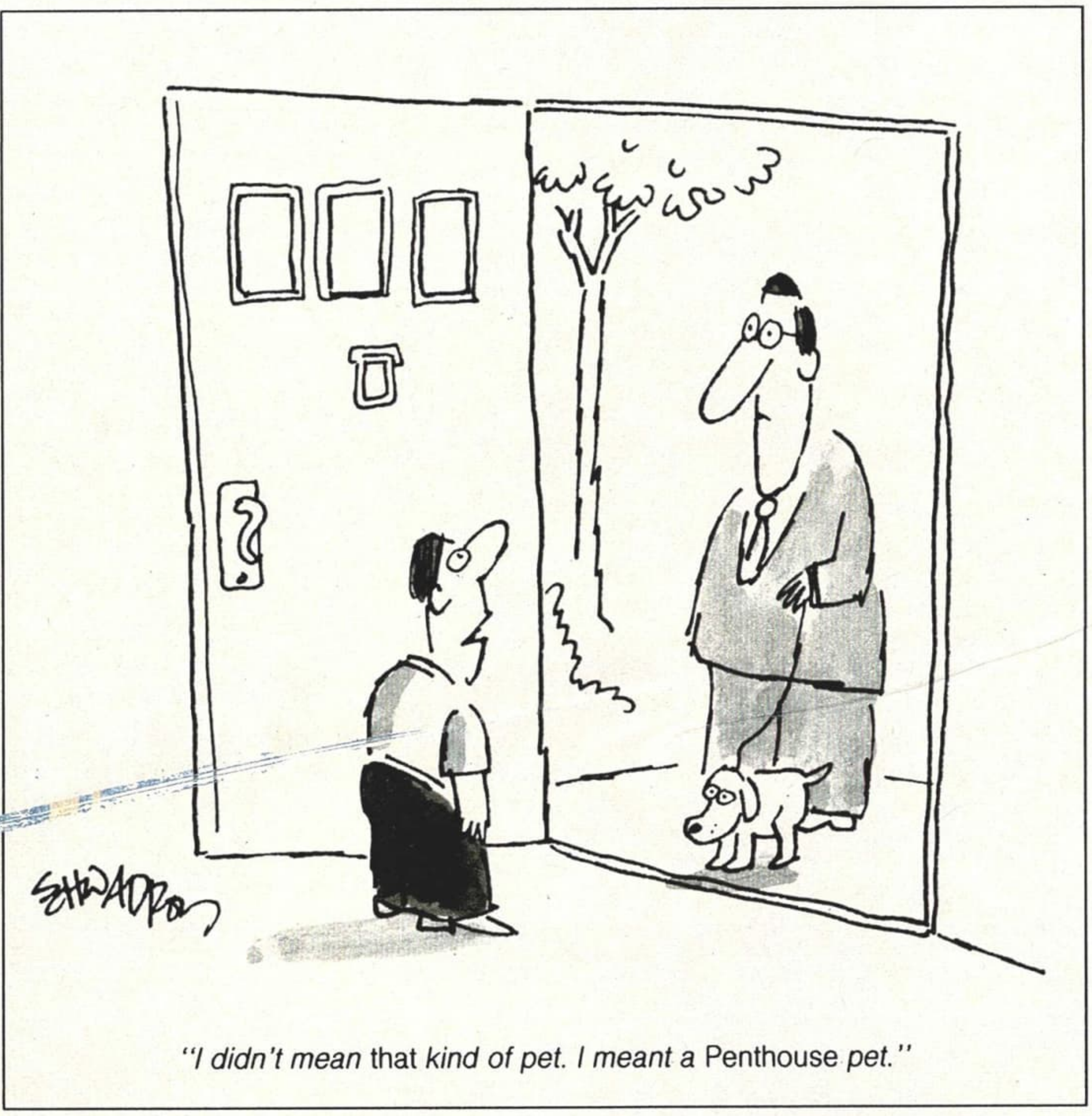
"What about my car?"

A cigarette hangs from the man's lower lip like a growth; smoke squints his eyes. "Nobody here to poke into it at this hour, what do you think? I'm taking it around to Diagnosis."

"And?"

"Pfft." The man fixes him with the sort of stare you'd give a leper at the Inaugural Ball. "*And* when they get to it, they get to it."

B. steps into the fluorescent blaze of the office, coattails aflap. Nine girls are seated along the wall, left calves swollen over right knees, hands occupied with nail files, hairbrushes, barrettes, magazines. They are dressed as drum majorettes. Nappy Dale Evans hats perch atop their layered cuts, short-and-sassies, blown curls. All nine look up and smile. Then a short redhead quickly rises and, sweet as mother superior welcoming a novice, asks whether she can be of any service.



"I didn't mean that *kind of pet. I meant a* Penthouse *pet."*

B. is confused. "It . . . it's my car," he says.

"Ohhh," running her tongue round her lips. "You're the Audi."

"Right."

"Just wait a sec and I'll ring Diagnosis," she says, high-stepping across the room to an intercom panel set in the wall. At that moment a buzzer sounds in the office, and a car pulls up to the farthest set of gas pumps. The redhead jerks to a halt, peers out the window, curses, shrugs into a fringed suede jacket, and hurries out into the storm. B. locks fingers behind his back and waits. He rocks on his feet, whistles sotto voce, casts furtive glances at the downy knees of the eight majorettes. The droopy greatcoat, soaked through, feels like an American black bear (*Ursus americanus*) hanging round his neck.

Then the door heaves back on its hinges, and the redhead reappears, stamping round the doormat, shaking out the jacket, knocking the Stetson against her thigh. "Brrrr," she says. In her hand, a clutch of bills. She marches over to the cash register and deposits them and then takes her seat at the far end of the line of majorettes. B. continues to rock on his feet. He clears his throat. Finally, he ambles across the room and stops in front of her chair. "Ahh . . ."

She looks up. "Yes? Can I help you?"

"You were going to call Diagnosis about my car?"

"Oh," grimacing. "No need to bother. Why, at this hour they're long closed up. You'll have to wait till morning."

"But a minute ago—"

"No, no sense at all. The Head Diagnostician leaves at five, and here it's nearly ten. And his staff gets off at five-thirty. The best we could hope for is a shop steward—and what would he know? Ha. If I rang up now, I'd be lucky to get hold of a janitor." She settles back in her chair and leafs through a magazine. Then she looks up again. "Listen. If you want some advice, there's a pay phone in the anteroom. Better call somebody to come get you."

The girl has a point there. It's late already, and arrangements will have to be made about getting to work in the morning. The dog needs walking, the cat feeding. And all these hassles have sapped him to the point where all he wants from life is sleep and forgetfulness. But there's no one to call, really. Except possibly Dora—Dora Ouzel, the gay divorcée he's been dating since his wife's accident.

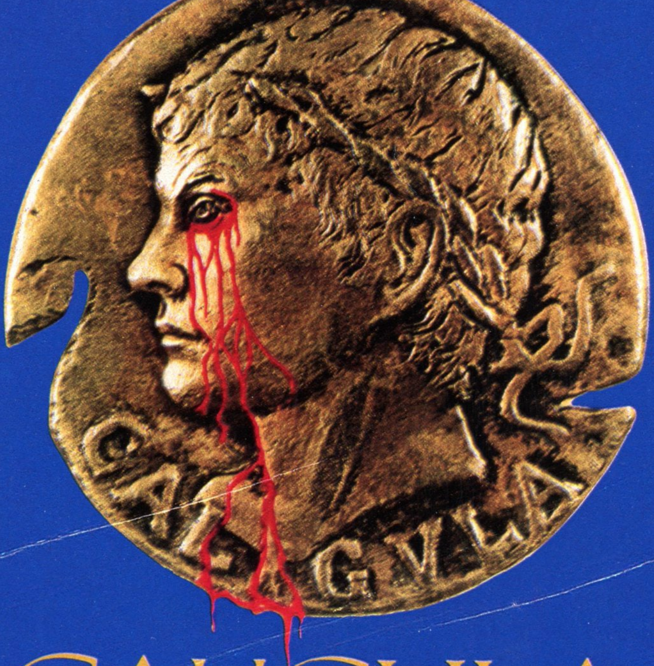
One of the majorettes yawns. Another blows a puff of detritus from her nail file. "Ho-hum," says the redhead.

B. steps into the anteroom, searches his pockets for change, and forgets Dora's number. He paws through the phone book, but the names of the towns seem unfamiliar, and he can't seem to find Dora's listing. He makes an effort of memory and dials.

"Hello?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS



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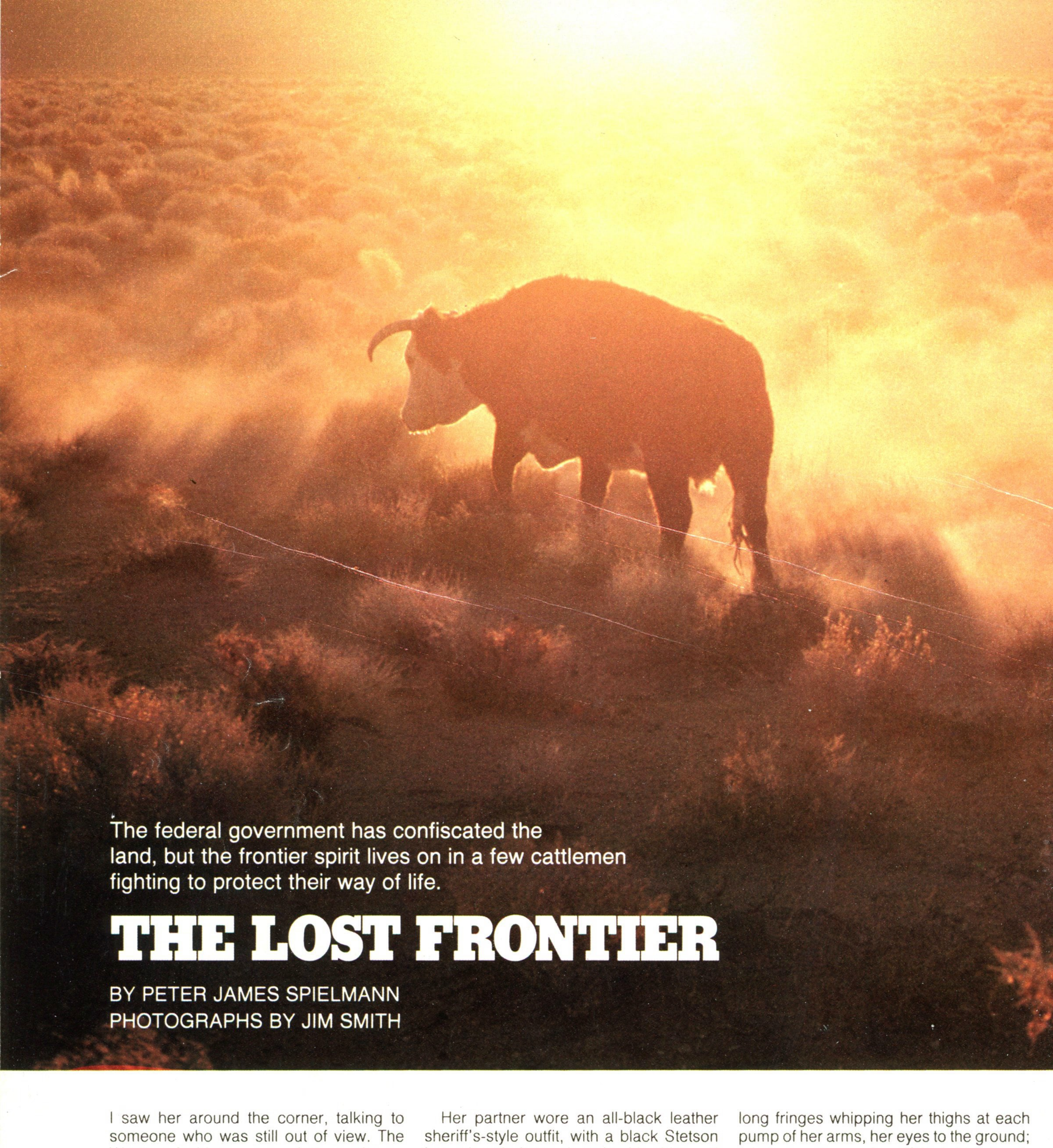


The federal government has confiscated the land, but the frontier spirit lives on in a few cattlemen fighting to protect their way of life.

THE LOST FRONTIER

BY PETER JAMES SPIELMANN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM SMITH

I saw her around the corner, talking to someone who was still out of view. The Western fashions were what caught my eye: a raccoon fur coat cut and styled like classic sheepskin, except for those raccoon tails dangling in a macabre manner from the seam under each arm, like scalps from a belt. Cowboy boots of blond eel, with designs of peyote buttons and marijuana leaves stitched in. A lariat trailed off and down around the corner from her gloved hand, finally ending in a poodle. Was she headed for cutting and branding or for the manicurist's?

Her partner wore an all-black leather sheriff's-style outfit, with a black Stetson hat, a jeweled star pinned to his shirt, and silver collar tips. Silver toe caps were clipped on his ostrich skin boots, a map of Texas embroidered into them, with a small diamond marking San Antonio on the map.

I lost sight of them when I was compelled to turn by the rumbling wheels behind me. I was too stunned to move. Bearing down on me was another designer-label cowgirl, her Russian sable fur vest flapping in the breeze, leather gloves with long fringes whipping her thighs at each pump of her arms, her eyes to the ground; mine were, too, on her 16-inch-high hand-tooled boots with the wheels on the bottom—honest-to-goddamn cowboy roller skates that brought her gliding and rumbling straight at me, collision imminent, until I was on my back, looking up . . .

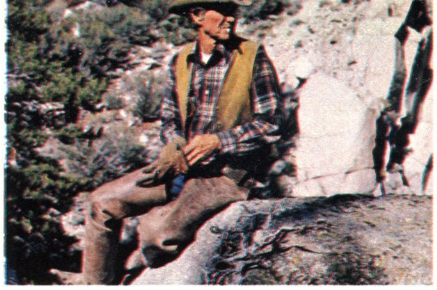
Whaamm! came the sound, rolling and reverberating as if I were inside a bell. "Time to get going!" the voice called. Peering through the scattering shreds of the dream, I placed myself: snug within my down sleeping bag, in the back of a Chevy

van, parked on the Elton's Cabin Bar Ranch. Consciousness returned: 4:00 A.M., time to get up and join the cattle drive, the autumn drive from the Sierra Mountain foothills out to the high desert.

This is a tale of the New West. In these times of internal combustion, a "cattle drive" usually means that you herd your cattle onto the back of a truck and drive them to their destination. A web of dirt roads crisscrosses the West. The range is diminished, fenced, streamlined, diversified from simple cattle ranching. Nobody actually mounts up and rides herds of cattle any great distance any more, certainly not the hundreds of miles that drives covered a century ago. Fifty years ago a drive that crossed a state line was so rare that when one happened in the 1920s, Hollywood producer Earl Hudson rushed a crew of actors, cameramen, and writers there to get in the act and make the film *Sundown* as the drive unfolded before them. My task was similar: to accompany Buck Elton, Sr., his son Buck Jr., and their wives and family on as authentic a cattle drive as is left in the West. We would push several hundred cattle 18 miles today, pen them up in a remote corral, and then go 16 miles the next day to a waterhole.

Buck Sr. invited me inside the ranch house—actually a large mobile home—for a quick bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee before we headed out. My interest perked; I am a caffeine fiend, and the original "cowboy coffee" recipe calls for boiling the mixture until a horseshoe will float on top. But this is the Mild West; the

Cowboy Lou Baratta rounding up stragglers in the autumn cattle drive from the Sierra mountain foothills of California to the high desert.



Roy Hunter (top) and Buck Elton, Jr., and Sr. (above) work with their families to move the cattle into their winter grazing grounds. Buck Sr.'s chaps are for protection, not fashion: in the old days cattlemen would fire a cowboy who was injured through lack of proper equipment. (right) Buck Jr. and his wife, Chris, take time out for horseplay.

"coffee" was Sanka. My expectations—or illusions—were taking a beating.

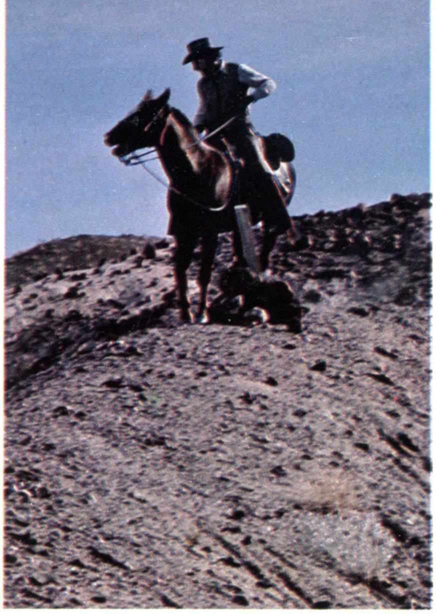
Out at the corral my hosts were saddling up our mounts in the subfreezing predawn air. My horse was a nag named Wampum, and Wampum coughed every time she breathed and loudly farted every time she coughed. "She coughs from alfalfa dust," Buck told me. Her wind was a mystery, perhaps just age. Wampum farted so continually that after two hours I had to dismount and tighten the cinch strap 16 inches so that my saddle wouldn't end up underneath her. She shrank like a pricked balloon.

The blue gray tint of approaching dawn lit up the scene I'd come looking for: eight riders trailing along behind the cattle, getting them moving toward the alkali flats of the dry Owens Lake. The old hands were whooping at the cattle to get them started, each with his own chant; for Lou it was "Hey, ooo, hup, hup, hup." Buck Sr. spat out "Die die die da da da" from his teeth. The cattle were eager; they had been penned near the ranch for days and wanted to move *somewhere*.

The light revealed my companions. Instead of bandannas, Buck and several other hands wore ski masks to keep the cold and alkali dust off their faces. It seemed an odd innovation, useful but not quite in the Western tradition. Annie Weston, one of the Elton daughters, said that she had started wearing ski masks on drives. The men laughed at it at first (as men will do) and then adopted it themselves. I was struck by the fact that bandannas and ski masks are both associated with bandits, as disguises, and now ski masks are replacing bandannas on the range. Buck Sr. wore a red mask with blue eye and mouth holes that made him look like a squat, bowlegged Spiderman in the saddle.

The cattle moved well; they had no calves to slow them down or make them nervous by arousing their protective maternal instincts. The drive immediately acquired a rhythm that rarely varied for two days: clopping horse hooves were the percussion, lowing cows the bass notes, jingling reins the vibes, hoots and howls from the cowboys and cowgirls the occasional vocal chorus. After the scene was set, there was little variation. Cowboying seemed to be a lot of solitude in fresh air, and I realized why stereotyped old cowboys were always so reticent, shy, and deliberate in their pronouncements: you get out of the habit of conversation after a while. But in the New West you're not likely to be away from people very long; so this cowboy characteristic, like so many others, is fading.

The rising sun showed me two anachronisms: these quixotic cowboys, pursuing their livelihood in as old-fashioned a way as they could, upholding a life-style that was doomed decades ago but becomes more alluring and powerful as an image in exact proportion to its decline in reality. The Eltons could have trucked their cattle from the ranch to the waterhole by dirt roads, but they prefer the ritual of the cattle drive. Why raise cattle if you don't try to keep the old ways, after all? The other sight that struck me as unusual was that of an extended family (including in-laws and friends) working together, their mutual fortunes dependent on each other. This bond of living and working with one's relations has just about disappeared since the Industrial Revolution fragmented families for the sake of efficiency, but profits can be measured in ways other than in dollars. What is a strong, cohesive family



Buck Jr. (middle) guides the cattle around a waterhole. Water rights are important. Owens lake, once a haven for migrating birds, is now a dry alkali flat, its water drained off to fill the swimming pools of Los Angeles. (above left) Lou surveys the cattle. (below left) The foothills of the Sierras. (above) Pointed toes make it easier to get into the stirrup.

---

worth on the open market these days?

I remembered my conversation with Dan Anderson, a young buckaroo with a growing family, son-in-law of Roy Hunter, the other rancher on this end of the valley. In between stringing barbed wire Dan and I mulled over the fact that the traditional ranches out here are family operations. Dan said, "You can do a lot better job if you've got an interest in it. A corporation will hire it done, and the people who are working don't have an interest in what they are doing; so if a cow is sick, they won't move it. They don't really care; they're taking orders from somebody else. But if that's your cow and your living, you take care of it just the best way that you can.

"Just look at the whole United States, where the quality of our products has gone. That'll tell you about the corporations and big business. They put it out cheaper, and they put it out in mass volume, but look what you're getting."

Another advantage of family ranching occurred to me. There are no wage requirements; in a bad year (the business is cyclical; there are always bad years) you don't lose your ranch hands because you can't pay them the minimum. This looked like an okay year for the Eltons; Buck Jr. thought they would break even and cover the losses of the last few years in the coming years.

I rode up to Buck Sr. and asked him how they do it, what a cow is worth. He quoted me a cents-per-pound price and then pointed out that his cattle are trained. His cattle, like Roy Hunter's, know where the waterholes are and don't often stray in other directions. This isn't like the Texas longhorn roundups of a hundred years ago, when you had to push wild cattle every foot of the trip. These cattle just need to be pointed in the right direction and given a start, and they will go to the waterhole on their own. The cowboys just keep stragglers in line and watch for sick or pregnant cows. "So what's a cow like that worth?" Buck asked me. "That's the only way we can operate, with a trained herd." It would take a crew three times the size of his family to push a wild herd along. I was struck by how willingly the cattle took to training, considering that the end result is the separation and slaughter of their calves. It seemed an odd reward for their cooperation.

Other animals assist the cowboys; they have the hardest-working dogs I've ever seen. When a cow strayed, a whistle and a nod from one of the buckaroos sent his dog after the stray as if he were shot out of a gun. Barking and nipping at the cow's heels, the dog turned it back to the herd. Usually this was enough. The dogs get an incredible kick out of pushing around animals ten times their size; they have to be restrained from spontaneously yapping and nipping cattle in the herd.

And the horses? "All the cowboys claim that horses are like women," Roy Hunter had said. "You're only entitled to just one good one, and that's usually about the way it works out. Some horses are good travelers, but they won't work cattle, and some are mean or gentle or hard to shoe. Every horse has got a bad habit, and it's hard to find one that doesn't have any bad habits." Roy used to capture wild horses for sale when he was younger. "I had one horse that I used for eight years, and I don't think I'd be exaggerating if I said that horse earned me one hundred fifty thousand dollars. He'd always give me a throw; he would always give me at least one shot at the mustang."

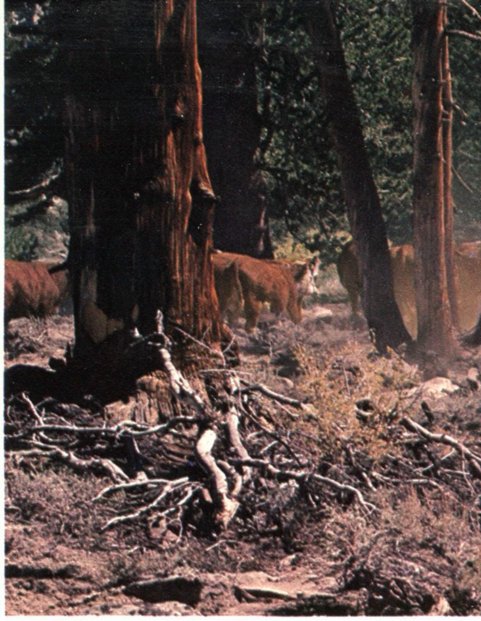
Buck Sr.'s horse on this drive is a beauty, bred from an Egyptian champion. The horse is slim-legged and smaller than most, though, and the previous owner couldn't get anyone interested in paying him astronomical stud fees. When Buck heard the horse was for sale, "I couldn't believe what I was seeing. The horse trader came out in me, and I said, 'I'll take it off your hands for four hundred dollars.' He said make it five hundred dollars, and I couldn't get him out of there quick enough."

A price of $500 for a fine horse is unheard of. Horses are wanted on the French meat markets, Roy Hunter told me. The current rate is 44 cents per pound; so a broken-down 1,000-pound nag is worth at least $440 to the French horse buyer. Naturally this has driven prices for good horses way up. Roy also adds, "When you've got a lot of people with more money than brains, they'll pay five thousand to ten thousand dollars for a good horse."

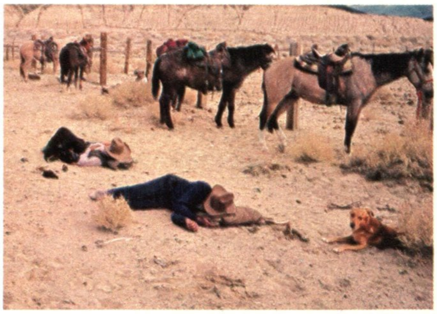
The fact that one good horse is enough for a cowboy is another sign of changing times. In early cattle drives each man had a string of six horses that he rode all day and half the night for five weeks to four months, and often all six horses were broken down and worked out at the end of the trail. Today a two-day cattle drive of more than 30 miles is an event.

It was at this point during the drive that Wampum decided to give me a lesson in Western fashion and its function. She had been dipping her head periodically to munch dried weed flowers along the trail; so when she lowered her head again, I didn't take notice . . . until I was going down, too, Wampum rolling to her right. The nag wanted to roll in the dust, and it was too late to stop her.

Before a half-ton of horse flesh pinned my foot and rolled over my right leg, snapping it sideways at the knee, I flicked the high heel of my boot forward, pitching the stirrup to the ball of my foot. A short hop freed my right foot just before it went un-



Pete Olivas (below middle) is a retired cowpoke who spends his days contemplating the mountains he used to ride through. (below) Buck Jr., his sister Annie, and his brother Keith bed down for the night under the stars. The family working together is a rare sight these days, but the Eltons believe it is the only way to run a profitable ranch.



der her; my left foot was still hung up, but that side was safe. It was an instantaneous movement, seemingly instinctual, made possible by the design of my boot: high heel and bowed arch. So I wasn't "bottomed out" in the stirrup.

The Eltons were astonished; they'd given me Wampum because "she never does that," being the oldest and gentlest horse they have. But who knows what's in a horse's head? When I got her back up, she added injury to insult by stamping on my left foot with her left foreleg, dammit. "Boy, when they do that early on a cold mornin', it feels like your toes are going to break right off," Keith said.

The incident left me with ruffled feelings but reminded me that Western fashions evolved out of the problems that cowboys faced. Pointed toes on boots make it quicker and easier to get into the stirrup, especially on a spirited horse; bandannas are useful for providing warmth, for screening out dust, or for providing a strip of cloth in any emergency. Hat brims keep the sun off your face. Leather gloves prevent rope burns that would sideline a cowboy for two weeks while his hands healed; in the old days cattlemen would fire a cowboy who got injured through lack of proper equipment and clothing.

The Elton and Hunter drives occur in spring and autumn. The cattle spend the hot desert summer in the cool, grassy mountain meadows of the Sierras. In autumn the cowboys head up there and spend several weeks living in log cabins while they hunt the cows out of the ravines and thickets that they hide in. When the cattle are all accounted for, they are driven single file down a precipitous mountain trail to the ranch at the base of the Sierras. I joined the drive at this point, when they are driven to the high desert, where there are brush and waterholes but no snowstorms. In spring the process is reversed, with the additional work of separating out cattle to go to market and branding, castrating, and inoculating the new calves. This process has been repeated for generations here on the eastern slope of the Sierras; it is a cycle that some of these cowboys are born into.

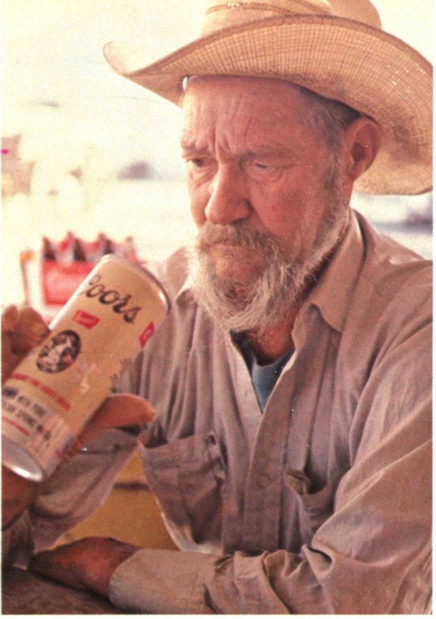
"I started riding a horse even before I can remember," Roy Hunter told me. "My dad would take me with him when I was three or four years old. My mother packed me into the mountains when I was three months old, from the town of Independence up to Little Whitney mountain." It was the same for Roy's son-in-law, Dan Anderson. "My dad felt that when you're big enough, you're old enough to do something. I started running the tractor when I was six years old. I was driving when I was in first grade or before that, really. I remember riding a dump rake when I was four or five years old. Well, I don't think it hurts a guy any; in fact I think it does him good." Dan and his wife, Leslie, have small children; I wonder if they will inherit this way of life. There are pressures, land grabs, encroachment; the Flatlanders are occupying the West.

Examples are found everywhere you look in Owens Valley, recounted by everyone you ask. Just look at Owens "Lake," for instance. Once the largest lake in California, a haven for migrating birds and wildlife, Owens Lake is now a dry alkali flat. The wind off the flat blasts soda ash into our eyes and lungs as we push the cattle across the south end of the lake. Since the turn of the century Los Angeles citizens have drained Owens Lake dry, using it to hose leaves off their driveways and fill their swimming pools.

Across the valley in the distance is Hunter Mountain, explored by and named for Roy Hunter's grandfather. On the other side of Hunter Mountain is Death Valley National Monument, which covets the water on the mountain. Roy had an eight-year legal battle with the Monument to keep his grazing and water rights; the Monument custodians wanted the water themselves. When the case ended up in circuit court, a Solomon-like compromise was handed down: Death Valley got the half of the mountain on their side of the range; Roy got water (but not grazing) rights on the mountain. The problem is that Roy has no use for that water unless he can bring his cattle up there. Roy expects that in time the Monument will sue him again, charging that he isn't using (read: "exploiting") that water "productively," and that he will lose all rights.

Buck Elton Sr. published a long letter in the local newspaper, criticizing a Sierra Club and Forest Service proposal to burn down the mountain cabins and close the Sierras to grazing, something about cattle destroying the land, crapping on the hiking trails, and the cabins being eyesores. Buck, Roy, and the other ranchers have more pressing chores than writing letters, attending hearings, and lobbying legislators. Their opponents have the time, money, and organization to keep the pressure up until their tract of land is "saved" for recreation, water rights, or weapons testing. Cattle don't vote; people do, and the cowboy has always been a tiny minority in this state.

The desert is an unyielding environment; it used to keep the flatlanders out with its heat, dryness, wind, and dust. It seemed an unchangeable land, unaffected by seasons, weather, the life in it, the human visitors and residents. Today tire tracks crisscross the remote desert, tracks that will lie baked in the sun for years, even decades. Aluminum beer cans glint from every crevasse. Roads are



Buck Jr. (far left) fords a stream with his cattle. (left) Tecopa Tex cowboyed in Arizona until "the big companies bought up all the land." Tex ended up with an ice cream franchise and made enough money to keep him in Coors for the rest of his life. (below) Two days and 34 miles later, Buck Jr. has come to the end of the trail.

cut into sheer mountainsides like Jack the Ripper slashes for no point other than to "create jobs" and provide effortless joyride vistas of the valley below, while spoiling the view of the mountain above.

"When I grew up, you didn't have a truck; it was all pack mules and horseback," Roy Hunter recalls. He's only in his fifties now. "When we went somewhere, we saddled up the horses and packed a mule." But motors bring subtler changes, too, which Roy is aware of: "You know, everybody's in a hurry now. Before, you took out a bunch of cattle, and if it took two days or four days, it didn't make any difference. You didn't have to be at a certain place at a certain time on any schedule." Now that the government owns the range and the ranchers lease it, they've got to watch their paperwork, keep dates in mind, live by the calendar and the clock instead of according to the weather and the seasons.

In the end the land squeeze forces the cowpokes out of their trade. Every little town throughout the West has at least one old-timer who hangs out on his ranch or at the local bar or lunch counter. When you ask about cowboys in town, you inevitably get sent to this guy first; he's a local institution. He's easily recognized. After decades of desert life their faces come to resemble the land around them; their wrinkles match the canyons, arroyos, rills, plateaus, and dirt roads they've grown old with.

In Independence it was Old Grant—no first name needed or used. Grant is reputedly in his nineties, a veteran cowboy and prospector. Some illness has taken an eye; he sits all day now in the Pines Bar, sipping coffee and staring at the television with his one good eye. Any show will do, but *Bonanza* is his favorite.

Down in Tecopa there is an old motel where retired fellows have perpetual beer parties on their fixed incomes; a sign over the place reads "Tequila Flats." Tecopa Tex sits at a table in the shade, tearing into Coors cans, lighting up cigarettes, and laying apocryphal Old West tales on me. ("That rattler caught that bullet going in right in the fork of his tongue. That was the last of him.") Tecopa Tex cowboyed in Arizona until "the big companies bought up all the land, and there wasn't enough work for a good man." So Tex bought a couple of delivery trucks, started an ice cream franchise, and made enough in 12 years to retire for life. Tecopa Tex, the Ice Cream Cowboy . . .

In Lone Pine retired cowpoke Pete Olivas sits in his yard on sunny days, contemplating his unmatched view of Mount Whitney. His younger brother, Henry, tells me about his experiences as a Hollywood wrangler over 30 years; the nearby Alabama Hills were commonly used for films. While he talked, Henry pounded the broken handle out of a hatchet head: "I've been out in Death Valley drivin' the CLANK twenty-mule team. CLANK CLANK. The pay was around five dollars an hour back then in the fifties. CLANK! I've worked with as many as fifteen different picture companies a year CLANK. Criminy, I've worked with Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, Gene CLANK Autry, Hopalong Cassidy, CLANK Roy Rogers, John Wayne, Gary Cooper. When Robert Mitchum started out, he could hardly ride a horse. But they pick it up quick. Hell, CLANK I spent about ten days teaching Edward G. Robinson to ride. CLANK FLOP THUD. There, that's done. You know a new handle, just a handle for a hatchet, is twelve dollars at the hardware store?"

Clopping along with Buck Elton's cattle gave me plenty of time to think about these cowboys and the diminishing West. The character of the cowboy was formed by the open range, by a land in which "there were more rivers and less water, more cows and less milk, and where you could look further and see less than anywhere else in America." The work, the clothing, the old ways are still about the same, but without vast, open rangeland these traditions seem almost self-mocking. The cowboy is joining the Indian as a near warc

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

rusal of its pages reveals that the author knows next to nothing about life as it is actually lived on earth and even less (if that is possible) about life as it is supposedly lived in heaven. Aside from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations,* he appears to have four favorite books, all of them written by Jews—Milton Friedman's *Free to Choose,* William Simon's *A Time for Truth,* Robert Ringer's *Restoring the American Dream,* and the Holy Bible—and one magazine, *U.S. News & World Report.* As for his theology, it consists of treating the Bible as though it were a gigantic bag of fortune cookies into which he freely dips, producing a verse here and a verse there in the interest of disclosing God's immutable plan for all of us. By an astonishing coincidence, Falwell's God sounds exactly like Paul Weyrich.

Starting with the novel (and unconstitutional) disclosure that the American government is divinely ordained, Falwell then allows the Deity to confide in us. God, it seems, does not approve of sex, rock music, or the right of trial by jury. He prefers to see his churches rather than the state administering welfare. And while Falwell piously informs us that it is our duty to love homosexuals, he makes it clear that God wants them killed. Indeed, God and Reverend Falwell appear to be at friendly odds on a number of points; Falwell is all for an invincible defense establishment while asserting at the same time that we don't need one at all, for if we returned to our churches and thought pure thoughts, God would arrange the same sort of military miracle that he habitually arranges for Israel—maybe even a better one, because God doesn't like Jews very much and helps them out only because he can't figure out how to get rid of them. Women will return to the home, men will return to the helm of the family, and the kids won't be allowed to do anything; God apparently thinks the world of spanking. All of this will be accomplished by the election of godly men, who will rededicate the nation to the service of the Baptist God. "One reporter recently asked me," Falwell writes, "if this would not lead to a kind of censorship or a kind of Christian Nazism. My reply was that we cannot allow an immoral minority of our population to intimidate us on moral issues."

In other words, there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight when the saints come marching in. The Inquisition, too, professed to love its victims.

Christian Voice and Moral Majority gave Weyrich access to the pulpit, and television provided him with foot soldiers and offered the glittering hope of virtually limitless funds. With two swift strokes he had accomplished what no radical of the Right or Left had ever done in this country before: he had penetrated an organization with millions of members and had begun to manipulate it for his purposes. It has always been a persistent fantasy of the Right that the Democrats are infiltrated by the agents of the pope or the Reds or the pinkos. Now Weyrich had access to a counterbalancing force. But he wanted more.

He wanted to bring it all together. Traditionally, the organizational dilemma of the American Right has been identical with that of American Protestantism: general agreement on the broad outline of Truth and many warring sects pursuing it. The solution could be found in an umbrella organization, and in September 1979, Weyrich, Phillips, Viguerie, and McAteer arranged a two-day meeting in Washington, D.C. Attending were Phyllis Schlafly, the stormbird of Stop-ERA; Clay Claiborne of Black Silent Majority; Dr. George Benson of Harding College; and representatives from Anita Bryant's antigay crusade, Catholics for Political Action, the National Pro-Life Political Action Committee, and the American Security Council, the last a private group of industrialists and retired military officers who trust in neither God nor the present secretary of defense to keep the Communist hordes at bay. Ominously, Bob Dugan of the usually unpolitical National Association of Evangelicals—the powerful Billy Graham group—was also there, and Graham contributed three of his associates to the later goings-on at Dallas; drawing on his experience with Richard Nixon, Graham has evidently decided that it's better to handpick the president than to try to exercise influence

"Jennifer insists that panties and slips be done in warm wash, cold rinse, and dried in a gentle cycle. I told her they're mine and I'll do as I fucking please."

over him after election.

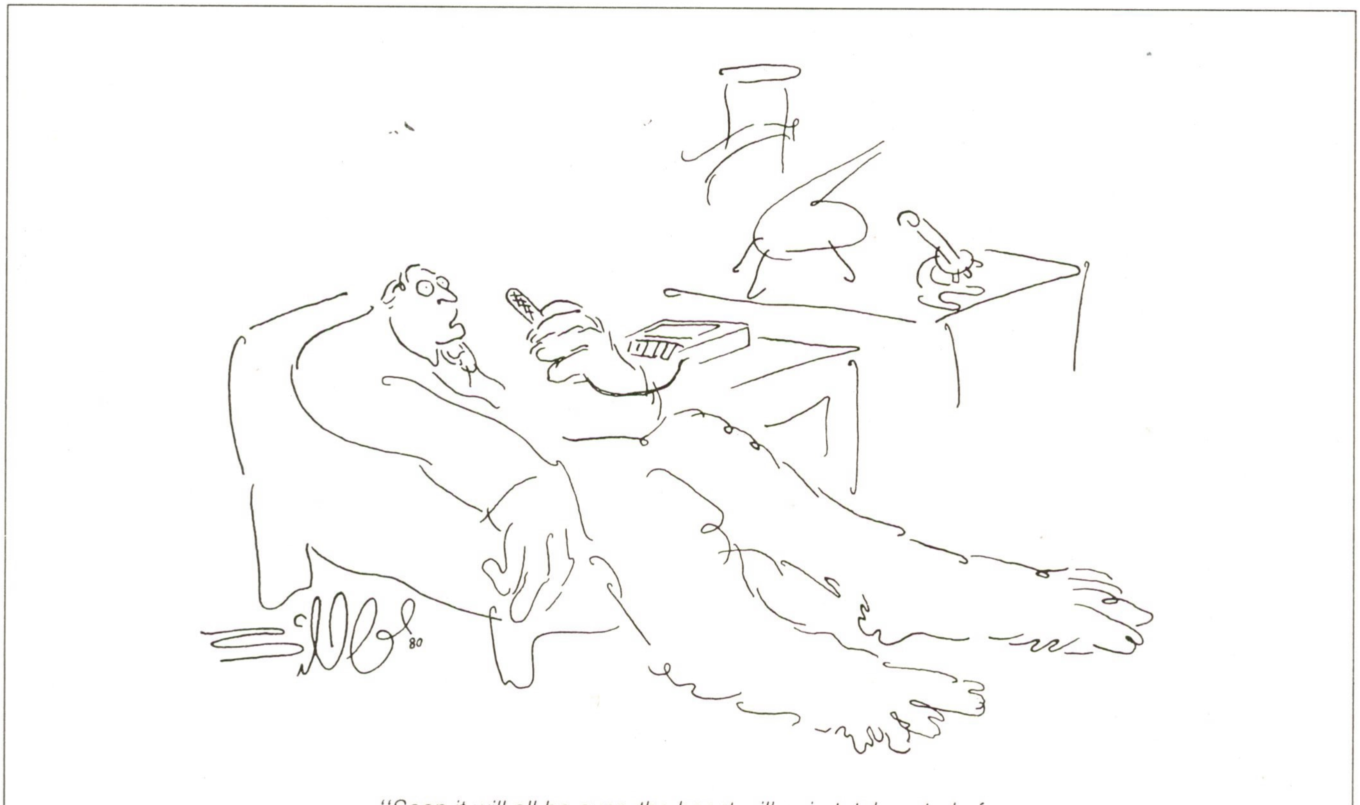
The upshot of the meeting was the creation of the Religious Roundtable, with McAteer at its head.

The Roundtable was a brilliant and unprecedented move, and its effects were felt immediately. Reverend Falwell suddenly became interested in the economic theories of William Simon and Congressman Jack Kemp, and so, presumably, did God. Abortion and antibusing groups began to solicit funds for each other (and for Weyrich's CFSFC and Dolan's NCPAC) in their respective newsletters. NCPAC began to come down hard on abortion, and Senator Helms began to sound even more like John Brown than usual. Christian Voice compiled a rating system of the votes of the nation's legislators, with special emphasis on homosexuality, abortion, and pornography. Moral Majority began registering voters, many of them right in church: before the campaign was over, it claimed to have added 3 million new names to the list.

Moral Majority also took over the Republican party in Alaska and, together with Christian Voice, joined NCPAC's vicious campaign to unseat Sen. John Culver of Iowa, bestowed its blessing on Don Nickles's Senate campaign in Oklahoma, and turned out 2,500 volunteers to purge Republican Congressman John Buchanan of Alabama. This last campaign was especially interesting. Himself a southern Baptist preacher and an interim pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church in Washington, Buchanan was a darling of the Young Americans for Freedom. He was a speaker for the Manion Forum, a parliamentarian of the Lighthouse Lecturers Association, a Freedom Foundation gold medalist, and a sponsor of the Committee to End Aid to the Soviet Union. In 1965 he was named Congressman of the Year by Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, an anti-Catholic, anti-Kennedy group. To the Right, this was like belonging to the Elks, the Shrine, the Moose, and the PTA. Buchanan, in short, was golden boy, but he wasn't sound enough on the subject of women and blacks, and he had to go. His opponent, Albert Lee Smith, had run against him in 1978 with Weyrich's help; Mr. Smith's wife, Eunice, is a close friend of Phyllis Schlafly and cochairperson of the Alabama chapter of Stop-ERA. "We were the first ones to test the water, and we lost," says one of Buchanan's aides. "If you'd told me four years ago that a Baptist preacher could be defeated in Alabama by a group like Moral Majority, I wouldn't have believed you. This isn't new politics; it's very old politics. It's a machine."

In the Northeast, where Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant intellectuals enjoy positions of power and large constituencies within their churches—and could be relied on to figure out what was happening if faced with a frontal assault—the ball was carried by the Right-to-Life movement. It's hard to say whether this was deliberate—Weyrich is cunning enough—or simply a matter of ethnic necessity, but it was not without its effect. And in Alaska men and women in cheap suits began to appear in the backs of public-school classrooms. "It's like being watched by the NKVD," said one teacher.

At the Dallas get-together, Weyrich appeared in the role of a humble adviser, a guest speaker, which was pretty clever, considering that he was the brains behind the whole thing. During his turn at the lectern, he suggested that his ministerial auditors stop worrying about the presidential contest and concentrate instead on the congressional races. And, as we have seen, that is exactly what they did. Weyrich's instructions have a way of getting obeyed. He decided a long time ago that we wanted Reagan to be president, but he wanted insurance in case he lost: those invaluable votes in Congress. If Reagan won, it gave Weyrich another hold on him, in addition to all the voters that he had produced and which he could easily take away. If Reagan lost, the New Right still added to its legislative voice and achieved great influence on the Republican party. Weyrich had demonstrated that he could reward his friends and punish his enemies. And although Ronald Reagan has declined to declare a holy war against the enemies of Christ, he has led the Republicans, and possibly the country, straight into the New Right's trap. Nineteen eighty-four may turn out to be worse than even George Orwell feared.



"Soon it will all be over; the beast will gain total control of my mind and body. I ask—no, I beg of you—you who may someday come upon this recording, unearth my notes, the complete record of my experiments, the work of a lifetime, and continue this quest for the perfect 'dry martini.'"

Every business has its back door.
In Hollywood that means B movies, where
careers usually end. But sometimes
an actress has a special quality that comes
through the celluloid schlock that
surrounds her performance. She becomes a
queen of the screams, a cult
star, a midnight movie momma. She is

BAD AND BEAUTIFUL

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

Exploitation movies—the back door to Hollywood. Low budgets, lurid titles, unknown actors, all the tits, ass, and violence an R rating will allow. Major studios don't take them seriously, critics make fun of them, agents think exploitation credits are worse than no credits at all, they're shot fast, cheap, and sloppy. But they're also where the action is, the closest thing to an "underground" in Hollywood, a secret cinema where young writer/directors work with imagination instead of money.

They are today's B movies, the last bastion of vitality in the American film industry. Movies like *The She Gods of Shark Reef, Sister of Satan, Werewolves on Wheels, Women in Cages, Truck Stop Women, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Death Race 2000, Grand Theft Auto* and *Frankencar.* The titles promise sex, violence, novelty, action. Hollywood movies have always promised these things, and audiences have always paid for them. The difference between big-time, big-budget Hollywood films and exploitation pictures is that exploitation pictures deliver.

They are not hard-core pornography. Exploitation pictures are aimed at a mass audience, and an X rating limits the market. Sex is still the hook, but audiences (mostly young, southern, and working class) don't want fuck shots. So the films are shot "hard R"—allowing lots of nudity and sexy newspaper ads but still permitting showings in family theaters and big drive-in chains.

One thing that makes exploitation films of special interest is that the best of them are based on shared fantasies. Crafted like dreams, they overflow with perverse sexuality, surreal violence, absurd comedy, and wave after wave of emotion. They spring, in large part, from the collective unconscious, and they reflect true American mythology.

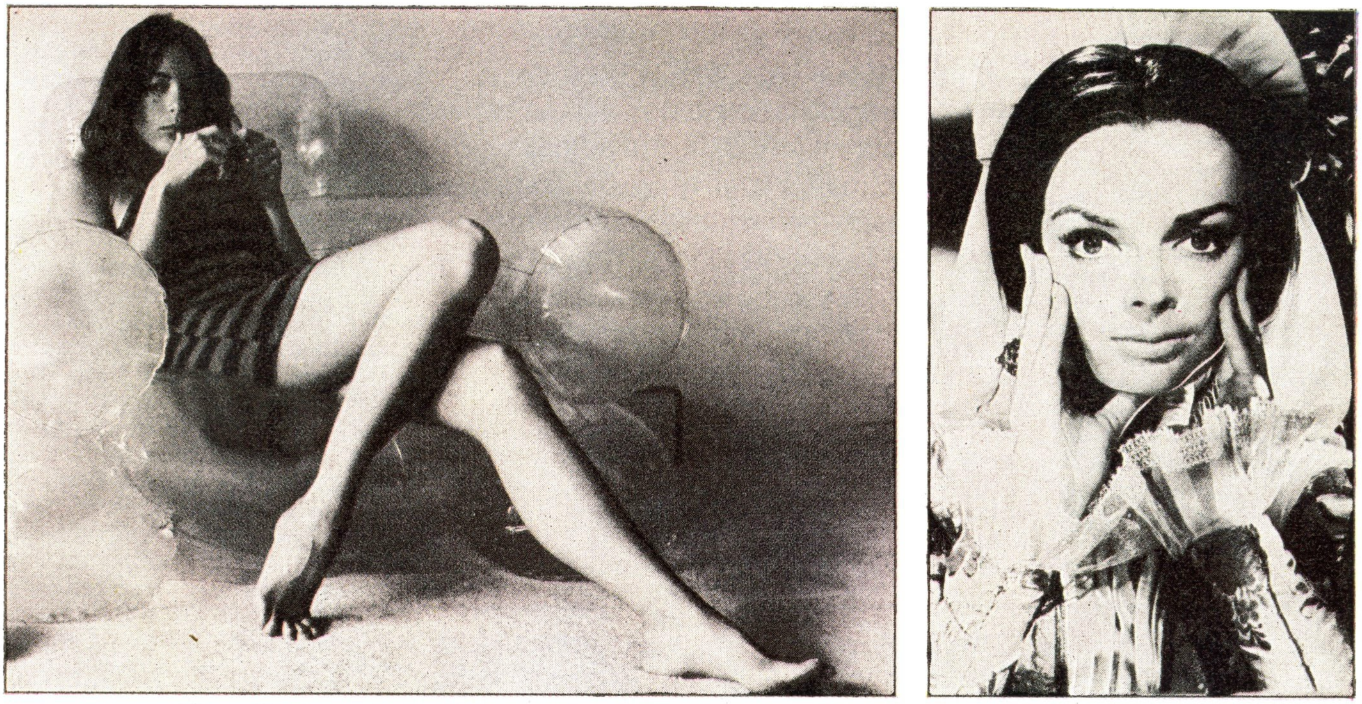
Women catch the worst of it; most exploitation films resemble a sexual *Perils of Pauline.* Rape is ambient, sex is common coin, and hitchhiking women get hands up their skirts every time. Cops sit in their squad cars, reading *Beaver* Magazine, and their response to female speeders is "I'm gonna get me some poontang!" Women's blouses, dresses, and underwear are ripped off at the slightest provocation. If there's a vampire in the neighborhood, he won't bite a woman until he rips her blouse off.

Perhaps in direct response, the women in exploitation films frequently kick ass right back. Sexual assault on men, by women, is not unheard of; in fact, there's a scene in *The Big Bird Cage* in which a female prisoner pulls a knife on a guard and orders, "Get it up, or I'll cut it off!" Before a fight a black woman hides double-edge razor blades in her natural. Another woman delays a man who's about to kill her by offering him a fast fuck and then stabs him in the eye with a hairpin. There's even a movie, *The Velvet Vampire*, about a sexy female vampire who bites men.

Most of the women who play in exploitation films are bad actresses with big tits, but once in a very long time another kind of woman appears. Not only is she beautiful, not only is she a decent actress, but also she has the power to enter into the dream and bend it to her own measure. Sometimes she can do it only once. Now and

Queen of the B's, Martine Beswicke (left): "A good girl doesn't take her clothes off?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER



Shared fantasies: high priestesses of exploitation films Mary Woronov (left) and Barbara Steele.

then she walks into street mythology. Very rarely she becomes a B Queen.

These women who can transform dreams and give them back are high priestesses of a soft, holy temple prostitutes, whose intricate masks reflect sex as we truly see it, power as we fear and desire it, terror, passion, death forever. And also love. They work closer to witchcraft than they know, and they pay a high price for their art. It's tricky living other people's dreams. Ask Marilyn.

I wanted to write about four high priestesses, but one of them, Pam Grier, wouldn't talk to me—or so her agent said. Word has it that she's moving uptown. A shame. She's Kali, the dark Indian goddess of death, if only she knew it. Also, I think she holds the record for getting her clothes torn off the most times in a single movie.

Here are three Queens of the B's, three American dreams.

MARTINE BESWICKE: QUEEN OF EVIL

In a hot tub, back-lit with red spots under a cold, black sky, a nude couple are kissing passionately. But the water is *very* hot, and the girl (long, blonde hair, lovely breasts) keeps popping out of the water to sit on the edge of the tub, steam rising from her skin into the night air. Inspired, her partner tongues in between her steaming thighs, his fingers teasing her nipples. She moans happily, arching her back.

"This is getting better," notes the second-unit director, waving his cameraman in for a close-up. "Let's bring in some more couples."

Around the poolside, gorgeous young women dressed variously in high heels, ankle chains, skintight pants, and pajama tops start taking off all their clothes. One of them, a cool blonde, shrugs reluctantly out of a fur jacket, revealing stiff nipples. "How is it?" she asks anyone.

"I'm freezing my tits off," answers a naked girl swimmer from mid-pool, but nude couples slide into the blue, back-lit water anyway.

Meanwhile, back in the hot tub, the guy is on the edge of the tub, and his lady friend has her head between his legs. The guy glances sideways at the camera crew, busily reloading the hand-held camera. "If all you people would go away, I could be having *fun*," he says with a grin.

Inside the house Martine Beswicke keeps her back to the aquatic orgy just outside the large picture window. Her raven-black hair is cut in a shaggy mane that just kisses her shoulders. Her face is exquisite, with big, brown eyes, an upturned nose, and a smile as dazzling as direct sunlight. She's between scenes, dressed casually in fur coat, striped socks, and shiny, silver sandals—and she's ten times sexier, fully dressed and in her late thirties, than the naughtiest nymphet in the pool.

Finally she has to look. Not ten feet from the window, two busty young women are going at it, all tongues and thighs and heavy breathing. "Oh, *God*, I don't fucking *believe* this," mutters Martine in a low-pitched, Bette Davis drawl, heavy on the italics and with a hint of a British accent. "*This* isn't our movie. They're running numbers on me again. We're supposed to be making a light, sexy comedy, and they're trying to turn it into a *porno* flick! They keep asking for more sex. I even *gave* them a climax that wasn't in the script. God, at one point they wanted me to go up to some guy and grab his balls! That's *crass!*"

Sure, this is *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood*, and yes, Martine signed up to star as Xaviera Hollander, and no, it's not as if she never did a sexy movie before or never took off her clothes in front of a camera. But she signed up for an R, not an X, and even though she doesn't mind playing a hooker, she's beginning to think that some people are treating her like one. And she's no starlet; she's a Bond Girl, a Hammer Woman, the Queen of Evil in a whip and a fur bikini. She's a star.

Do you remember two underdressed gypsy girls who staged a wrestling match in *From Russia with Love*? One of them was Martine, a 22-year-old model, fresh out of Jamaica, in her first film role. She went on to play a lusty Bahamian agent in *Thunderball* and Raquel Welch's rival cavegirl in Hammer Films' *One Million Years B.C.* But it wasn't until 1967, when she starred in *Prehistoric Women*, that her true screen persona emerged.

Originally titled "Slave Girls of the White Rhinoceros," *Prehistoric Women* is, by Martine's own admission, probably the silliest film ever made. ("We giggled a lot on the set," she recalls.) At the time Hammer's stock in trade was tits, ass, and subliminal S&M—plus Christopher Lee for the Dracula flicks—but they pulled out all the stops for *Prehistoric Women*.

"A Kingdom of Women Where Men Are Chained and Tortured as Slaves!" sniggered the catch line on the posters, and that's pretty close. The film involves a white hunter who finds himself in a mysterious jungle populated by tough, decorative brunettes who keep men and beautiful blonde girls in sexual slavery. It's completely terrible except for Martine. She plays the luscious brunette queen, vamping her way through the film in a fur bikini and a bone headdress, kicking ass, snapping her whip, and fondling every phallic object in sight.

She has the hots for the hunter, of

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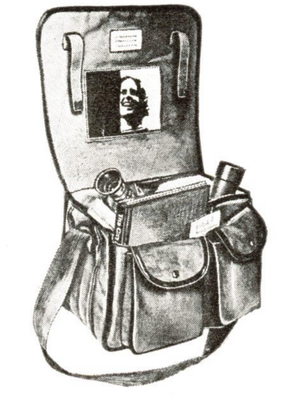

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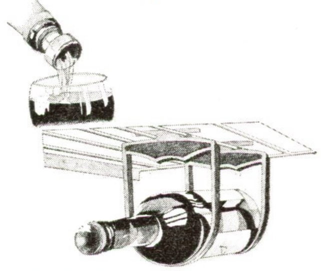

Another problem with keeping wine for another day is refrigerator space. Few refrigerators have the vertical space for standing wine. We offer a specially designed wine rack to store bottles horizontally. This rack utilizes space that is normally wasted. We sell a package of 3 stoppers and 2 bottle holders for **$11.00** ($1.95) # PHA224.

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course, but he turns her down because she's been mean to his blonde sweetie; so she locks him in a cave. But when Blondie begs him to play along with Martine so he can spy for the revolution, he returns meekly to the queen's chamber, where he finds her in a prehistoric bubble bath, heaping suds over her breasts, looking sweet as a sugar lump.

"On my terms?" she demands imperiously.

"Yes," he murmurs.

"You will run my household? Look after my clothing? Mix my perfume?"

"Yes."

"Fetch me my robe!" she orders. He turns slowly. "Why do you hesitate?" she snarls. "Every command must be obeyed at once." He gets the robe, and she slips it on. "Come!" she snaps and pulls him. He falls onto the bed. Fadeout.

It's just a silly S&M scene, but on one level Martine is dead serious, and the scene crackles with sexual energy. "Being evil was fun," she recalls. "There was a lot of anger inside me, especially toward men. I was living out some of my deepest-rooted fantasies about love, sex, power—and I *loved* it. People reacted . . . *differently* to me after that film."

If she had never made another movie, Martine's legend could probably stand on that scene alone—but it doesn't have to. In 1972 she made *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* for Hammer, a stylish, sexually ambiguous horror film that secured her place in the B-queen pantheon forever. It's a good gimmick: instead of turning into the brutish Mr. Hyde, nice Dr. Jekyll finds himself transformed into a lovely, sexually demanding woman—Martine. The film's sexual electricity springs from the fact that Jekyll (who doesn't care that much about the ladies anyway) *adores* being a girl and will do anything, even kill, to keep from changing back.

There are several sizzling transformation scenes in which Martine dances before a mirror, gazing raptly at her bare breasts and hugging herself in ecstasy, but the best scene comes later on, when Professor Robertson invites Sister Hyde to his chambers to impart grave suspicions.

"Your brother—" he begins.

"Forget him," breathes Sis over a glass of brandy.

"I can't. You've heard of the Whitechapel murders?" Behind him, Sis unbuttons her bodice and lets her dress slip to the floor. The professor, unaware, pushes on. "I am convinced that your brother is the man who—"

He turns and discovers Martine, looking delectable in corset and complicated underwear. She dips her fingers into the brandy and licks them. "We can talk later . . . Professor."

Helplessly, Robertson sweeps her into his arms. Eyes closed in ecstasy, she pulls a knife and stabs him to death.

"Sister Hyde was softer than some of the early parts," Martine remembers, "but she was more deadly. I had gathered the forces by then—sex, seduction, sensuality. I was a *total* female, a relentless woman. I could go in there and be just as evil and rotten as I could and *love* it."

She went on to appear in Oliver Stone's *Seizure* as the Queen of Evil, a terrifying seductress who, by the mere act of sleeping with the hero, scares him into a fatal heart attack. She could have gone on to better roles in bigger pictures. Instead she ran away; she spent the next two years in Italy.

Something was going wrong, something to do, perhaps, with the inner forces she had been fooling with; screen magic has a price. "It's almost as if the sexuality I used as a power weapon kept coming back and smacking me in the face like a dead fish," she admits. "I was making films in Italy, but the situation was terrible. I'd go out to buy a loaf of bread, and men would grab me. Boys would throw peas at my tits, at my ass. I had terrible dreams—sexuality, chauvinism, degradation. The only people I could trust were my lovers, and I couldn't really trust *them*."

> "I never hurt anyone with the whips," says Mary Woronov. "They were just things to dance with, like feather boas."

Desperate and scared, she returned to the States in the late 1970s to pull her career together. She scored a few television guest star roles, but the parts got smaller and smaller, there were fights over her hair and her accent, and suddenly it wasn't fun any more. Then *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood* came along.

It's after midnight, the naked starlets are toweling off in the garage, and Martine, in pink pants suit and gold stiletto heels, is waiting for her party scene with Adam West to get started.

"I liked the script," she says. "Sure, it had a lot more sex and nudity than anything I did before, but I didn't care. A good girl doesn't take her clothes off in front of a camera? Aagh, please! I'm *very* good, thank you very much. I just think it's rude for them to keep sending orders down for me to take my clothes off and do scenes that aren't even in the *script*. It's disrespectful. The problem with this picture is they had no *idea* who they had hired—all they knew was that I had the right look."

The living room fills with a new batch of blondes, in party dresses and shiny red lipstick, and their dates. There's a burst of disco music; Martine spins, shakes her shoulders, tries a few tentative dance steps. "Hey, turn that stuff off!" yells an assistant director.

"We're testing playback," replies a sound tech. "Whaddya think, we're playing?"

Does it bother Martine to be doing cheap sex comedies at this stage of her career? "Look, I'll probably keep making B films for the rest of my life," she says, "but somewhere I'm going to cut through all the bullshit and touch people. I know my fans are out there, and they really appreciate me. There's something about horror fans—some kind of innocent reverence. So, no, I don't feel weirded out by it at all."

"Martine on set!" calls the assistant director, and she gives a little wiggle.

"Shake that money-maker," a tech says, smiling.

"Which one?" she grins, grabbing her ass and rocking her hips lewdly. She falls silent for a moment, looking at nothing in particular. Then she murmurs, "Everyt'ing all right," in lilting Jamaican dialect, to herself and glides toward the lights and the camera.

MARY WORONOV: BACK-DOOR GAL

There's a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen about a little mermaid who fell in love with a sailor. She loved him so much, in fact, that she decided to go ashore, find him, and live with him as a human being for the rest of her life. Naturally, she would need feet for such a project. She searched high and she searched low, and finally she found a deep-sea magician with a potion. But there was a price. There usually is. Every step on her new feet would feel like walking on sharp knives.

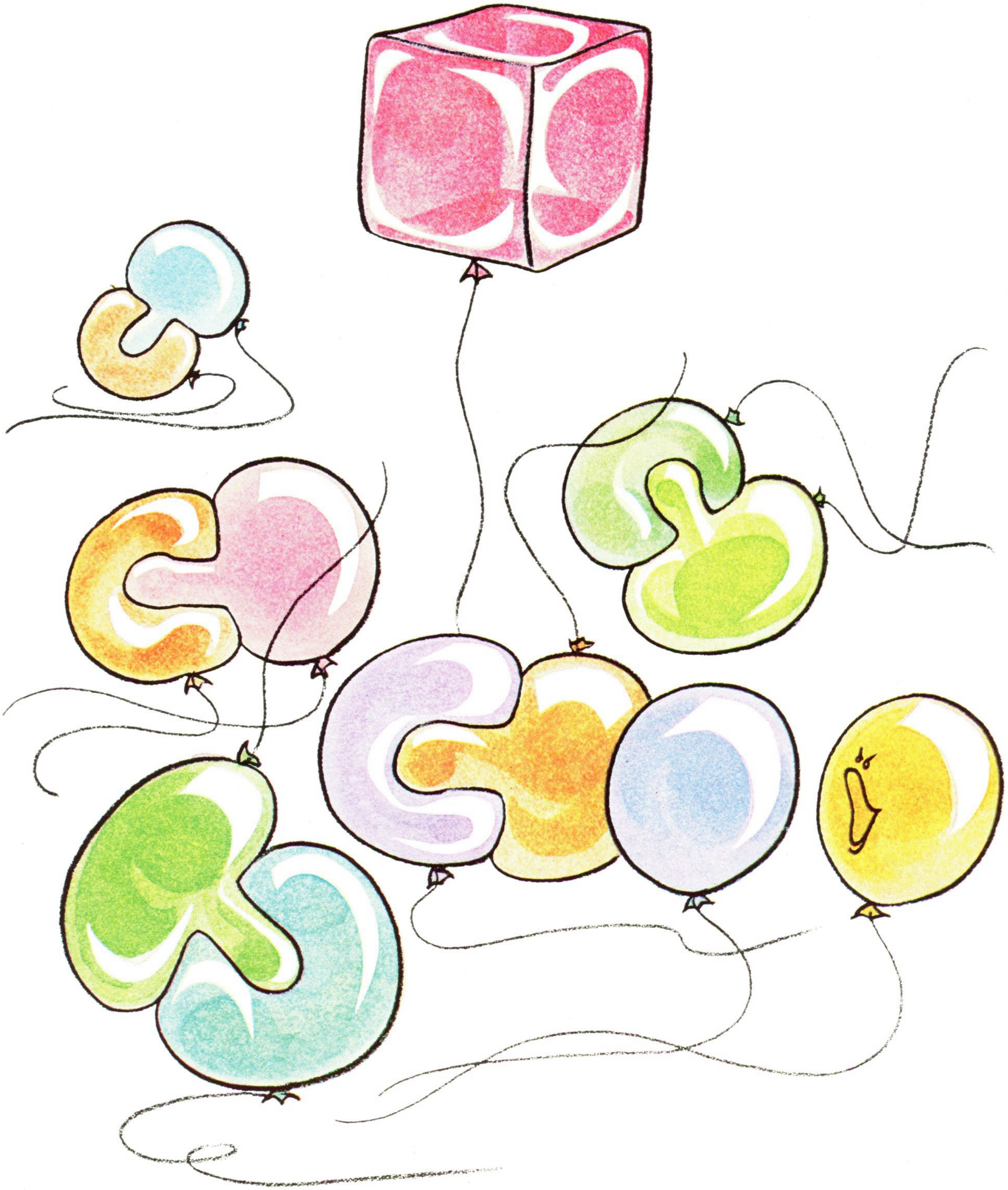
She meets me at the door, smiling, and there's no whip, no leather. I hadn't really expected a whip, but one never knows. She's six feet tall, she moves with a dancer's grace, and she's very beautiful. She has clear blue eyes, and brown hair cascades down her shoulders.

In 1965 she was Andy Warhol's imperious, walking wet-dream in tight black leather and a wicked snarl—the stunning sadist of *Chelsea Girls*, the dominating dyke of New York's legendary Theater of the Ridiculous. These days she makes exploitation pictures in Hollywood—not so big a change as you might think. She's married, she lives in an elegant house of gray brick and white wood in the Hollywood suburbs, and she wipes her feet on the doormat before entering her house. I think she walks on knives every second, like the little mermaid.

"I've never been a dyke," says Mary Woronov. "Being a dyke is a one-way street, and I've got much more to offer than that. Basically, though, I don't think people should worry about that sort of stuff. Masculine and feminine games are weird, but since I got married, I'm begin-

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"That's my husband . . . He thinks I'm being kept here against my will!"

ning to get used to them. There's something about playing a traditional sexual role that's like participating in a cultural event—it's comforting, it's reassuring, it's patriotic."

She wasn't comforting in 1965. She was Mary Might (nickname courtesy of Andy), queen of the underground. "Gerard Malanga, Warhol's 'assistant,' bought me a pair of skintight black leather pants and three whips—two of which are now with my mother in Florida." (One hesitates to ask about whip number three.) "I never hurt anyone with the whips. They were just things to dance with, like feather boas."

She played a merciless department store detective in Warhol's *Hedy*, and she was mean Hanoi Hannah in the classic *Chelsea Girls*, sharing the screen with superstar Ondine. "Ondine and I made a perfect team," she recalls, smiling fondly. "He was crashingly gay and yet masculine; I was very masculine and yet a woman." She played the dominating mother in Ronald Tavel's *Kitchenette* at the Theater of the Ridiculous; she appeared as the Amphetamine Queen in *Vinyl*; and she was the Empress of the Universe, no less, in *Conquest of the Universe*.

She was an archetypal fantasy, playing sexual hide-and-seek inside her sadistic, dykey persona—flirting with the role, contradicting it. Cruelty was her stock in trade, but despite her sharp tongue and sarcastic delivery, she had a secret—a soft vulnerability at the center of that regal, glorious form.

Then it was over. Warhol got himself shot, went commercial, and the underground went up for sale. So Mary made *Sugar Cookies* for Ted Gershuny—90 minutes of luscious lesbian seduction, thinly disguised as a thriller. Mary was breathtaking as a dominant casting director, drawing a lovely actress into a sexual liaison with delicious, tantalizing slowness. And with plenty of scenes like the one where Mary undresses her actress, caresses her intimately with a pistol, and whispers, "The more you submit, the more you show your love," it was pure Woronov, perverse and exciting.

After a disappointing run on the porno circuit, *Sugar Cookies* disappeared without a trace, and Mary moved to Hollywood. If she couldn't be queen of the underground any more, she would be queen of the B movies. "I never minded slums," she notes, "I never minded fags, I never minded the back door. It looked just like the front door to me, and I'll tell you something: it still does."

Exploitation movies—the back door to Hollywood indeed. Many of the best exploitation filmmakers had been "underground" themselves once, and Mary found herself in some of the most important exploitation pictures of the last five years. She was Calamity Jane Kelly, a ruthless (and gorgeous) race driver in *Death Race 2000*, Paul Bartel's marvelous tongue-in-cheek science-fiction thriller about a cross-country race in which drivers score points by killing pedestrians. She was the leader of (what else?) the All-Girl Team in *Cannonball*, sort of a sequel.

She was reigning exploitation star Mary McQueen in *Hollywood Boulevard*, directed by Joe Dante and Alan Arkush, an ultrahip satire on the exploitation business itself. Mary played it flat-out camp: half Norma Desmond (from *Sunset Boulevard*), half Edie Williams. Whether she was screaming "Blow it out your ass!" at a silly director (played by Bartel) who questioned her "dedication" or taunting a starlet she was about to kill with "You'll never be a star *now*, you little cunt!" she was delicious. Still, the purest moment was wordless: Mary, legs apart, wearing nothing but a thigh-low safari jacket, shooting twin pistols right into the camera, smiling like a little girl at a picnic.

But her best-known performance was as undoubtedly Miss Togar, the dykey, sadistic principal in *Rock 'n' Roll High School*—the midnight movie smash featuring the Ramones and an exploding high school. Mary played Miss Togar in severe Joan Crawford drag. "I wasn't pretty," she notes, "but I was pretty funny."

She wore a translucent white blouse with the top three buttons open and big, funky brown pants with pockets over the ass. She caught me looking at her and said, "They're, uh, three-dollar used pants. Aren't they horrible? I love these pants. They're tough, man. They're the tits. My husband hates 'em." We didn't mention her husband after that.

She opened a bottle of wine, and we talked about art, ritual cruelty, Warhol,

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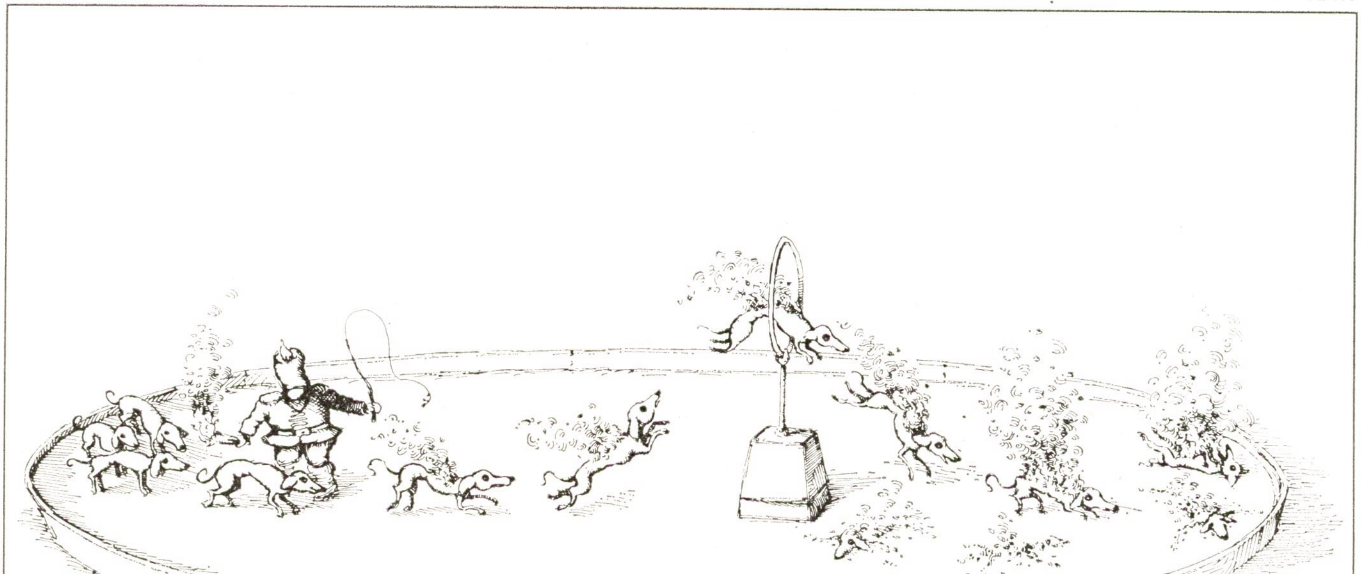


There are no Russian heroes of the sexual revolution.

SEX IN THE U.S.S.R.

BY MIKHAIL STERN
with August Stern

I tread on dangerous ground. If there is one aspect of a people's existence that cannot be approached with scientific rigor, it is precisely this one, their sex life. One cannot generalize from the particular, since the expression of sexuality is always highly individual and no two sexual relationships are alike. Also, circumstances in the Soviet Union make it impossible to undertake an objective and comprehensive study, such as *The Hite Report*.

It must be remembered, too, that my observations are those of a Soviet sex therapist whose business it was—over a course of 30 years—to treat people who were by definition ill, in some sense of that word. Even so, my patients' attitudes and behavior, and their problems, were so similar that I believe I am justified in viewing them as representative of the Russian people as a whole.

HOW DO RUSSIANS MAKE LOVE?

By far the most popular sexual position is what the Russians call the "crayfish"—the woman kneels or bends over, and the man enters her from behind. Russian folklore and a myriad of erotic anecdotes, as well as my own observations, confirm that this is the favored position among all classes of society. It is apparently also the usual position among so-called primitive peoples and the higher mammals. I will leave it to the reader to judge whether this might suggest that the Russian people have remained closer to their origins than most.

The general level of sexual sophistication in Russia is very low. The woman is usually inexperienced and passive, and the man, hurried, tactless, and even brutal. The man often behaves as though it were enough to penetrate the woman's vagina to cause her uncontrollable ecstasy—and should this prove not to be the case, he is likely to become violently angry, or withdrawn and depressed. He seems to be unaware that there are female erogenous zones other than the vagina, for he rarely engages in foreplay, and after ejaculation he is quick to dismount, turn his back, and

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

From the forthcoming book *Sex in the U.S.S.R.*, to be published by Times books. Copyright © 1980 by Dr. Mikhail Stern

then roll over and go to sleep.

In fact, the majority of men in the Soviet Union are quite simply unaware that clitoral orgasm exists. And as anything that relates to sex or sexual techniques is strictly taboo, the woman dare not mention the possibility of such a thing to her husband. Consequently a man might have the greatest affection for his wife and still not have the slightest clue as to what really gives her pleasure. As one may well imagine, sex here is somewhat lacking in originality and refinement. Russians almost never make love in the daylight hours; they prefer darkness so that one need not look at the partner's body and can rest assured that one's own is equally invisible. To make doubly sure, they often pull the bedclothes over their heads when they make love and, to clinch the matter, close their eyes.

Recently, however, they have begun to react against this traditional prudishness, sometimes with disastrous results. Prompted by their scanty knowledge of Western pornography and determined to prove their mastery of imaginative sexual technique, some couples attempt to execute maneuvers that are, at the very least, ludicrous. In Vinnitsa, for example, a young wife was advised by a friend that her husband would be very pleased if she were to pull him around the room by the testicles. I was present when her husband was rushed to the hospital unconscious. In Moscow a dentist took it into his head to sodomize his wife on their wedding night. His efforts were so vigorous that his wife went into shock. (Luckily for her, her husband was able to administer artificial respiration.)

Erotic play and fantasy—in fact, erotic pleasure itself—are not considered appropriate to the marriage bed. To the extent that they are ever contemplated at all, they are confined to extramarital affairs or encounters with prostitutes; that is, to relations with women who play "outside the rules." I once saw a woman who had come to complain about her husband, an engineer named Nenaydov. The couple and their two children had lived in a small basement room for many years. Finally, in 1970, they were allotted a small two-room apartment with a rather primitive bathtub near the stove. Apparently this unaccustomed luxury had gone straight to the engineer's head.

"We have been married twenty-two years," his wife told me, "and we still love each other. But my husband has gone quite mad. He wants me to do it with him in the bathtub!"

I tried to explain to her that there is nothing intrinsically abnormal or horrifying in this suggestion, that so far as sex is concerned, there are no strict rules about what one can or cannot do, and that there would certainly be nothing wrong in her complying with her husband's request. At this she exploded: "What? How can you say such things? Here I come to you for advice, and you tell me to commit perversions!"

With which she stalked out of my office, slamming the door behind her.

Soviet women cannot imagine that marital sex could be anything but straightforward and unadorned. Their basic attitude toward oral sex is typical in this respect. If a husband even suggested such a thing, his wife would immediately begin to suspect that he had been leading a life of secret debauchery. A respectable woman is not supposed to know about fellatio, even though it is practiced by some couples before marriage to avoid pregnancy, among other reasons. One of my female patients was subject to periodic attacks of nausea during intercourse; it turned out that she had engaged actively (though, it seems, reluctantly) in fellatio before she was married. This left her with a profound disgust for all forms of sexual activity.

With such a limited repertory of sexual techniques, orgasm remains almost exclusively a male privilege. As we know, a couple can experience maximum pleasure only when both reach orgasm simultaneously—which means that since the man is more quickly aroused, a great deal of patience, consideration, and sensitivity is required of him. What distinguishes erotic love from simple procreation is the ability to "make the pleasure last," to prolong foreplay and find new techniques of precoital stimulation. The practice of the art of love demands a certain amount of control over the sexual act in order to enhance the pleasure of both partners, but in the Soviet Union "holding back" is almost regarded as a perversion. Thus it often happens that the man's ejaculation becomes the sole raison d'être of the sexual act. The word *orgasm* itself, a foreign loanword, is used primarily by doctors, and there is really no way of expressing the concept in colloquial Russian. The closest equivalent is the verb *konchat'* (literally, "to finish up," "to put an end to something"), which is truly a sad commentary on the Russian Eros.

This does not necessarily mean that the average Russian is completely unaware of the female orgasm. The popular image is of a volcano in full eruption, a high-voltage electrical current—with the result that some women who take this literally attempt to conceal their frigidity with a fixed, ecstatic smile (a painful grimace, of course, would be more realistic but less "convincing").

This erotic charade seems to typify the relations between men and women in the Soviet Union. By the dead hand of puritanism and prudery, by the slavish mimicry of some uncomprehensible "ideal" not only in public but even in the most intimate aspect of human existence, the act of love is transformed into a mindless caricature of itself, a tasteless farce.

One of my patients had slept with her husband for 15 years and never once had an orgasm (her husband was unaware of this, for she could give a passable imitation of "mad, volcanic love," as the Russians would say), or, more accurately, she could reach orgasm only by masturbating. One day her husband came home from work early and caught her—she had not even heard him at the door. He started screaming obscenities, gave her a good beating, and immediately filed for divorce. By the time this woman came to see me, she had become genuinely frigid as a result of the emotional shock of being caught in a shameful act, the traumatic effect of a physical beating, and guilt. This poor woman, perfectly normal before this incident occurred, became a permanent sexual invalid, if you will; and this story can be read as a classic tale of woman's oppression or, more to the point, a short course in the ways that relations between Russian men and women have been poisoned by lies, brutality, and ignorance.

Finally, I would like to present a much more unusual case, which nevertheless says a great deal about the kind of grotesque mythology that surrounds the "mysteries of the orgasm" in the Soviet Union. A student by the name of Lomonosov, who had recently gotten married, had nothing but praise for his new wife: "She's more of a dream than a woman. I've never known anyone like her!"

What he prized so highly in her, apart from her other excellent qualities, was her "passionate temperament." Lomonosov was astonished by his wife's extraordinary responsiveness when they made love. Sometimes, according to his account, she would writhe convulsively, cry out with pleasure, and faint dead away as soon as she reached climax. When she regained consciousness, she still felt weak and shaken; she could not even remember the final moments of their mutual ecstasy.

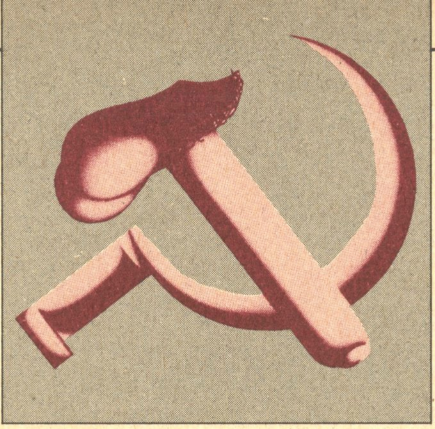
The next time I saw Lomonosov, which was sometime later, he was still totally content with married life, though he was somewhat puzzled by the fact that his wife seemed to drool so much when they made love. This, of course, aroused my suspicions immediately; I asked him to tell me more about his wife. Lomonosov seemed disturbed by this: "She's gotten to be very irritable, even what you'd call aggressive, but at the same time very sluggish. She still takes care of the house and all, but she seems sort of eccentric, obsessed with *things*, if you know what I mean. She's getting to be really hard and bitter. . . ."

Though I said nothing about it at the time, Lomonosov had just given me a textbook description of a personality type that is frequently associated with epilepsy. Neurophysiological tests confirmed my suspicions, and before long his wife began to have seizures when they were not in bed together. She, too, had assumed all along that these extraordinary convulsions were simply proof of her unusually passionate temperament. However, after she received treatment to control her seizures, she discovered that she was totally frigid.

If female sexuality is more often totally passive than passionate and volcanic, its complement can be found in the male ideal of sex as a show of strength, a performance that has become its own reward. Such men are not trying to make love to give or to seek pleasure; they are content with a simple demonstration of their manly prowess. This sort of behavior is not uniquely Russian, of course, but there is an additional element to deceit and self-deception that is peculiar to *Homo sovieticus* and seems to color all of his social attitudes as well. Since he is no more than a cipher in his public life, he must find some other arena in which to prove himself. (In fact, his wife's reactions are not as important as proving he is "somebody" to himself.) This machismo is often just another pose, a way of concealing genuine feelings of inferiority and self-doubt.

I have had hundreds of men trooping through my office, complaining that their penises were "underdeveloped." This was such a common affliction, and the patient's accounts of their symptoms were so repetitious, that I became as familiar with the "atrophied-penis complex" as the general practitioner is with the common cold.

In many cases this male "show of strength" takes the form of aggression. Even if the woman is really attracted to the man, she must put up a corresponding show of resistance. I encountered an extreme example of this syndrome in the camp at Kharkov—an inmate who told me that he could make love to a woman only if she pretended to struggle the entire time. If she had not figured this out for herself, he would set the scene in such a way that she would have to struggle in earnest. After the last of these playful sessions, he found himself in the dock and shortly afterward in a camp.



The fetish for "a woman who fights back" is actually quite common. There is a peculiar Russian anecdote about a rich Georgian on a visit to Moscow who brings a prostitute back to his room in the Hotel Rossiya. She immediately sheds her clothes, hops into bed, and invites him to join her. His first attempt is a fiasco; he tries again, still without success. Finally he jumps out of bed and shouts, "Get dressed!" The prostitute hurries into her clothes (assuming that he's about to throw her out), but he stops her before she reaches the door: "All right—just try and get away!"

All this notwithstanding, male aggressiveness is not particularly funny (nor is it restricted to the inhabitants of the Caucasus). Some men beat their wives as a form of foreplay, an indispensable prelude to the sexual act, which is reminiscent of the traditional belief that a husband who never beats his wife cannot really love her. There is even a current slang expression for sexual intercourse, *trakhnut'*; the primary meaning of the word is "to hit," "to strike a blow."

In fact, there is really no absolute standard of "normality" where sex is concerned. As soon as human beings begin to transcend their purely physical instincts, they arrive in the realm of fantasy. Every sexual relationship is to some extent unique, and for this reason I am not about to set myself up as an arbiter. But I would like to make two observations that apply to the sexual practices I have just described: that the woman is purely passive, the object of the sexual act, and thus is prevented from experiencing pleasure; and that the introduction of a sadomasochistic element into the relationship seems necessary to fulfill the needs of both partners.

In 1953 a retired lieutenant-colonel came to consult me about his declining sexual drive. After I took down his personal history, I asked him to undress for the physical examination. His back was covered with welts, as though someone had slashed him with a sharp knife. He replied evasively to my questions, but I later found out the true explanation. After the war he had returned to Vinnitsa, met a woman there, and married her. He began to beat her on their wedding night when he discovered that she was not a virgin. He only made love to his wife when he was drunk (this sexual sadist was still tormented by the memories of his experiences in the war), and his wife could hardly stand the pain of the inevitable beatings. She began to offer some resistance, digging her nails into his naked back. Gradually their sexual relations assumed a stylized pattern—he could only become aroused when he felt his wife's nails digging into his flesh—and so the roles of sadist and masochist were reversed. After some time he found that he could get an erection only when the pain was too great for him to bear; anything less could no longer excite him. This relationship was neither "normal" nor "abnormal." It was simply self-destructive, since it finally became impossible for the ex-officer and his wife to have any sort of sex life at all.

I know of no better (or more absurd) illustration of the ways in which power can displace sexuality in a relationship than this one: I treated a woman, a 26-year-old economist from Byelorussia, who expressed her coldness toward her husband, an army officer, not by refusing to sleep with him but by deliberately preventing herself from reaching orgasm. Here, at least, everything comes together—female passivity and masochism, the idea of sex as a power relationship, and the idea of the orgasm as a kind of "tribute" the wife bestows on (or withholds from) her husband. It may seem as if her rebellion was entirely directed against herself, but in fact, as far as she was concerned, the orgasm was only hers to give away, not to experience for herself; for her it was a symbol of male prowess, and thus she could avenge herself on her husband by denying him the token of his virility—a curious kind of vengeance, one that is inflicted on oneself.

This brief description of Soviet "sexual technique" leaves me with the impression of imbalance and disharmony—the man is selfishly concerned with his own pleasure, and the woman, totally submissive, consoles herself with outrageous overacting in what is, after all, a purely secondary role. For the man, the conjugal bed is simply a proving ground for his virility; and the act of love itself is no more than a furious, painful paroxysm that momentarily draws the couple together, though they thereby become perhaps even more unaware of each other than they are at any other time.

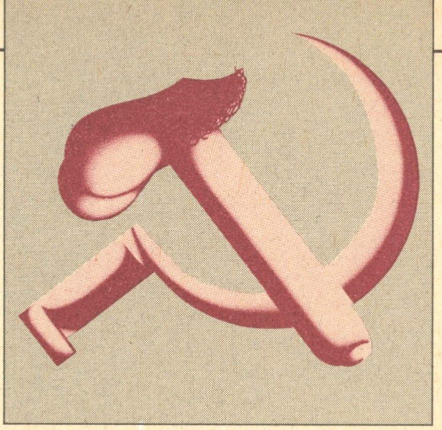
PURITANISM AT WORK

At this point I should explain to the reader that when I use such phrases as "fallen under a curse" and "banished from Soviet territory" to describe the vicissitudes of the Russian Eros, I am not simply indulging in metaphor. These abstractions are actually embodied in powerful social forces that affect the everyday lives of the Soviet people and that are largely responsible for the fact that ordinary human relationships are systematically deformed and degraded in contemporary Soviet society.

Here I would like to add another entry to the catalogue of the psychosexual consequences of the Stalinist repression: the phenomenon of *penis captivus*, which is caused by vaginismus, or severe, involuntary contraction of the vaginal muscles. The result is that the couple is "welded together" during intercourse; the man finds that he is physically unable to withdraw. Such cases (usually very rare indeed) were relatively frequent during the Stalin years. I recall one incident that took place in the students' dormitory of the Odessa Pedagogical Institute, in 1937. When the couple's plight was discovered, the doctors were sent for immediately. Someone threw a sheet over them, and they were trundled unceremoniously out to the waiting ambulance, still locked in an involuntary embrace, while a very large crowd gathered and hooted with derision. The whole affair was handled as conspicuously and insensitively as possible by the school authorities; they obviously intended to dramatize the incident for all it was worth, to make the sexual act seem shameful and ridiculous, even though the couple themselves, as it turned out, were respectable married students and not "illicit" lovers. (The doctors at the scene could have resolved the problem immediately—a slight pressure on the woman's rectum causes the levator ani muscle to relax, and the man's penis can be withdrawn—but Soviet doctors were—and still are—ignorant of such things, for reasons all too easy to imagine.)

In more recent years, with the gradual relaxation of moral standards, official repression has become less stringent. However, the old system of moral censorship is still intact and always ready to clamp down on casual offenses against public decency. "Immoral" young men and women may find their photographs (along with their addresses and the particulars of the offense) posted on a public notice board in the center of town. This is not only inhumane but self-defeating, since the only people who stand to benefit from this "object lesson" (as the practice is called in Soviet parlance) are prostitutes and their prospective clients. On the other hand, ordinary young women who have been subjected to this kind of public humiliation often end up quitting (or losing) their jobs and moving to another city.

Here is an incident that took place in Ulyanovsk (Lenin's native city). A man went out to fill a bucket with water, but right by his doorway he caught sight of a young couple and began to take them to task for their "immodest" conduct. The young man lost his temper, grabbed the bucket, and brought it down over the older man's head; he started to rouse the neighborhood, and the young couple took to their



heels. Only the young woman was caught; she refused to give her boyfriend's name to the police. The next day's "object lesson" attracted a large crowd of loafers and curiosity seekers; the young woman's photograph was accompanied by a doggerel poem that accused her of supplementing her regular income (she was a schoolteacher, in fact) by entertaining a steady stream of male clients. Before long she was trying to find a teaching job in another city.

Soviet law prescribes that "economic parasites" (that is, persons who cannot provide evidence of regular employment) may be expelled from their city of residence, and thus the police are accustomed to receiving anonymous letters denouncing young women for receiving male visitors in their apartments. The Soviet national press (which usually remains sublimely indifferent about ordinary crime reporting and "human interest" items) still publishes accounts of such cases for the edification of its younger readers. *Izvestia* reported that a 20-year-old woman was expelled from Kiev for "immorality" after she was denounced by several of her neighbors. Such denunciations can be a very efficient way of settling an old score or annexing an extra room in a crowded communal apartment. In a similar case, in which the farcical aspects of this legally recognized vendetta were more apparent, a young woman was denounced for entertaining a male visitor in her room. She had already received her expulsion order before she was given a chance to explain that the mysterious stranger was her husband.

Sometimes merely "suspicious behavior" is enough to get a young woman into serious trouble, without benefit of a denunciation, as in the case of Inga Markelov, a student at the University of Moscow. A friend of hers had heard that she was ill, and he telephoned the dean of students to ask if there was anything she needed—a doctor, medicine, money. . . As soon as Inga recovered from her illness, she was summoned to the dean's office.

"What is the nature of your relationship with this man?"

"We're friends."

"It's all too clear what sort of friends you are. When a man offers to give you money like that, he's not just acting out of pure friendship."

Professors and students alike became involved in this affair, spreading idiotic rumors and engaging in lofty moral discussions. The Komsomol committee convened a special meeting and voted a resolution censuring Inga for "immorality." Shortly afterward she was expelled.

This form of moral censorship requires two further comments. First, once more its victims are primarily women, as always, condemned to a life of virtue. In this respect Russian women are no more liberated than they were a century ago. Second, there are some areas in which official and popular morality intersect. Lovers not only are stigmatized by the regime but also are constantly being badgered by self-appointed moral vigilantes. If a young couple is embracing in a doorway or kissing on a bench in a park or a public square, there is certain to be someone who will call them back to order—a concierge, one of the old pensioners who sit in the park all day, or, most often, a middle-aged matron. Kissing in the streets, according to the vigilantes, is immoral, and particularly not a sight fitting for the eyes of children. In a country where lovers are harassed and pursued like criminals, where the individual has lost control over his private life, you begin to feel that society is telling you, in its loudest, harshest voice: "None of this belongs to you. You don't really live here. We do—and it all belongs to us."

There is no room for lovers in the collectivist state. Love has not been "collectivized," as the free spirits of the twenties had hoped; instead it has been expelled from the city, and the triumph of the bogus "collective spirit" has brought about the death of individuality. As a Ukrainian newspaper recently reminded us, "The honest Soviet citizen has nothing to hide; he has nothing to fear from an examination of his private life." The threat of blackmail is open and unrestrained. Though every social group exerts a certain amount of pressure on its members, at least their privacy is secure, and there is still one corner of their lives they can call their own. But the Soviet regime has taken great pains to rout everyone out of his private corner (since everyone is happy and honest, there is no need for concealment), just as the moral fervor of the mob, already ingrained as an instinct, still hunts down "immorality" in the most secluded doorway.

Humor is the eternal antidote for all the ills of Soviet society, and there is a popular joke about a police patrol that comes upon two lovers kissing in a Moscow street. One of the officers confronts the couple.

"Who taught you to carry on like that?"

"Maupassant."

"Sergeant! Run a check on this Maupassant fellow and bring him down to the station!"

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A WORKAHOLIC?

ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH YOUR JOB?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-two questions to see if you shirk or work

PSYCHOGRAPH

For some men work is more than just a way of putting food on the table and beer in the ice box. For them it is a consuming passion. Work dominates and defines their lives. Like junkies in need of a hit, they crave the rush they get from ever heavier burdens of work. These men are work addicts, and this psychograph can help you find out whether you're one of them.

Americans have never had much of a talent for indolence. Without a decadent aristocracy around to teach us the joys of idleness, we have enshrined middle-class values, and the greatest bourgeois virtue—hard work—has become a patriotic ideal. Consequently, for every cracker-barrel philosopher who spends his days whittling down at the general store, there have been thousands of us busting our rocks on the ladder to success.

For a while there, back in the late 1960s and early 1970s, the work ethic took a bit of a beating. But now it seems to have bounced back stronger than ever. Everybody you meet these days is talking about career goals, the need for high productivity, and the importance of returning to traditional values. Every kid coming out of college seems to have a law degree or an M.B.A. and, at the very least, wants to be head of Chase Manhattan.

If you happen to be a big fan of Andrew Carnegie and Horatio Alger, this probably strikes you as a healthy state of affairs. Yet a nation full of work addicts—while it may be prosperous—can be extremely fucked up. Workaholics (a word psychologist Wayne Oates claims to have coined a decade ago in his astute little book *Confessions of a Workaholic*) often pay a high price for their addiction. They die young; they have heart attacks, strokes, high-blood pressure, and nervous breakdowns with distressing frequency; they can't enjoy a book, a play, a song, a woman, or a sunset unless they can tie it in with their work; they sacrifice their marriages to their jobs, and they have kids they never really get to know. Success on those terms isn't always worth having.

If you answer the following questions honestly, you should end up with an idea of whether you approach work with moderation or with the single-minded intensity of an addict.

1. Do you feel that you need more money than you are now earning in order to have a comfortable life-style?
   (a) Yes, I always seem to be in a financial bind
   (b) No, I seem to be scraping by all right

2. With which of the following statements do you identify more strongly?
   (a) With the proper training, just about anyone could probably do my job competently
   (b) The work I do requires my unique capabilities; I've developed the various systems that make it run smoothly; and another individual wouldn't be able to do my job as well as I do it

3. If a fellow worker asks you for help or to take on extra work, what's likely to be your response?
   (a) I take on the work
   (b) I generally refuse to take on the work; I do my fair share of work, and other people should do theirs

4. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your daily lunchtime routine?
   (a) I generally must go out to lunch with various clients, customers, colleagues, etc.
   (b) I usually have lunch at my desk while I work
   (c) I usually leave my workplace at lunch time. If I'm not hungry, I may just go for a walk, but it's important for me to take a break from work during the day
   (d) I usually eat lunch in a company cafeteria
   (e) I rarely eat lunch; I'm too busy

5. When you eat your evening meal, is your work the primary topic of dinner-table conversation?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Would you say that you can do more work in a given period of time than most people?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. How do you feel about your fellow workers?
   (a) Most of them are not so conscientious about their work as I am
   (b) Most of them are more conscientious about their work than I am
   (c) Most of them are just about as conscientious about work as I am

8. Do you generally do more than your fair share of work?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Which of the following comes closer to expressing your sentiments?
   (a) I like to feel that I'm part of a team at work
   (b) I like to work independently. You get more done when you work alone

10. Which of the following comes closest to describing your work routine?
    (a) I generally get my work done in the course of a normal, eight-hour workday
    (b) To get my work done, I often have to work late at the office or bring work home
    (c) Even if I work late at the office, I still have work to bring home

11. Would you say that you're a perfectionist?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Does it bother you when you do a good job and don't receive praise for it from your superiors?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) a little
    (c) no, not at all

13. If you give a party, are most of the guests
    (a) people you know from work (associates, customers, clients)
    (b) friends from diverse walks of life

14. If you go to someone else's party, are most of the guests usually
    (a) people you know from work
    (b) people from diverse walks of life

15. How much sleep do you require?
    (a) a lot
    (b) an average amount
    (c) very little

16. Do you often tell people how little sleep you get?

(a) yes
(b) no

17. How do you feel about vacations?
    (a) I take every bit of vacation that I'm entitled to, and I enjoy myself thoroughly
    (b) I enjoy my vacations, but I usually bring along some work as well
    (c) I take a lot of work with me when I go on vacation
    (d) I rarely take vacations, because I'm too busy

18. Do you usually work more than five days a week?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Does it bother you that you don't have as many material things as some other people have?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) In the long run, happiness is more important than success
    (b) You can't really be happy until you're successful

21. Do you spend an extremely large part of your workday on the telephone?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

22. How do you feel about incompetence in others?
    (a) It drives me up the wall
    (b) I may not particularly like it, but it's part of life that you have to accept and deal with

SCORING

Each possible answer on this quiz has been assigned a point value, which is listed on the table below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 110 points; the lowest is 22.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-4, b-4, c-1 d-2, e-5
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-1
7. a-5, b-1, c-3
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-4, c-5
11. a-5, b-1
12. a-5, b-3, c-1
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-1, b-3, c-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-3, c-4, d-5
18. 1-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-1, b-5
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-5, b-1

If you scored 91–110 points:
You are totally obsessed with your work. You probably break into a cold sweat if you don't have an attaché case near at hand. Your idea of an interesting night in bed is to curl up under the covers with an annual report and a couple of computer printouts. In the classic book *The Organization Man,* sociologist William H. Whyte described you as a person "so completely involved in his work that he cannot distinguish between work and the rest of his life—and he is happy that he cannot."

Your approach to work may bring you enormous financial success, but it can also take an appalling physical and mental toll. In *Confessions of a Workaholic,* Wayne Oates notes that men like you form their obsessive work habits in their teens and twenties, when their physical and emotional reserves are greatest. Problems arise as these men enter middle age and place the same demands on a body and psyche that are no longer young.

As long as you continue to work, you'll probably be happy. But if, for some reason, you are unable to work (if you are fired, become sick, or are forced to retire), you may find that your life is desolate. It's something to think about before it's too late. (There is one bright spot, however: you are reading this magazine, which devotes itself to the pleasures of a well-rounded life. So there may be hope for you yet.)

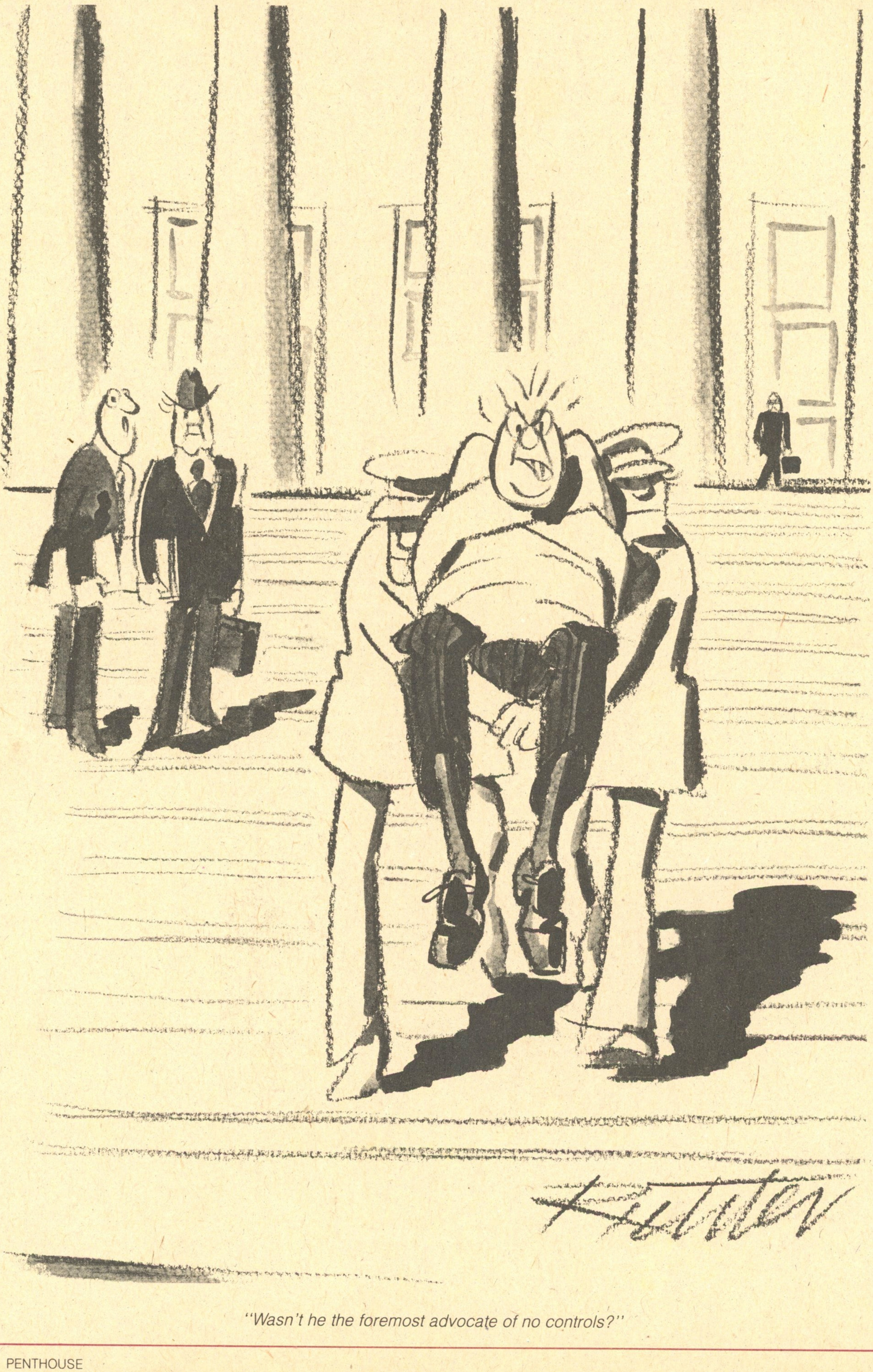
71–90 points:
You have an above-average devotion to work. You have a hard-driving attitude toward your job and probably find that you're often thinking about work even when you're supposed to be relaxing.

Some of your answers indicate that work may be taking up a larger place in your life than you'd really like. Unlike the man in the above category, you don't really want to be a work addict. If you want to climb out of your psychic hole, there are a couple of things you might try. First, do at least one thing every day that has no connection with work. Pick up a book that is not required reading for your job; go to bed with a woman and give your full attention to *her* (and not to today's sales meeting or tomorrow's report). Whatever activity you choose, make sure that you devote yourself entirely to enjoying it. Don't let thoughts of your job intrude. It may take a conscious effort at first, but eventually you'll get the hang of it and begin to enjoy things that aren't related to your work.

You might also try doing nothing at all. Take 15 minutes each day and let your mind wander. Allow yourself to think about anything except work. Your mind needs a chance to limber up and explore some of the psychic corners it has long ignored. Keep at it and you may find you're a lot happier.

41–70 points:
You are the proverbial "average" worker. In our society that sounds like an insult, but it shouldn't be. It means that you do your work well and conscientiously but that you don't get hung up about it. You're a well-balanced guy who still has time for friends, family, sports, culture, and all sorts of other things. You realize that life is too short to be devoted entirely to earning a buck. It's people like you who bring some civility and grace to life. You won't step on somebody else just to squeeze another dollar into your bank account. You're a gentleman of the old school, not a wild-eyed careerist. You can work as hard as anyone else when it's called for, but it's not your whole life. And don't feel that this attitude will necessarily keep you from succeeding. A guy like Thomas Jefferson would have scored in this category if there were psychographs around in his day. And he turned out all right.

22–40 points:
Congratulations: you are a lazy sonofabitch. You are about as achievement oriented as L'il Abner. It's obvious that you and the work ethic have never been formally introduced. Work to you is an odious necessity, something you'd gladly give up if you had enough money to get by without it. This is an attitude that is frowned on in America but has been valued in many traditional societies where leisure is a respected commodity. (In eighteenth-century England, for instance, the gentleman who didn't have to work and could afford to spend his time riding or puttering in his garden was at the top of the social ladder.) Actually, you may be the man of the future. Forecasters say that high technology will give us all more leisure in years to come. If that happens, you'll definitely have a head start on the rest of us.



"Wasn't he the foremost advocate of no controls?"

BAD/BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

temple prostitutes. I was in heaven.

Whips: "I never played anything that *wasn't* sexual, but a lot of what I did was theater."

Fags: "I was never a fag-hag, which is a woman who pretends to be a fag's wife. I did a brother-sister act with fags, which is different. All the people who have *done* stuff in my life have been gay."

Sadomasochism: "The master is the servant. It's a ritualization of this stuff that's inside everyone, and it's a lot better than the Vietnam War. Vietnam happened because we wouldn't admit the truth about the blackness in us."

Art history: "When I did *Chelsea Girls*, I was a stone queen—I had no sex whatsoever. Which was probably just as well; the Factory was very big on victim-predator relationships, and people died."

Mary Woronov: "I have a goddess tendency. Give me a small rock, and I'll stand on it and be a small goddess."

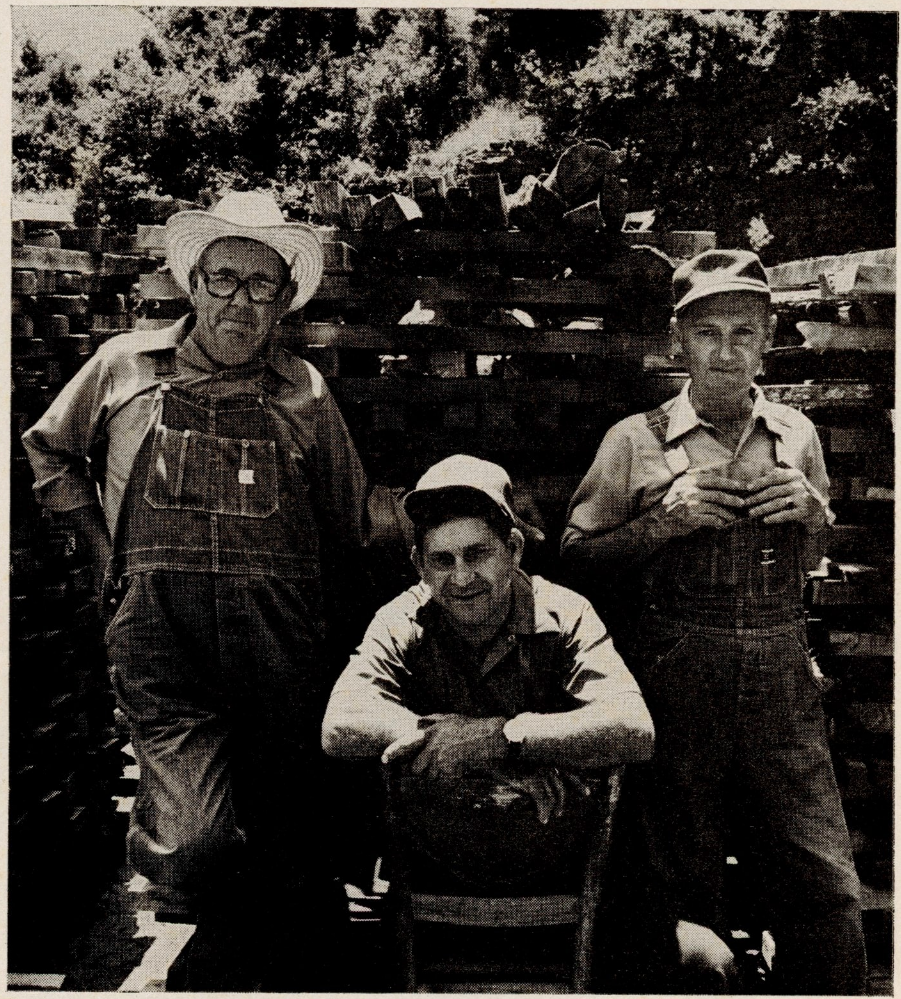
I found myself drifting away from the conversation, just gazing at Mary's face, looking for revelations. She had subliminal freckles. She had a few lines in her forehead. She had exotic eyes with a hint of an Asiatic slant, terrific cheekbones, and a sweet smile. I lowered my eyes and saw proud shoulders, nice breasts.

Another bottle added itself to the afternoon, and as we talked, she began to seem sad, conflicted. She felt that her career was at a standstill, and in a sense it's true; there just aren't many parts available for six-foot-tall goddesses in Hollywood. She then showed me her paintings ("I was always an artist; the rest of my life is really a joke"), and toward the end of bottle number two we looked at photographs of her, in some of which she appeared without clothes.

On the spur of the moment she decided to call Ondine in New York. Maybe talking about the underground days had made her nostalgic. She waited a moment for the call to go through, and then she screamed, "Ondine, oh, my Lord, Ondine, it's you! Michael, get on the other extension; it's *Ondine!*" Her eyes were ecstatic; she was standing on one foot with the other bent up behind her at the knee. She looked like a teenage girl talking to her boyfriend.

"Is Billy Linick still alive?" she asked. "What book did you hand to him when he was locked up in the wall? *Esoteric Astrology?* What is Jack Smith doing? Redecorating his apartment? That's all he ever does. Oh, I love you, Ondine! Me? I'm married. I go downtown and paint. No, there's nothing for me to *do*, Ondine. I'm stuck here. I'll be here a long time. I married a businessman, and he likes the house. I finally ended up in the suburbs. Listen, if you came out, Ondine, maybe we could do *Kitchenette* together. I'm so alone, Ondine . . ."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180



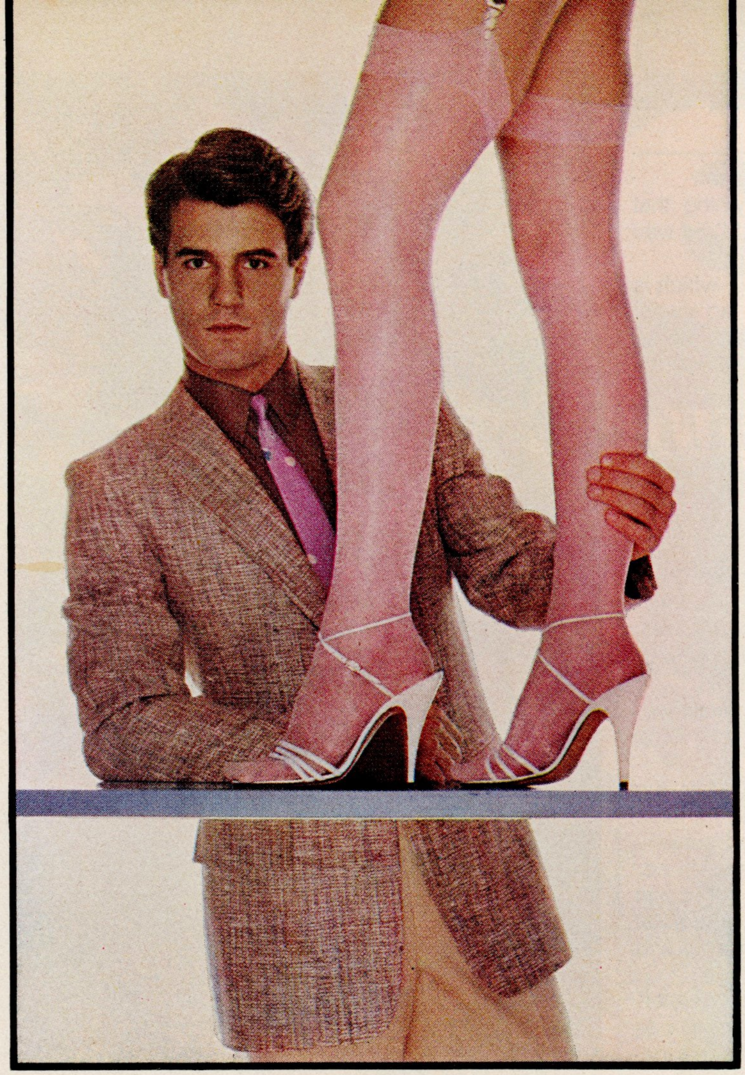
If you'd like to know *how* these boys can get charcoal by burning hard maple wood, drop us a line.

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a rick of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is packed into big vats, we gentle our whiskey down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers—named Bateman, Burns and Branch.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



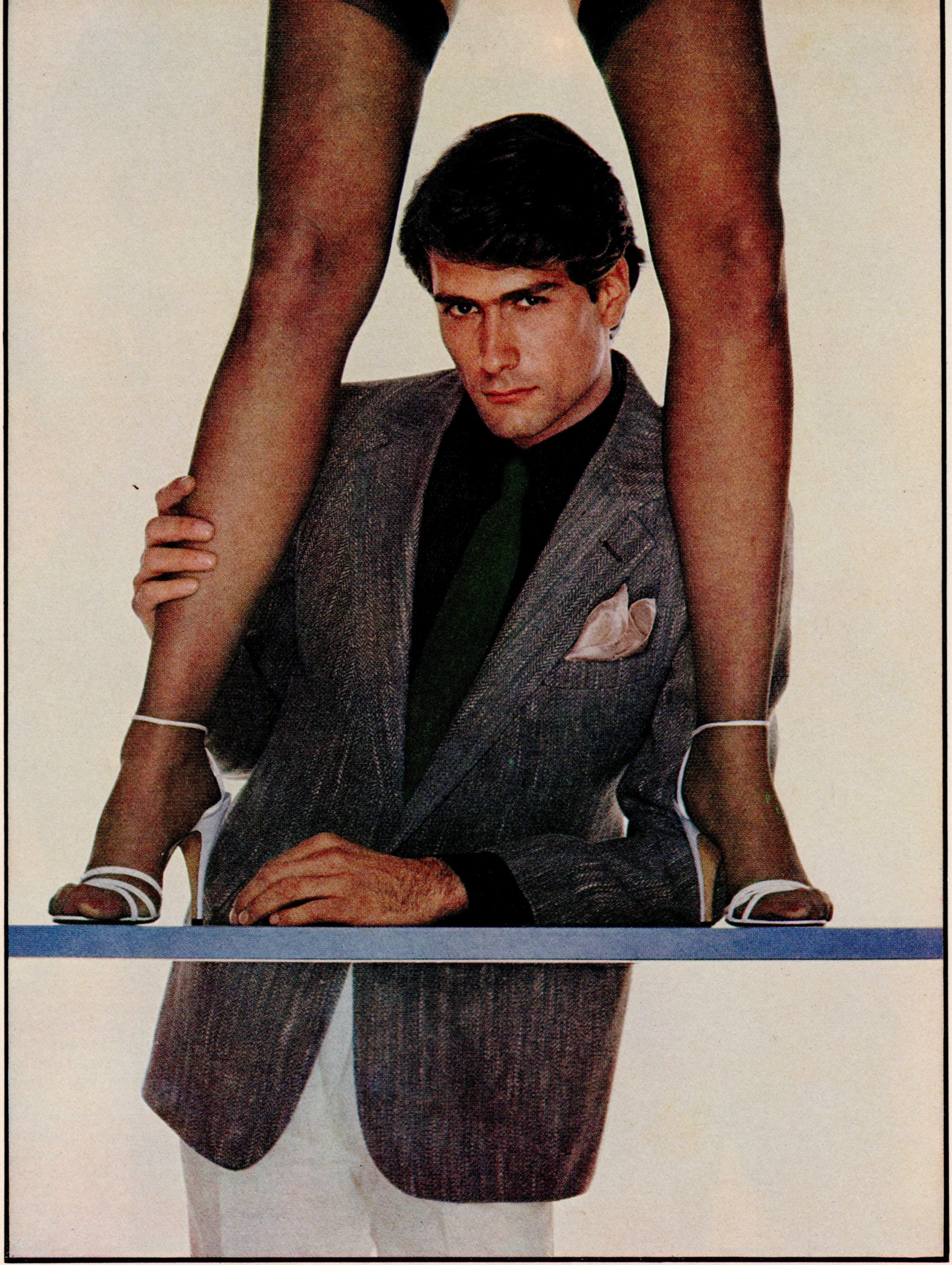
It won't take a lot of legwork to find the perfect sport coat this spring.

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

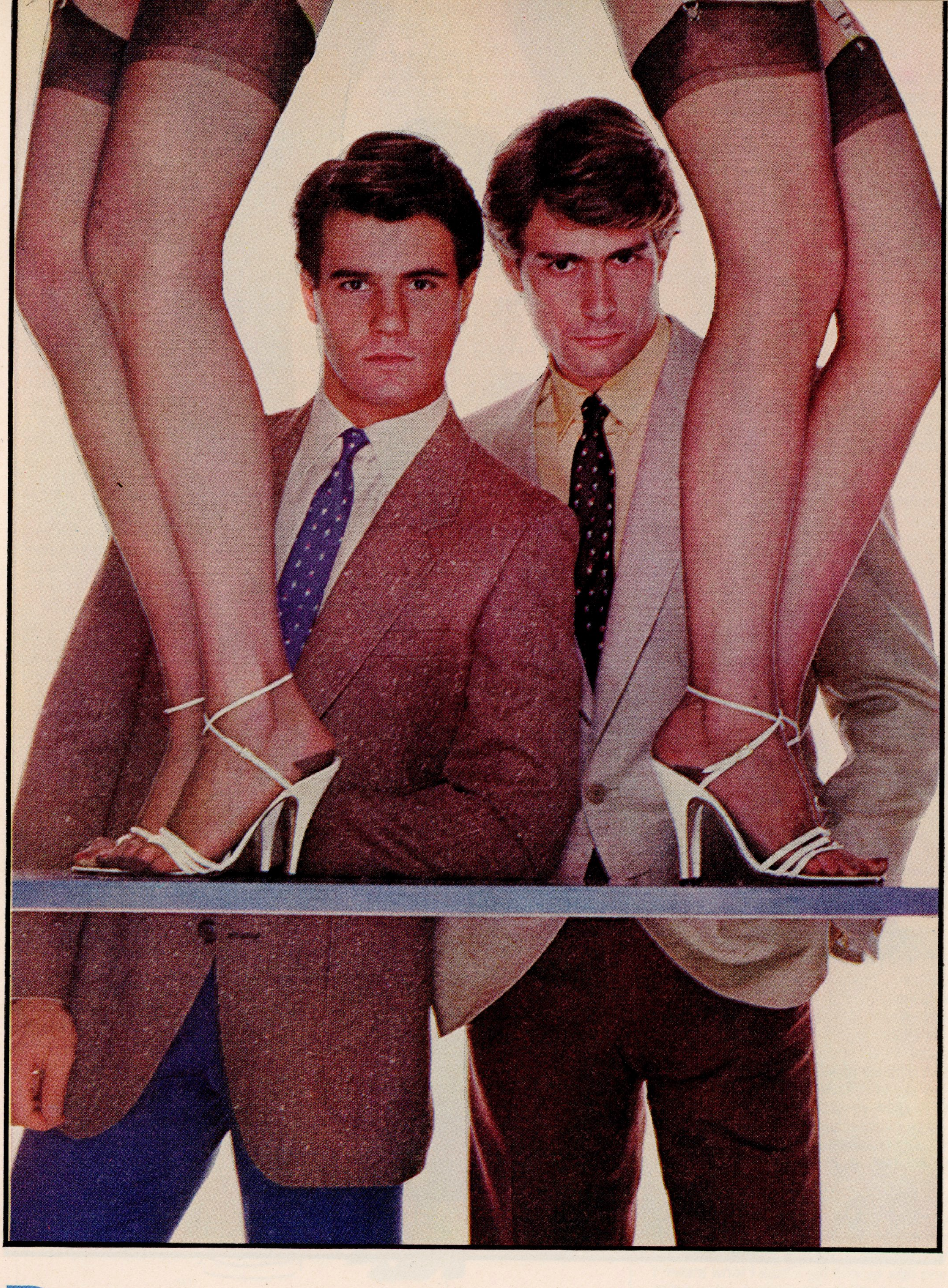
The winds of fashion change have blown the most versatile of apparel, the sport coat, away from the broad-shouldered Italianate influence toward the comfortable, soft American style. Men who felt like Rosie the Riveter in shoulders out to there can breathe easier in looser-fitting jackets. The sport coat is the fashion-conscious man's best investment: it dresses up a turtleneck and jeans or adds the finishing touch to a silk shirt and tie. This spring the real attention getters are sport coats done up in luxury silks and linen blends with subtle textures and paler colors. Trend setters are now learning to walk smartly and carry a soft sport coat. O+

Texture plays an important role this spring with blends of silk, linen, and wool contrasting with the sheen of all-silk shirts. (above) Pure silk jacket (about $190) and wool worsted trousers (about $75), both by Stanley Blacker. Silk tie by Vicky Davis; brown silk shirt ($75) by Fabergé Shirts.

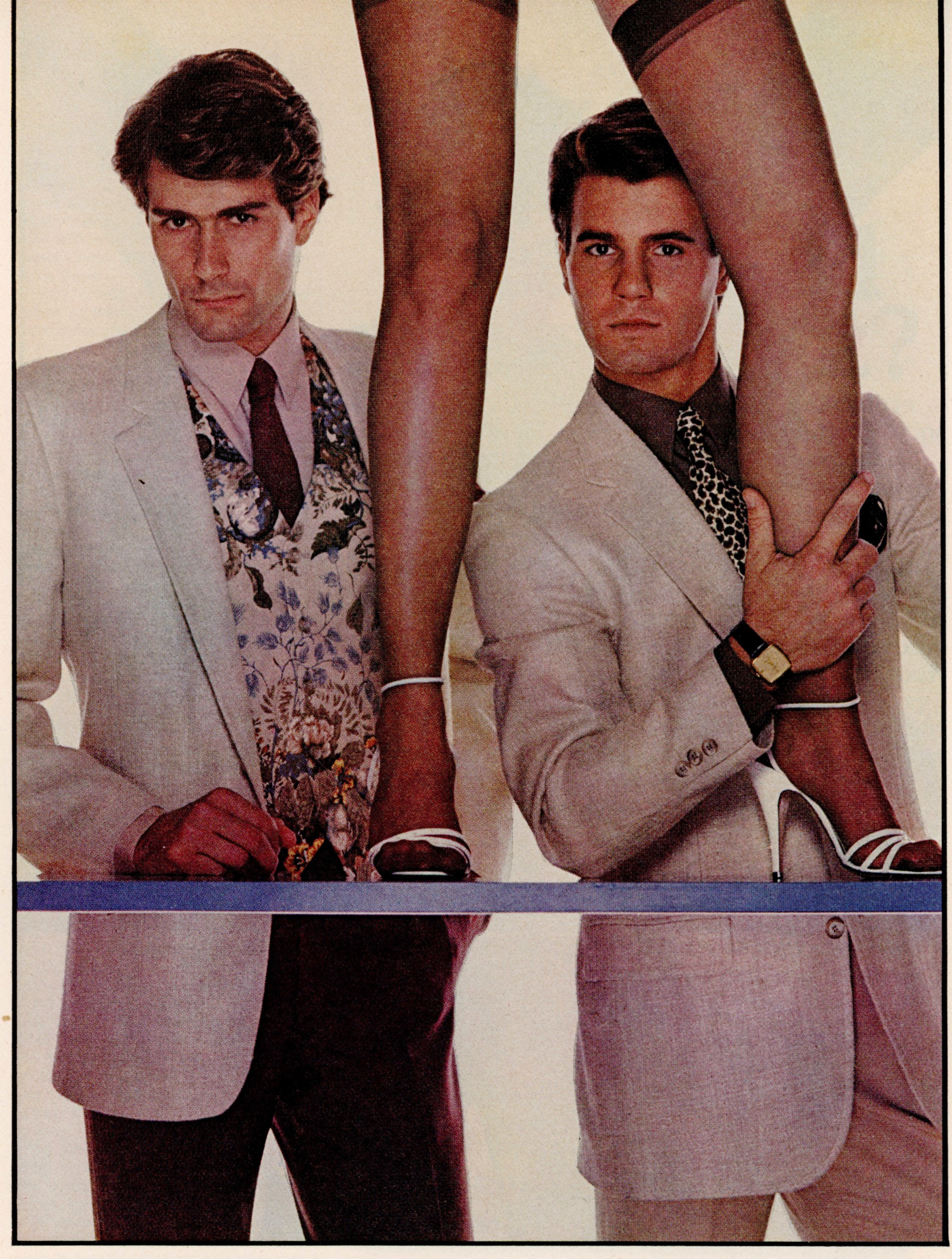
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING / PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER



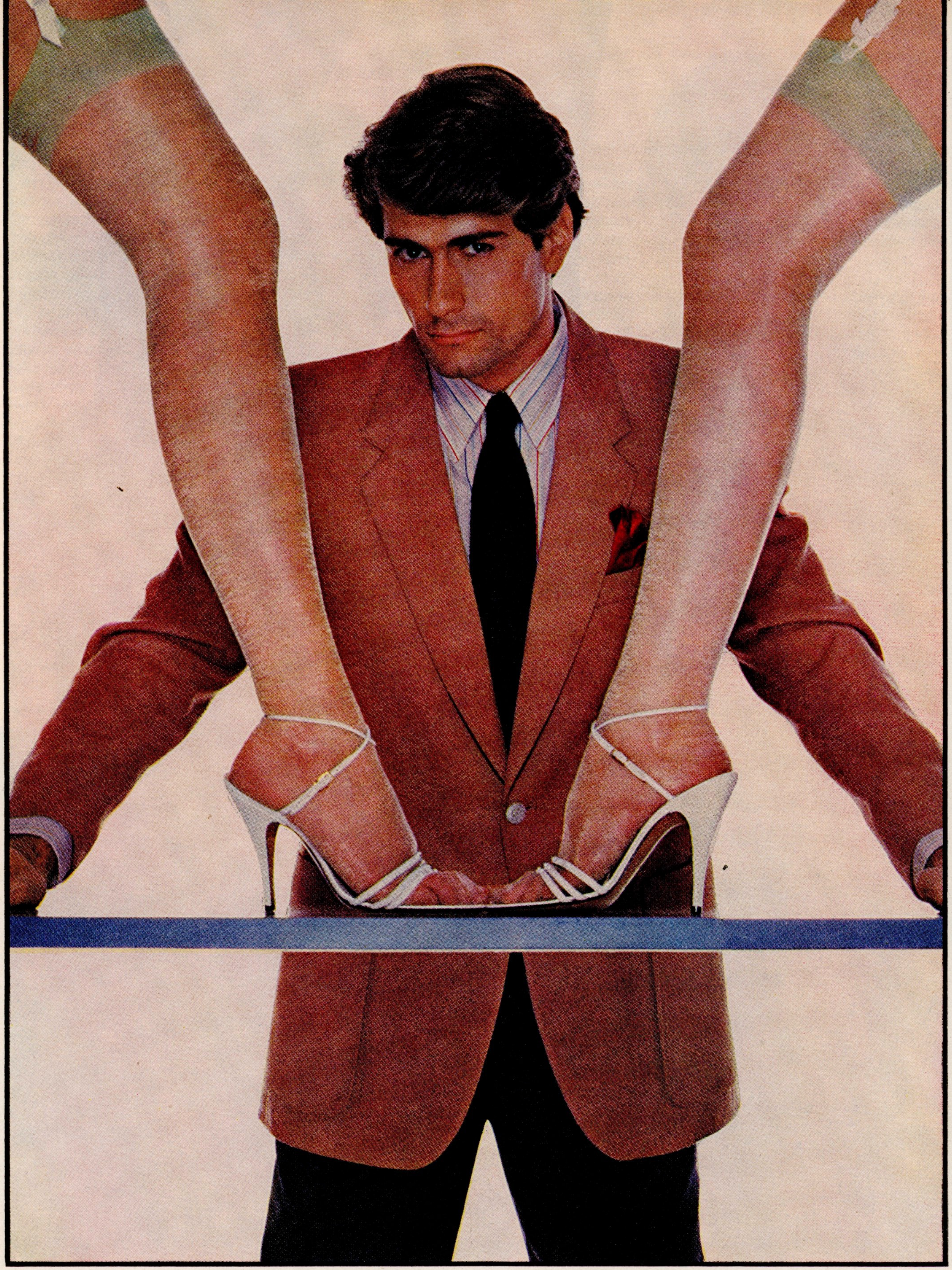
Note the ability of white and khaki trousers to pick up the hot shades in blazers (especially Kelly green and other pastels). Tailored details in the new jackets are always present but always discreet, with traditional patch/flap and set-in flap pockets predominating. You'll notice more patterned sport coats this spring, including subtle windowpanes and herringbones as well as bolder, real plaids. Seen above is a silk, wool, and linen-blend green herringbone jacket (about $225) by Country Britches. Pleated off-white Belgian linen trousers are by Calvin Klein. The black silk shirt ($75) by Fabergé Shirts; forest-green cotton knit tie by Gordon of New Orleans. All silk pocket squares by Dumont.



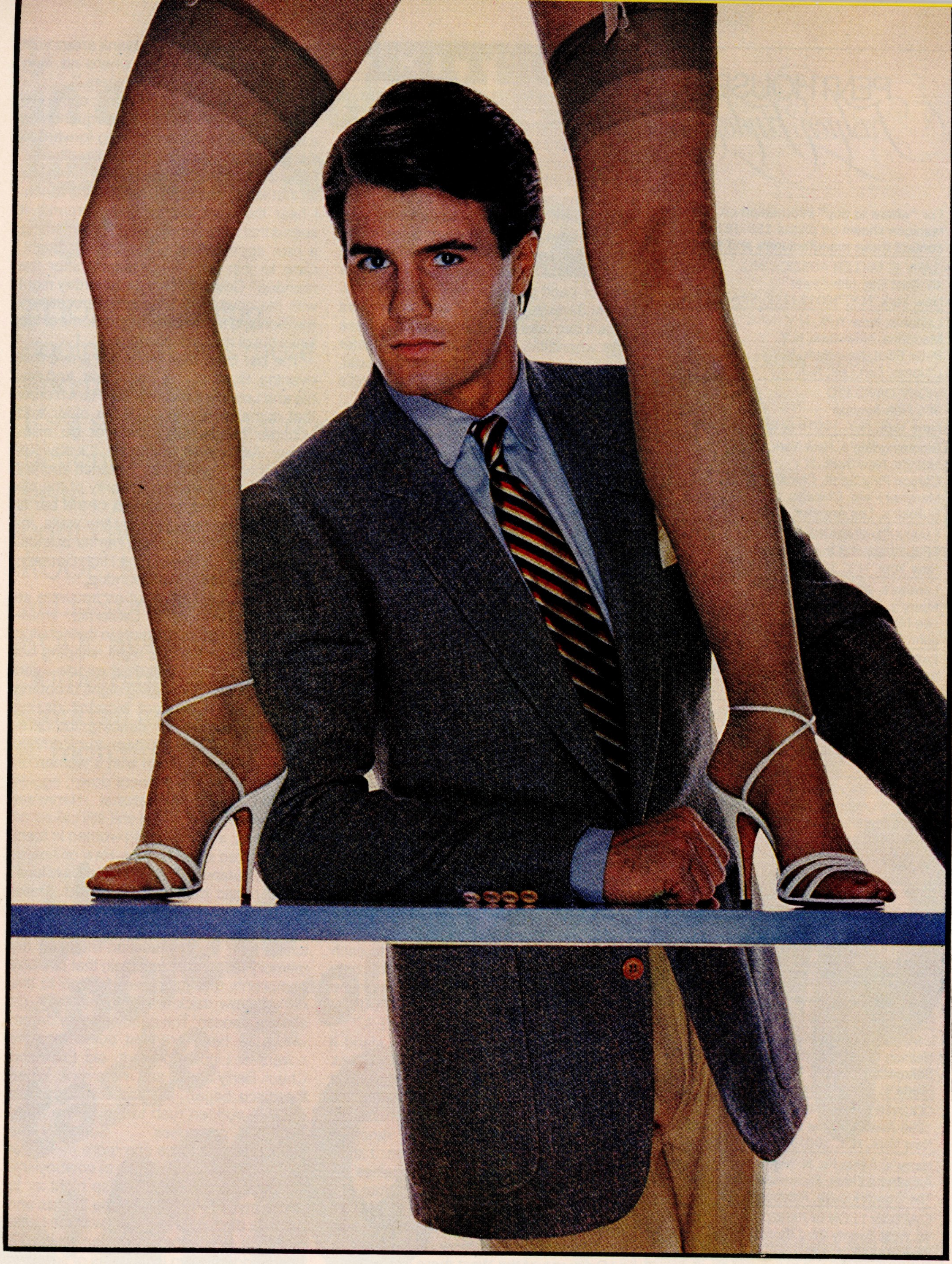
Designer names in menswear are dominating the spring accessories scene with an array of richly colored silk shirts and boldly patterned silk ties in a variety of neat foulards, paisleys, and geometrics. Seen here are two neat and exciting silk ties that harmonize beautifully with the sport coats. (left) The wool, polyester, rayon, and silk blend jacket (about $130) by Daniel Hechter Menswear. Blue gray pure wool pants ($65) by Bensol. Silk tie by Vicky Davis; pale yellow silk shirt (about $95) by Morgan Ayres. (right) The rust and beige silk blend jacket ($225) is by Emanuel Ungaro for William B. Kessler. Apricot silk shirt (about $95) is by Morgan Ayres; silk tie by Vicky Davis.



Natural hues continue as summer favorites. Designers are showing dark, dressy shirts and colorful vests to jazz up the naturals. (left) The textured all-silk natural-tone jacket ($175) and all-cotton floral vest ($50) are both by Ciatti for Leon of Paris. The brown worsted wool plain-front pants ($75) are by Adolfo for Bensol. The silk shirt ($75) is by Fabergé Shirts, cotton knit tie by Calvin Klein. (right) The textured all-tussah silk jacket ($165) is by Allyn St. George; the polyester-wool blend gabardine pants (about $55) are by Country Britches. Silk shirt ($75) by Fabergé Shirts; paisley tie by Liberty of London; the gold-tone quartz-movement watch with calendar ($425) is by Longines.



Sport coats are at the fashion forefront, with the fresh look of pastel colors. Shoulders are softer, with the dominant jacket style the basic two-button center vent with inset straight-patch pockets. Such colors as pink, salmon, maize, blue, coral, mint, and silver gray are entering the fashion picture. The salmon-colored polyester, rayon, and silk-blend jacket ($195) and navy cotton self-belted trousers ($35) are both by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. Colorfully striped pure-silk shirt ($80) by Lanvin Shirts; blue knit tie at Andre Oliver, New York City.*



Nubby surfaces in both trendy pastels and more traditional deep, rich colors are available in classic linen and luxury silk blends. Luxury is owning this wool, linen, and polyester blend sport coat (about $300) by Ross Graison, shown with yellow tropical-weight-wool single-pleat pants (about $135) by Contir and silk shirt (about $95) by Morgan Ayres; all for Gary E. Miller Associates. The silk tie by X'Andrini.

For information on merchandise featured here, see page 162.

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 156–161, contact these manufacturers and stores.

GARY E. MILLER ASSOC., INC.
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 582-0519

Layton's, New York, N.Y.
Madonna, New York, N.Y.
Peter Elliot, New York, N.Y.
L'Uomo, Fort Lee, N.J.

VICKY DAVIS LTD.
385 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) 679-1086

Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.
Macy's, New York, N.Y.
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Marshall Field's, Chicago, Ill.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Calif.

EMANUEL UNGARO for WM. B. KESSLER
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-1730

Lanson's, Miami, Fla.
Morry's, Chicago, Ill.
Lee Newman, Philadelphia, Pa.
John Carl, St. Louis, Mo.

FABERGÉ
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 947-6868

Available at fine stores everywhere.

DANIEL HECHTER
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020 (212) 765-5000

Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla.
I. Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.
Filene's, Boston, Mass.

YSL
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020 (212) 541-6750

Barney's, New York, N.Y.
Grodin's, San Francisco, Calif.
Mister Shop, Chicago, Ill.

STANLEY BLACKER, INC.
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 246-3232

I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Calif.
Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Tex.
Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.
Filene's, Boston, Mass.

COUNTRY BRITCHES
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-6750

Harry's, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Alexandra Dean, Richmond, Va.
The Coach House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CIATTI for LEON of PARIS
46 West Twenty-third Street
New York, N.Y. 10010 (212) 255-5430

Anton's, Detroit, Mich.
Syd Jerome, Chicago, Ill.
Zeidler & Zeidler, Los Angeles, Calif.

ALLYN ST. GEORGE for M. WILE
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 397-3600

FRONTIER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

of the government, practicing his life-style on government land, stretching it out as far as he can before some more powerful, organized lobby yanks the range out from under him. In this sense the Indians have more control over their land and lives than the cowboy does; they have been given the land in perpetuity, while the ranchers must rent their grazing lands from the Bureau of Land Management and the U.S. Forest Service. And what the government gives it can take away, especially in these days when energy prices are rising faster than beef prices, and it is known that coal, uranium, and shale oil lie under the brittle surface of the mountains and deserts.

Riding up a long, wide canyon, Buck Jr. spots a stake pounded into a pile of stones; a mining claim. Inspection of it fails to reveal what it is for: coal, uranium, what? But whatever it is, it's right in this broad canyon that the cattle must pass on their way to the water hole. Someday the Eltons will have to deal with an active mine working the middle of this thoroughfare.

Buck Sr. takes me ahead of the herd on the last few miles of the drive; he hopes that we'll spot some wild horses that live in the high desert near the spring. We don't. What we do see, though, is even more remarkable in a very different way. Rounding a turn, we are suddenly confronted with a barbed wire fence, a bulldozed mound of earth as a rudimentary barrier, and a huge sign: "U.S. NAVY BOMBING RANGE DO NOT ENTER."

Keith Ludwick, one of the cowboys, says, "By the way, don't touch any metal or shells you might find. When we find them, we mark them with a kerchief and tell the navy patrol so they can go get them. Sometimes they lose shells." Great. Why don't they practice on L.A. or Vegas and leave the desert alone?

We ride around the fence; it is only symbolic, running a few hundred feet to each side of the dirt road. Just past the bulldozed hump is another sign, for those who didn't get the point: "LASER WEAPON TEST AREA HAZARDOUS TO EYES."

I wonder how the cows' eyes stand it as I pull my sunglasses out of my pocket. Buck tells me not to worry; he's called ahead to get permission to enter the range. There will be no activity here, but this is one more reason why ranchers have to stick to their schedules. I think back on the "friendly fire" casualties my veteran friends have told me about and hope that Buck's permission to use the range for one day got through the chain of command to the officer of the day.

On maps of the West there are areas—wilderness areas, with no roads marked—that simply say "hazardous." This is one of them. Others are in Nevada, near sites like Frenchman's Flat, which will remain radioactively hot for hundreds of years. We seem to be going backward in time to the days when maps had blank areas with dragons drawn in them, where no man dared to go. "Here be Monsters."

A mile later our work is done; cattle are ringed around the water trough, quenching a two-day thirst. We are looking forward to riding the last mile back to the horse trailer, parked on one of the ubiquitous dirt roads so that we can be driven back to the ranch. I hear the word *dance* going around; it seems that a live band is going to be making a rare appearance in Lone Pine tonight. Care to join in? Well, a dance after the roundup? Going to town on Saturday night with the cowboys? It seems a necessary tradition and a chance to shake some of the kinks out of my back and legs.

The bar is packed when we arrive that evening. Buck Jr., his wife, Chris, and Annie and Lou are the Cabin Bar Ranch crew that come along; most of the older and younger hands stay home or go elsewhere. As soon as we step in, it's obvious that in this "cowboy bar" in ranch country cowboys are a distinct minority of the clientele. The Western appeal of the bar is built in: ranch brands circle the walls, including the Cabin Bar and Hunter brands. The band is Sandy and the High Country; the bar is named The Roundup.

But the crowd is about as nouveau as you find anywhere in California: small-town dopers hanging limply in their chairs, nursing a beer half the night, slipping out for a joint hourly; dolled-up middle-aged matrons out for a swinging night; brooding "intellectual" bar stool pigeons gazing wistfully at the women dancing, too cerebral to make a play for them; truck drivers (wearing cowboy hats!) with a woman on each arm, pouring pitchers down; aggies wearing their International Harvester baseball caps, mud and shit still caked on their boots; and the young women in fashions inspired either by Hee-Haw or American Bandstand, C&W, or disco Danskins.

The music matched the crowd. There were two revisionist cowboy songs all night, Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings tunes; beer and exhaustion muddled my memory for titles. It was plain that cowboy complaints and joys were foreign to this crowd. Now truck-drivin' tunes, they got some response. The dancing really began when the band cranked out competent covers of Linda Ronstadt, old Elvis and Chuck Berry tunes, and more rock. When the disco began, the bar crowd thinned out in a sudden rush to the dance floor, even the cowpokes . . . Suddenly the scene seemed to be one more metaphor for the decline and dilution of cowboyism.

I stepped out into the crisp night air to revive myself and gazed at the Sierras and the high desert. To the south was the Hunter Ranch, where the whole clan was probably bedded down in its oasis of light and warmth. To the north, in Independence, Old Grant was watching the end of "The Late Show," sipping coffee, his one good eye locked in a staring match with the unblinking television eye. Tomorrow will bring more *Bonanza* reruns . . .

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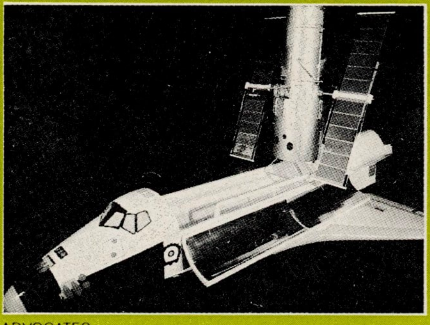
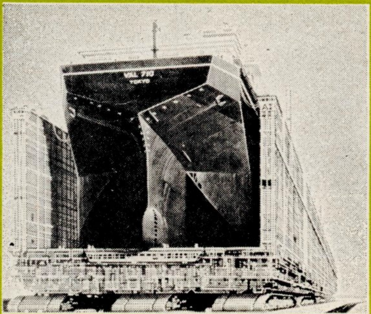
RALEIGH LIGHTS

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

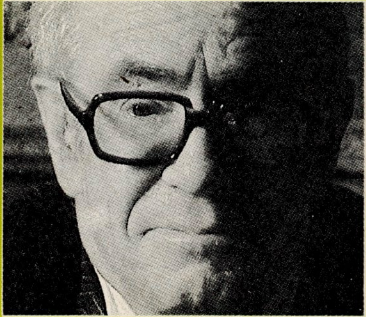
ON SALE JANUARY 22



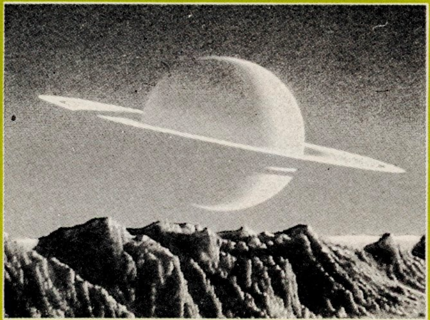
ADVOCATES



MACRO



INTERVIEW



FICTION

MACROENGINEERING—It takes the wildest ideas of people who think really *big* and turns them into reality. Macroengineers built the pyramids and the Panama Canal. Today they are starting on the English Channel tunnel. For tomorrow, would you believe artificial islands twice the size of Manhattan? A subway from New York to Los Angeles? In coming decades macroengineering will transform our planet. This month's *Omni* will tell you what to expect.

SPACE ADVOCATES—The politicians whose budget cuts have been strangling NASA are in for a rude shock. Vietnam and the environment were the issues of the 1970s; space will be the issue of the 1980s. In the last few years more than 50 private organizations have dedicated themselves to promoting space exploration. Soon they will sway legislation to aid their cause. For a look at the space advocates, read the February *Omni*.

SUBLIMINAL PERCEPTION—It first came screaming into American consciousness in the mid-fifties when a cinema flashed the words DRINK COCA-COLA over Kim Novak's alluring face. The words flickered too quickly for the audience to notice, but Coke sales climbed by 58 percent. Despite the public outcry, interest in subliminal perception is being revived. In the February *Omni* Eric Lander reports that subliminal messages are being used to treat mental patients and train professionals in specialized jobs. How can we be influenced without being aware of the influence? Read this month's *Omni*.

INTERVIEW—"One reason we've gotten behind in the technical parade is that we often research the wrong thing." The speaker is Malcolm Forbes, visionary industrialist, owner/publisher of the country's leading financial magazine, living proof of the virtues of free enterprise. "The automobile industry, for instance, has spent its time and money investigating people's color preferences instead of developing a better gas-burning engine." Forbes has been called one of the greatest minds of our time. Adventurer, corporate titan, and futurist, Forbes offers insight into the future of capitalism, high technology, space, global harmony, and other topics in an exclusive interview in February's *Omni*.

SCIENCE FICTION—The hero of Bob Buckley's "Where No Man Goes" races against death to prove his theory of interstellar transport. People are outraged at their playthings in Barry N. Malzberg's "Papa Got Shorts." Japanese science fiction debuts with Tsutsui Yasutaka's "Standing Woman."

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

a duplex and saving for our own house, so we advertised for another person to live with us. Patrick was disappointed in the woman we finally took in, as she was older and, although very attractive, just not his piece of pie.

Angelina was not interested in Pat either, but she sure had a liking for me. I had always scoffed when Patrick had inquired if I had any liking for females, thinking it out of my line. But I was intrigued watching Angelina walking around in only her bra and panties, showing off her large bosom. She always touched me when she walked past me.

On the day of her birthday she invited me out for a glass of wine. As the wine took effect on her, she admitted that she was working in a massage parlor and that her work mainly consisted of masturbating horny men. She tried to enlist me for that service, without my husband's knowledge, but I declined the offer. Not that I didn't like the idea, but I was afraid Pat would find out.

After that day Angelina went after me in a more obvious way, and even though I did not consider myself a lesbian, I enjoyed her seduction attempts and did not completely discourage her. As time went on, I got more and more hooked on the idea of making it with her. One day I gave in and let her massage me. It was wild! I had never been brought off so many times in such a short period before. Even more important, I enjoyed taking Angelina and making her come!

I was going to tell my husband about my affair, but something held me back, and we kept it secret. But every morning, as soon as Pat was out of the house, I donned my flimsy nightgown and brought coffee to Angelina's bedside. We would spend the whole morning making love. Angelina had a special way of doing me with her tongue. It was so long—and she could make it so stiff—and it darted in and out of me like a piston. I read once in one of your books that although you loved a girl going down on you, you still preferred a penis to get you satisfied. Well, I do not need a penis when getting tongued by Angelina.

But our love affair soon changed in style. I got more and more involved and soon found out that I could be taken advantage of. And she took advantage. She knew she was in charge and was not so loving any more. She demanded that I satisfy her but often denied me that privilege. I did everything for her—cooked her meals, washed her floor and dishes, and dressed and undressed her like a lackey in medieval times. I was very much in love with her, to say the least. Pat thought I had lost my sex drive, but he did not care too much, as he was heavily involved with another woman at the time. He was not aware of my secret. Angelina did not pre-

tend any more. She knew she had me over a barrel. So one morning she told me that one of her few female customers had expressed a wish to meet me. I was not overly enthusiastic about the idea, but as usual I said, "Whatever you say, my lady." Angelina understood my hesitation about having another woman. After all, the only reason I was with her was that I was in love.

When Angelina opened the door and I saw the visitor, I felt as if I was going to die right there. Not that she was ugly or anything, but I really didn't want another woman. On Angelina's command I was wearing my nylon see-through gown, with nothing underneath. I served wine, and I can still recall how I shivered as Ms. Dee tongued her lips as she watched me with unhidden desire. To my chagrin I saw the lady open her purse and give Angelina several bills, which she took and then left the room.

I closed my eyes and tried to dream myself away as Ms. Dee started to feel around my body. But after a while, I started to long for sex. We finally wound up in a 69 position and brought each other off. After the lady had left, Angelina took me in her arms and kissed me lovingly. She told me that I had been a very nice girl and would get to experience other women.

Xaviera, I am absolutely hooked now on making it with women. I am still married to Patrick, but Angelina has asked me to leave him and move away with her. I don't know what to do. I don't think Pat would mind if I left, but Angelina doesn't want him to know about our plans until we leave. Shall I go with Angelina and become a prostitute (only for women, which is how I would want it) or remain with the security and support of Pat?—L. L.

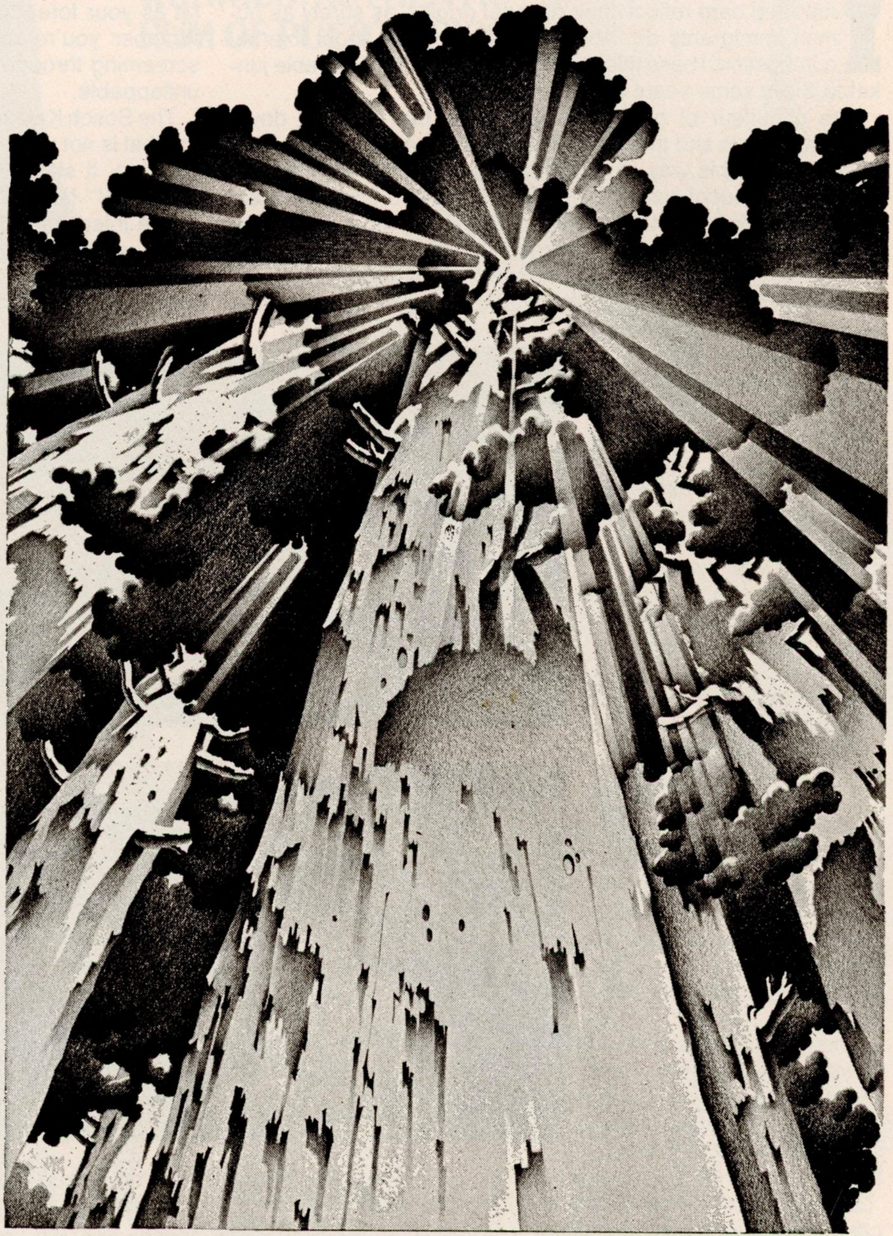
If you want to go be a prostitute, what do you need Angelina for? I don't care if the pimp is man or woman, pimps suck. Period.

Angelina is your first taste of gay love. Are you really in love or just infatuated with the thrill of lesbian sex? Sometimes your first experience with gay sex or anal sex or oral sex or anything else you haven't tried before makes you inordinately attached to your initiator. Remember the first guy you had sex with? Didn't you think, at least for a moment, that he was the man of your life? Infatuation, dear. Pure infatuation.

To be blunt, Angelina seems like a real cunt to me. Why be her slave? Why watch her treat you like shit? Why cater to her every want, including making you a whore? Tell her to go out and screw for her own cash that is, to get off your back and onto her own.

Should you stay with Pat? He sounds nice enough, but if you aren't in love, maybe it would be best to part. Tell Angelina to ship off and give yourself some time with Pat. After the thrill (?) of Angelina wears off, you just might appreciate your husband.

In the time it took to grow this tree, we grew a country.



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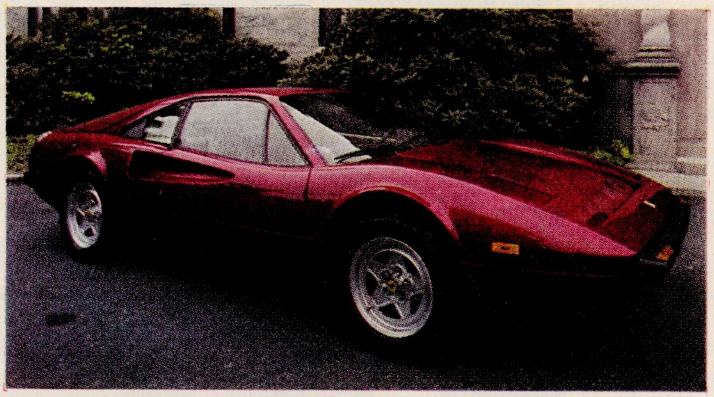
The first fuel-injected Ferrari road car surpasses its Grand Prix reputation.

THE ITALIAN STALLION

BY WADE HOYT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STAHL

Imported cars reflect their national origins as surely as human immigrants do. And Italians are nutty about internal combustion. I base this last conclusion on a memorable junket to Sicily some years ago.

The chauffeur of our lumbering diesel bus drove it down mountain roads and through narrow villages as if he were Nino Vaccarella on his way to victory in the Targo Florio. Palermo was a scene out of *Italian Graffiti,* with ill-muffled Fiats, Lancias, Alfas, and Innocentis turning every green light into a drag race. On one street corner was a crudely motorized wheelchair, powered by what looked like a clapped-out old lawnmower engine. Its owner seemed undisturbed by the noise or the clouds of blue smoke it produced—after all, it was the fastest wheelchair in Sicily!



This same spirit produces the legendary Ferrari racing and sports cars. The 308 GTBi is the first fuel-injected Ferrari road car offered for sale in America.

Ferraris are the stuff of myth and legend. In this age of cynicism and iconoclasm, it is nice to find a legend that lives up to its reputation. A Ferrari is everything you ever heard it was and less. Less because the GTBi's design is a paragon of understatement. The Pininfarina body is a sensuous amalgam of fiberglass, aluminum, and steel. Its soft, voluptuous contours counteract the hard-edged flying-doorstop look so fashionable among its competitors.

There are some cars that seem to be doing 90 mph when they're only going 40. The Ferrari is just the opposite. Even when it's blindingly fast, it hardly seems to be trying.

Like all Ferrari engines, the engine of the GTBi is a gem in cast alloy. A three-liter aluminum V-8, it is mounted sideways behind the driver but ahead of the rear wheels. It develops 205 horsepower from its 179 cubic inches at 6,600 rpm, and it revs effortlessly to a screaming 7,700 rpm. It will rocket its lucky driver from 0 to 60 mph in under 8 seconds, through the quarter mile in under 16 seconds, and from 0 to 100 mph in less than 21 seconds.

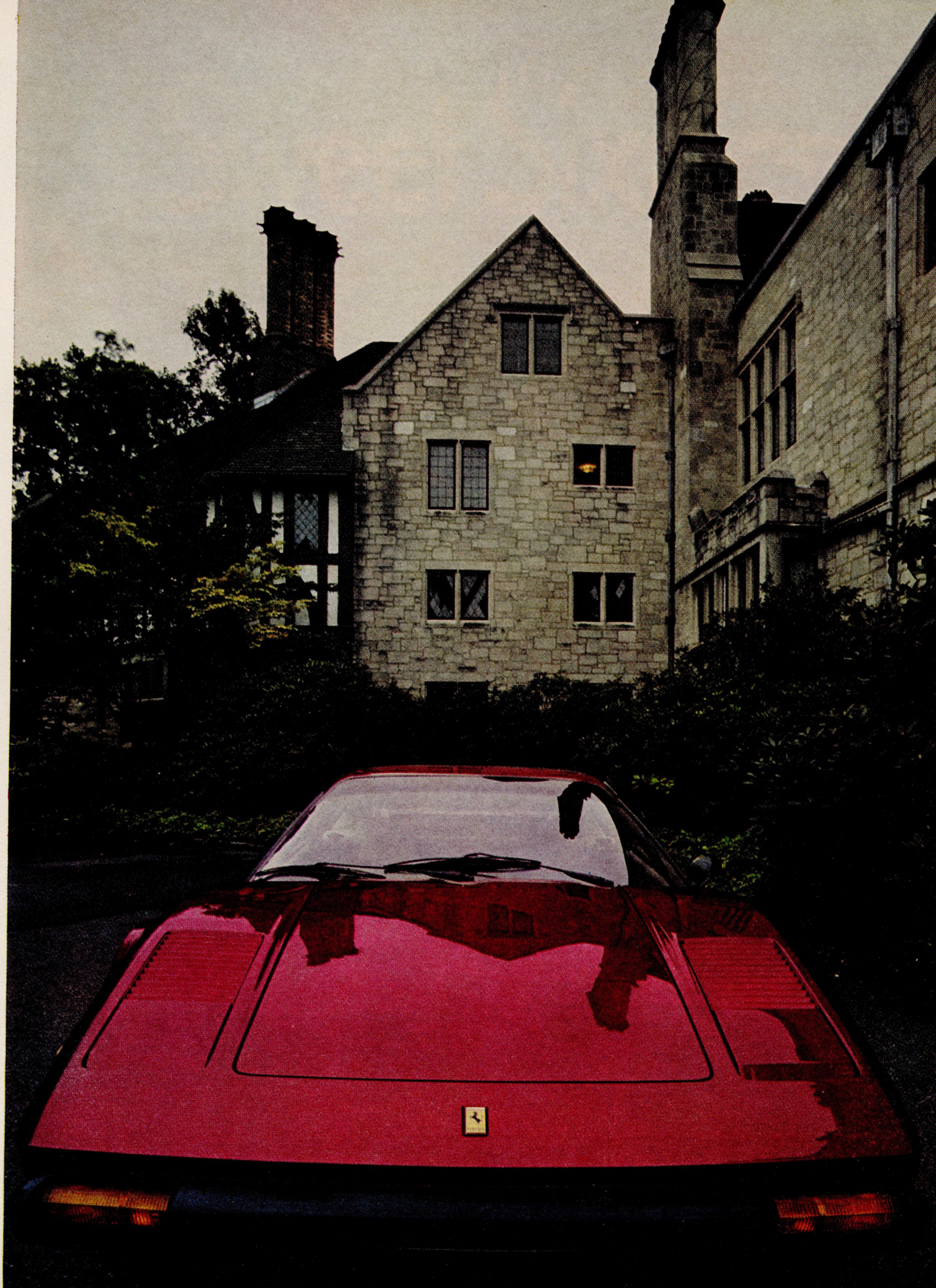
The handling is superb, but the ride is not harsh or obtrusive in any way. The combination of Ferrari's racing experience, $200 Michelin XWX tires, and special Koni shock absorbers as fat as your forearm provides road-holding that is outstanding. Whether you're ricocheting along a tight mountain road or screaming through a sweeping bend at 100 mph, the GTBi is unflappable.

The Bosch K-Jetronic fuel injection makes the GTBi one exotic car that is not recalcitrant when it comes to starting up on a cold morning. It starts easily and runs smoothly, something many "practical" family sedans can no longer manage.

The interior is all Connolly leather except for the top of the dash, where the sun would dry it out. Instrumentation consists of a dozen warning lights plus nine white-on-black gauges that might have come straight out of a racing car, save for the ludicrous red stripe halfway around the speedometer and the official Big Brother peg that prevents the pointer (but not the car) from exceeding 85 mph. The rest of the GTBi can comfortably do nearly 140 mph.

The gearshift features the famous Ferrari "gate"—a slotted metal plate that sharply defines the movement of the shift lever. Once you learn to ignore this device and stop aiming for the slots, the spring-loaded shift lever almost seems to move itself. You can backhand it into the right gear without even looking—which is a tribute to the effectiveness of the serpentine linkage that must snake around the engine to reach the rear-mounted five-speed transaxle. In the best racing-car tradition, the clutch pedal is heavy and the accelerator feather light. Likewise, it is a long, arms-out reach from the semireclining driver's seat to the steering wheel. The steering is a bit stiff around town, but it becomes light and precise at higher speeds. The four-wheel disc brakes stop the car safely and surely for those inevitable moments when some slug in a two-and-a-half-ton station wagon bumbles out of a blind driveway into your trajectory.

Ferrari Grand Prix cars have won the World Championship nine times in the last 30 years, half again as many victories as the closest competitor (Lotus), and this has its rub-off value. So, when you sell your house and order a Ferrari, you needn't consider it an indulgence but an investment. Besides, it gets 18 mpg on the highway and 11 mpg in the city, better than many other motorized toys. How can you resist?



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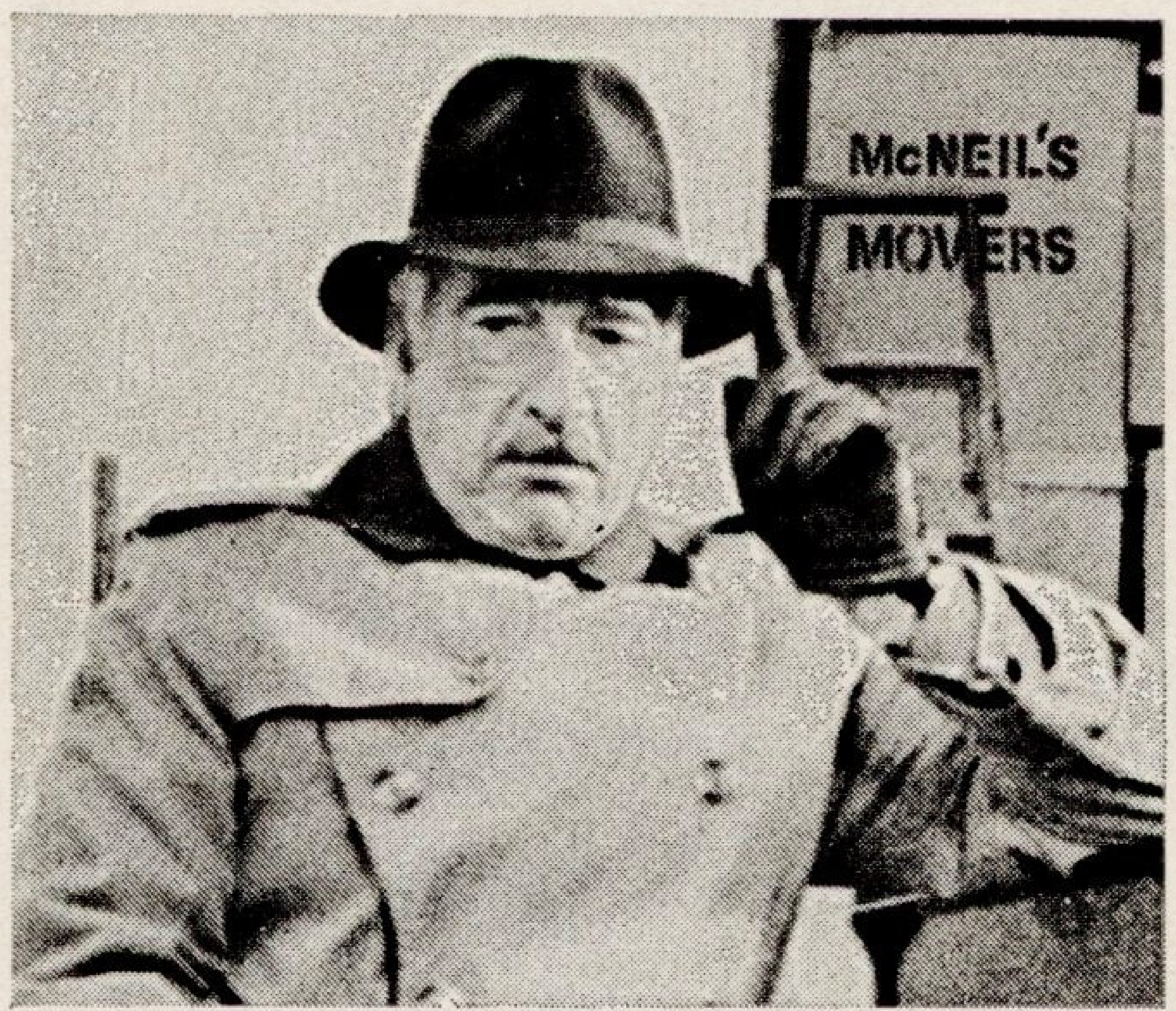

SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.
By Victor Borge

When you move, make sure your mail arrives at your new address right after you do.

The key is this: Notify everyone who regularly sends you mail one full month before you move.

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Don't make your mail come looking for you. Notify everyone a month before you move.

U.S. MAIL ©USPS 1980

CASTRO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

to Fidel himself. I, who was raised there, want to tell him to his face what I have just said. See if he could deny any of it. I was born in Cuba. I am a son of the revolution. If I can understand all this—that it is all shit—what can people say who are forty or fifty years old, with more experience of life? I grew up with the system, and nobody can make me change my mind or my feelings. Just today I heard Fidel on television address the United Nations as the leader of the nonaligned countries. Who could not agree with him that the world must act now to solve the problem of hunger, which still exists in so many places? But I would like to ask Fidel how at the same time he can allow his own people to go hungry while he spends so much for arms and troops to fight for the Soviet system. I would like to know how Fidel, as the head of a poor country, is acting differently from the imperialist powers.

"I had been planning to escape from the time I was in the military service, but I could not find anyone to go with me. People thought the way I did, but they didn't have the courage to try. Most of them wanted to go in a motorboat, but to steal one is a big problem. Also, the radar can pick you up right away. The patrols locate where you are, don't tell you to stop, and then they shoot at you. Obviously, I didn't want to die; so I looked for another way to fight and escape. The three times I tried to get a group together I failed. We did not even get as far as the water, just as far as the discussion stage. Somebody always came up with *but*'s. They didn't have the valor to try. They would talk about it, but they did not want to make the sacrifice.

"Finally five of us got together and made arrangements during the week before we left, September 21, 1979. One guy worked with me; one worked on the railroad; one, who was eighteen, was in the military service; and the last one was from *La Juventud Cubana* [Cuban Youth]. He was known as an excellent young Communist, a fine worker, and a good revolutionary. I was the leader. Our idea was to steal a truck at eight P.M. from the park of San Juan de Dios in old Havana. For some reason the owner took the truck away, and we did not find it until several hours later. We really liked that truck, because it was closed in back and we could hide the boat we stole on it. We found a tent inside, which we used to cover the part of the boat that stuck out in back.

"At midnight we took the truck and set off for the lake, La Presa La Guayaba. I had gone there myself two days before to check things, like what time it closed and whether they sold anything to eat or drink. I asked a few indiscreet questions to find out where they stored the oars for the boats they rented. I discovered that the place closed at six P.M. and that they locked the oars in a shed. After checking three other lakes, I chose that particular one, because it had the advantage of being very close to the main road and to the beach. They rent boats there for two and a half pesos an hour. They used to keep those boats on the beaches, but Cubans stole them to escape, and therefore the government had them moved to the artificial lakes they've made. We took seven oars in case some of them broke, and we got the boat from the water.

"While some of our group were breaking in to get the oars, the rest of us dragged the boat with great effort and put it on the truck with much difficulty, because the truck was very small. Half of the boat, which was ten feet long and made of plastic, was sticking out. There may have been guards around, but we didn't encounter any. Possibly they saw us and didn't want to intervene, because we looked very determined. Finally we started driving the truck toward the north coast. We left the province of Havana and proceeded to Matanzas, because the vigilance was less strict there. In Havana, for example, they have El Morro Castle with the lighthouse and many Coast Guard patrols stationed there. I had never been to the place we left from, but it seemed to be the right spot for escaping. I had chosen it from a map. The rest of the group agreed with my other decisions. We took nothing: no food, no milk, no water, and no compass—a very difficult thing to get in Cuba. I figured that if they caught us with any provisions, they would know what we were planning to do. I thought it was better just to steal the boat. On the way, if they had found us and asked what we were doing, we could have said we'd been sent to deliver the boat to Matanzas.

"At two A.M. we lowered the boat into the water. It was hard, because first we had to go down a cliff. We left the truck on the side of the road, got the boat in the water, and headed for the States. At first the weather was good, but the trip was bad. Our clothes were dark so that they would not attract attention, but we wore short-sleeved shirts—mine was of a gauzelike cotton—and these weren't much protection. I knew how to swim a little, but some of the others did not know at all. When we started, we didn't even know how to row. One oar went one way, and the other another way. Then the boat kept turning around and tilting. We couldn't go straight! Finally we caught onto the rhythm of rowing. We rowed without stopping, two of us taking the oars while the other three rested. We rowed all day Tuesday and then all the next day and night. At night we guided ourselves by the moon and stars and in the daytime by the sun.

"The following night it began raining, and we had a storm. When we couldn't see the moon, we had no sense of direction. It was raining so hard—the drops fell with such force that they burned my face. Because of the strong wind, we lost control of the boat. We couldn't row; so we tried to sleep. We could not really sleep,

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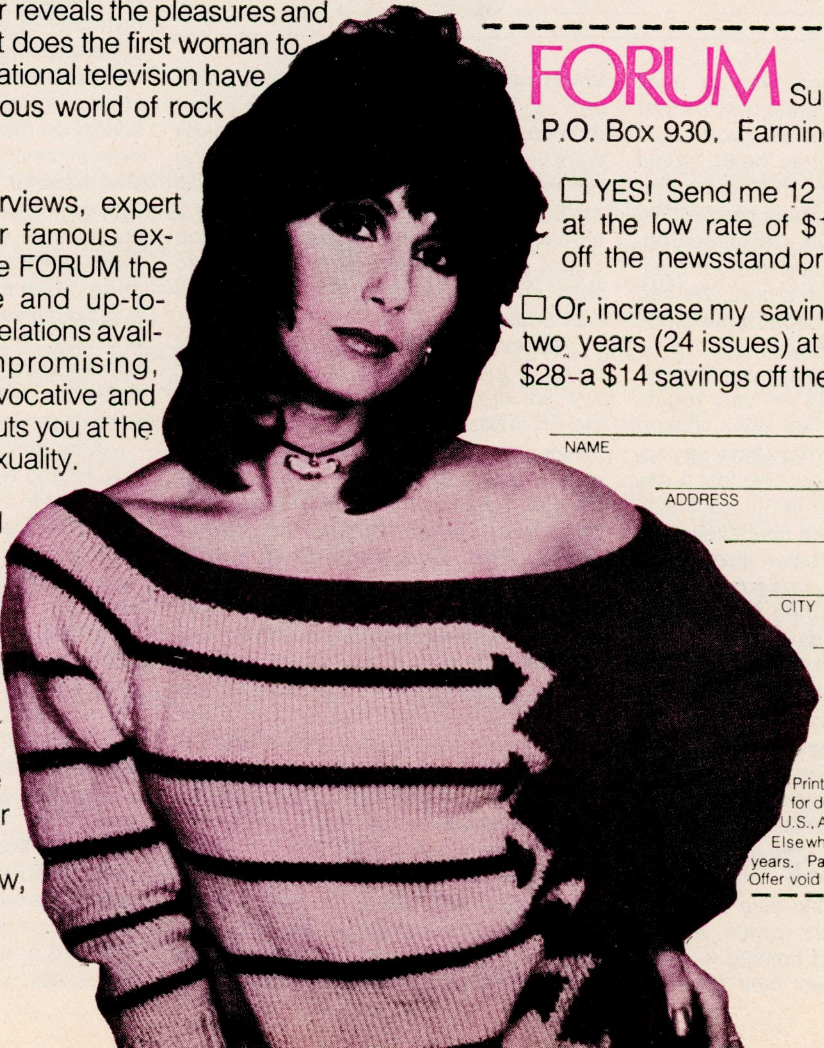

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though, because the boat was so small and the waves were towering over us. Besides, if you were not awake, you could tip the boat over. We had heard about people coming on rafts, which is harder. And we had also heard about people they caught and others who disappeared. When a lot of water poured into our boat, we tried to bail it out with a boot. We had not even brought a can, because we didn't want the radar to pick it up.

"Wednesday morning the weather improved, but the sea was still very rough. The storm had driven us back toward Cuba. But we began rowing again, saying, 'To Cuba? Not even dead!' We lost a day rowing east to west and in our confusion missed going north. Then one fellow held his hand up to the sun when it rose, and noting that point as east, he figured out the other directions. We turned the boat the right way and rowed all day Thursday. The sun was very strong. All we had was salty water to drink. Some, like me, only wet our lips with the water. Sometimes, because we were so hot and sweaty, we put our heads over the side of the boat. One time, when we did that, big sharks came around us and followed the boat for a few kilometers. In desperation our only defense was to throw our shoes at them. After that we stopped leaning over the side to splash our faces. While we were rowing, we saw boats far away but had nothing to make reflections with to attract their attention. When we tried signaling to one, it didn't see us. Then another one coming in our direction detoured. Two of our friends were very seasick, nauseous and retching but not vomiting, since we hadn't eaten anything. For a long time they were too ill to row. By the time we reached the United States our hands were all bloody, and so were our behinds. The skin on our legs was peeling off.

"We continued rowing Thursday night under a full moon. On Friday, at seven A.M., we were in sight of Lighthouse Number Six in Miami. The arrival was very nice! When we came to the lighthouse, we tied up the boat and then lay down to sleep. We didn't even know where we were. One of the guys said we were in Pinar del Río! I said, 'What! If we are in Pinar del Río, we're going to start rowing, because I'm not staying here.' A few minutes later, however, an American tourist and his wife came over in a boat. We called to them, and they waved back. We shouted, 'No waving. Come here!' Then he came over to us. Two in our group spoke a little English. They told the people we were from Cuba and wanted water. Then we explained that we had escaped. The American picked up the radio and called the police. He gave us some food, and divers in another boat gave us some sandwiches, apples, and Coca-Cola. They took us onto their boat and let us sleep there until the police came in the afternoon to take us to Islamorada. There they questioned us, took us in a jeep to the Miami Airport, filled out some forms like provisional passports, and gave us food and clothing, since we had arrived in rags and without shoes. It is so hard to get used to the idea that we are finally free. What remains for us now is to begin working as soon as we can."

Gabriel, a 21-year-old with hazel eyes, fair skin tinged pink by the sun, and sparrow-brown hair freshly slicked down, seems a mere boy, slight and gentle. He speaks directly and matter-of-factly, without bitterness or histrionics. His room in a Miami boarding house is immaculate, giving a sense of orderliness and simple comfort in sharp contrast to what he is describing.

"I was born and raised in Caibarién, a fishing port on the northern coast of Santa Clara, and was only two years old when the revolution came. One of my early memories is of children being urged to become Young Pioneers, but I was never interested in joining that group. Today students automatically receive the *pañuoleta* [honorary neck scarf], but when I was growing up, you were supposed to earn it by being a model child, by never missing a day at school. Frankly, the reason I attended classes regularly was that my mother insisted I go. I couldn't assimilate their indoctrination. I can't really say why I felt the way I did, but I think it depends on how you're raised. I always chose my own way of thinking, by listening to and observing many things, and I was lucky my parents never tried to change my ideas. Unfortunately, the time spent in school on mathematics and other studies was minimal. The majority of my class time went for learning Marxist theory and the way Communist governments function. Those who didn't show interest in these political questions were sent to do compulsory military service. In later years I was not 'integrated' into the revolution in any way. Of course I had to carry all the identification papers that everyone in Cuba has, but I had none for membership in revolutionary organizations.

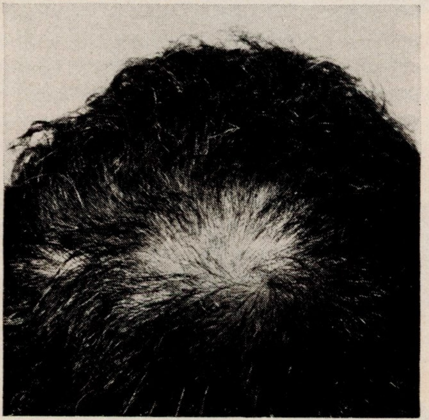
"After leaving school, I worked in agriculture and was later imprisoned. In 1975 I planned to escape from Cuba with some friends by stealing a twenty-foot boat with oars and a sail. We didn't get away that time, because they caught us while we were getting the boat ready. They wanted to jail me for five years but instead gave me two in a concentration camp in Cienfuegos, *Centro Especial Numero 5,* where we did construction work. There were five hundred to six hundred prisoners there, the majority of them young. Since this was a minimum security camp, you had the freedom to move around, whereas in the maximum security camps you stay in one place and worked, for example, on prefabricated parts. The food was very bad, and sleeping conditions were poor, too. You had a small folding canvas cot and one sheet. Since they mix the common

I know what can be done about your thinning hair.

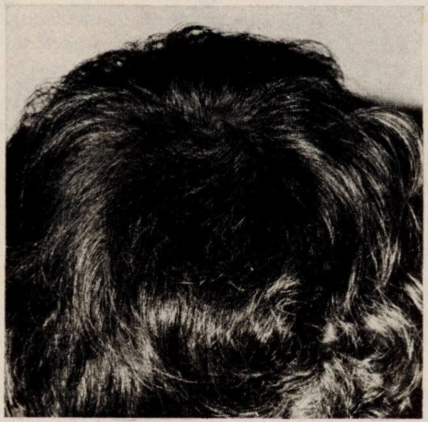
If you've got thinning hair, and you're uncertain what to do about it, then what I've got to say might be of interest. Contrary to what you've been told, there is something you can do to effectively combat this problem. Believe me, I know!

For years, I too, was troubled with the thought of losing my hair. But that was years ago . . . and now, things have changed. Let me explain.

In some ways, I was fortunate. Even though my hair was going fast, I still had most of it. A medical expert had assured me that my form of hair loss was not due to male pattern baldness. It's true that the great majority of excessive hair loss and baldness cases are the result of male pattern baldness. And at present, these cannot be helped.



Before Bio-Genesis™



After six months daily use of Bio-Genesis™ Lotion & Shampoo

But how can YOU be sure? Even if baldness runs in your family, that certainly doesn't prove that your thinning hair problem is the result of male pattern baldness!

I had tried just about everything within reason. I was too vain to try outlandish and bizarre "snake oil" treatments, and I was terrified to attempt the expensive, and often painful, hair implant operation.

I kept looking, and then, one day, I came upon a rather unique and surprisingly effective formulation called Bio-Genesis.™ It's a topical solution that you apply at night, and wash away in the morning. It's not the long-awaited cure for baldness, and it won't solve everyone's hair problem. But it does get results—that I'm sure of!!

Bio-Genesis™ comes in a small bottle, but don't let that fool you! It attacks the complex causes of non-genetic hair loss in an amazing, simple way. It clears the hair follicles of growth-choking debris and causes your hair to return to its normal, healthy state.

If your hair was anything like mine, unhealthy-looking and starting to thin and drop, you can bet that it didn't happen overnight. So, quite naturally, reversing the process will not happen overnight, either.

Today, as you can see from my picture, I am no longer concerned with thinning hair. My hair has improved tremendously!

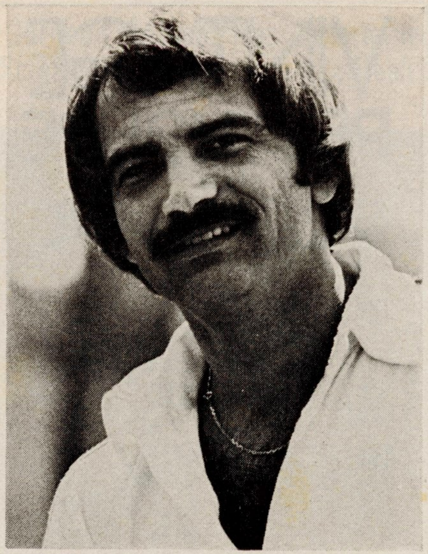
But don't take my word for it, I've got a business to run!

Read about the praise Bio-Genesis™ has received from people who know . . . our Satisfied Customers!

A.G. Braswell
President, Cosvetic Labs, Inc.

I am very pleased with the results I'm getting with your product, Bio-Genesis.™ My occasional dandruff problem is now nonexistent; the look, feel and thickness of my hair has greatly improved since using the product. I would recommend Bio-Genesis™ to any and all persons who are not thoroughly satisfied with the condition of their hair.

K.B., Norfolk, Virginia



A.G. Braswell

When I first heard about your product I was very interested in trying Bio-Genesis.™ Well, I am very happy to say, not only has my hair stopped thinning, but I can actually say I see new hairs growing. I am very, very pleased with your product.

C.P., Astoria, New York

When Bio-Genesis™ was introduced, I must admit I was skeptical at first because I had tried a tremendous amount of anti-baldness products, none of which worked. So I trusted my confidence in your product once again and purchased some. To my amazement I regrew hair in the frontal area where I had been previously bald and it all happened in a 5-week period.

B.W., Jacksonville, Florida

I have been using your Bio-Genesis™ Lotion & Shampoo for about four months now and I have new hair popping out all over my head! To say the least, I am very pleased with your product.

E.H., Birmingham, Alabama

Vital Notice!

If you would like to try Bio-Genesis™ for yourself, here's how to order. First, *don't* send any money!

We've set up a toll free number for the sole purpose of taking your order. This line is open from 8:30 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. E.S.T. daily and you may use your American Express, Carte Blanche, MasterCard or Visa.

When ordering, give your name and address and the size bottle of Bio-Genesis™ you wish to order. Then give the name of the credit card you wish to use, your account number and expiration date.

That's all there is to it! I can assure you, that with telephone service your order will be sent to you promptly.

Remember, I guarantee your satisfaction in 30 days or your money back, and you get to keep the product! However, I am sure you are going to be satisfied with Bio-Genesis.™ Actually, I think you're going to be amazed at the results.

1 oz. liquid (33337) $24.95,
2 oz. liquid (33338) $44.95.
Call 1-800-241-1661, Dept. PHI2

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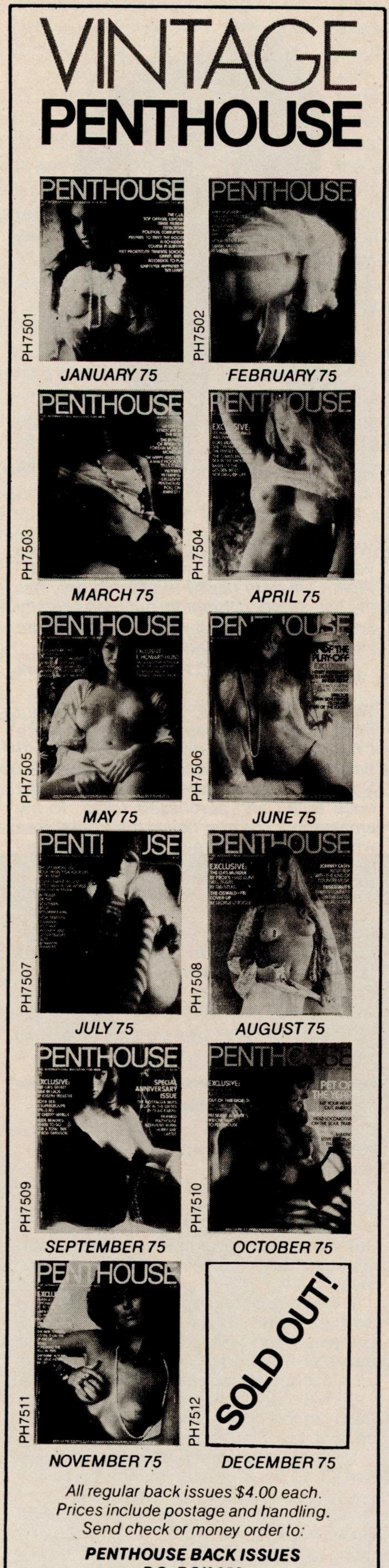

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and political prisoners, there were always problems, besides the constant conflicts with the guards. In my experience the ordinary convicts were usually low types who often tried to steal your belongings—behavior I did not find among the political prisoners.

"Something that most people probably do not realize is that the young people in Cuba are lost—products of the system. When I say 'lost,' I mean that many of the youth are in jail. If a young prisoner did not steal in order to eat, he robbed someone to get some clothes. People will break into houses to steal two or three pairs of pants or shirts because they have nothing to wear. It isn't for jewelry, but for food, clothing, or shoes. I think the majority of young people in Cuba want to leave. I would say that eighty percent of the young are against Castro. They have no sense of youthfulness or hope, but they don't express this to anyone. They keep their feelings inside because of the terror that exists. The only explanation given about why we have so little food or other things is that we are an underdeveloped country. We are told that when a country is at this point we have to wait for a later stage before we can have what we need. I found, however, that the public did not want to reestablish relations with the United States, because they believed that would only aid Casto economically so that he would be even more firmly in power. And it is uncertain how trade would help the people, because Fidel warned that all we could expect from economic relations with the United States was to receive medicines.

"In Cuba it is very difficult to study what you want. Not everyone can. If you want to go to the university, you need someone in the government to help you. If not, you have to be a member of the *Jovenes Communistas*. If you don't belong, you can't attend the university. Then, too, we didn't have much incentive to work. Here in America, at least, I can choose where I work if I'm qualified. In Cuba you must work where they tell you. They say, 'Go work in construction.' And if you say, 'No, I want to wash dishes,' they give you the choice of construction or prison. People often feel so angry about these things that in the larger towns they break public telephones or smash streetlamps.

"There are many people in jail now because Fidel issued a law against vagrancy. For instance, if you go to the Ministry of Labor, what they offer you now is work in agriculture. Well, why should I work as a farmer, growing all kinds of foods other Cubans and I never get to eat? But if you refuse to work, you go to jail for at least a year. There are also innumerable young people in prison, because they don't want to go into military service—as many blacks as whites. I would have chosen jail rather than being in the army, and thousands of other Cubans feel the same way. They try to escape, they get caught, and they are put in prison.

"Almost everyone in Cuba knows that many Cubans have been killed in Angola. In many instances the dead bodies are not returned, or else they arrive in coffins and the relatives are told, 'This is your son, this is your husband, this is your cousin.' The young people know this and decide not to go. The soldiers they do send are often new recruits doing their obligatory military service. You might be taken into the army today, and three months later they will send you to Angola. Even the soldiers in Cuba aren't trusted. In the army each company is under one man, who is the only person allowed to have a gun. The others get them only if they are preparing for combat. At night on the base only the guards have guns. In case of a surprise attack, the others know where the guns are kept, but since the place is locked, they have to wait for the guns to be distributed. And in the street you no longer see soldiers with guns except in cases like mine, when they had me in handcuffs and were taking me to jail. Then one man had an order to carry a gun.

"Something other people don't realize is that the way the system really works is different from how it appears. For example, the micro-brigades that put up housing consist of people 'integrated' into the revolution. The whole thing is very competitive. If you want to buy a radio or television or something else, you have to earn points for doing things, like showing up for work every day, belonging to revolutionary organizations, or doing what is called voluntary work'. In any town the officials pick from each work center the few people who received the most credit for working. Then, after these people have finished eight or nine hours of regular work, they are incorporated into micro-brigades, which also include people sent by the Ministry of Labor. The ones from the work centers put in as much voluntary work as they can, after their required work, in order to accumulate points. They do so in the hope that in a week or so, a month, or perhaps longer, the government will send one radio or one television, etc. to their work center. There is just *one* item, and everyone is given the right to ask to buy it. Everyone makes this request, but only the person with the most points can purchase it.

"Something that makes Cubans particularly angry is the feeling that the Russians are the owners of our country. For them Cuba is a tourist camp. They have more privileges than we do. I am a Cuban and couldn't go wherever I wanted in my own country, but they can, and they may do whatever they want. Cubans aren't permitted to walk around in shorts, but the Russians can. The Cuban government provides special buildings for the Russians, and they have no problems with food because they are given good provisions.

"As for entertainment for the young, there are block parties arranged by local members of the party and young Communists. These are held in the street or in a park until midnight, and there is dancing and free beer. The music is mainly Cuban. Maybe you've heard what happened to the popular Spanish singer, Julio Iglesias, whom Fidel invited to Cuba. When the man refused to come, Fidel forbade Cubans to play Iglesias's records. Movies are usually Russian, East German, French, or Japanese. The majority are Russian and usually about war—the Russians against the Germans or the French against the Germans. I saw only three Cuban films. Sometimes they show an old North American, Italian, or Spanish film, without announcing it in advance. Then the movie house fills up. This happens just by chance. You never know when it will be, and you have to see many of the others before one of these comes along. The books available are primarily political. If they sell a book by a French author, for instance, it has been changed to favor the Communist system, and so you are not reading the book as it was originally written.

"Many of the older citizens in Cuba are also unhappy. Some are confined against their will in asylums or subjected to strenuous work, because they are told they aren't producing anything for the revolution. One of the concerns of older people is that they don't meet with young people, because the elderly are often treated like things from the past.

"To tell you now about my escape. After I had served one year and eleven months in jail, I was approached by two friends who had a plan they'd been working on for three months. They needed a third person to make the trip, and I was lucky they asked me. They did so because they understood why I behaved as I did.

"On two occasions I got into trouble with the guards. One day, when I was in the courtyard, they took me back to my cell. The problem was that when you went to the eating area, you had to be in line, and I wasn't. The soldier threatened me with his bayonet, then sent me to a cell where I had to stay incommunicado. When you are in that cell, the food is even worse and they give you less. Besides that, you have to sleep on the floor. At night they filled five-gallon cans with water mixed with kerosene and threw it on the floor. They did this every day before I went to sleep. When they saw the floor was dry, they poured in more water. When you live like that, you get sick. There is constant dampness, rats all over, crabs, and other insects. There is no light coming in, just a little bulb they turn on whenever they want to and water to drink when they open the faucet. In the cell there were eight of us, and I stayed there seven days.

"Another time, in 1976, the prisoners made a *plante* [protest], which I joined by removing my clothes—that means you are in disagreement with the plan—and insisting on being transferred to another prison. In response, the guards beat me badly. Then, a few months later, they offered me a transfer, provided I cleaned the prison. I told them that I wouldn't, that the only place I cleaned was where I slept and the bathroom I used! The guards asked me if I was in the rehabilitation plan and said that if I was, I would have to clean. I told them that I was in the plan but that it didn't require me to clean, and that if they wanted the prison cleaned, they'd have to get someone whose job it was. The guards told me, 'Well, you know what you have to do. Take off your clothes.' I did as ordered, and they took me to a place called 'The Tunnel.' There seven guards attacked me with bayonets and a stick inside a hose. I fought back until I couldn't anymore. At that point a tall guard kicked me in the testicles until I fell down and was too weak to defend myself, but that made no difference to them. They kept hitting me even while I lay on the ground, dizzy and nauseous.

"Seven days later I still couldn't move properly and had to walk with my legs apart. The skin on my back was peeling off from where they had beaten me. When they hit you with their bayonets, they use the side, but when you turn around to strike back, they stick you with the point. One of the guys who escaped with me has two scars from bayonet wounds, one on his arm and one on his leg.

"Finally on October 2, 1977, a Sunday, I was sleeping on my cot when one of the men I escaped with came over to talk to me. He said to follow him, that he had a *gofio* [a drink made of flour and water]. I told him no, that I wanted to go back to sleep. He insisted, telling me that it would be good for me. I got up reluctantly and went with him outside the *galeras* [jail cells], where he and another fellow told me they had an escape plan for that night, saying that they were going to Miami. Their idea was to steal the truck belonging to the administrator of the jail. It was the only one in the whole prison and could be used only by the chief. I made my decision immediately, said okay, and started getting ready.

"Fortunately one of the guys I escaped with worked as a welder; so he had all the tools we needed. As an excuse to leave the barracks, we showed the guards our cards and said we were going to help our friend work. Once outside, we were able to move around because security wasn't very strict. Since I had a watch, we could keep track of the time and calculate exactly when to carry out each step of our plan. At seven o'clock that night we began fixing the truck, which had a broken generator. We were able to work like this without attracting attention because we were behind the barracks and no cars were passing. While the director was on duty and waiting for someone else to do the repair, we took the opportunity to do it for him!

"The first thing we did was to walk to another car, from which we quietly removed the generator. As my friends were installing it in the truck, my job was sawing

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
*Robert Service**
The Men That Don't Fit In

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off the lock on the main door of the gate. I had to work carefully so that no sound echoed in the night. The only guards around couldn't see me, because they were fifty feet away on either side and the place where I was doing the cutting was hidden by darkness. As prisoners, we were wearing the standard light gray clothes of a very bad quality material. You wash them twice, and they disintegrate!

"By ten of nine I had the lock cut. I stayed at the gate while the other two got into the truck. When they drove up, I opened the gate, let them leave, then got inside. We passed under the sentry post, knowing they wouldn't shoot because the only person who drove the truck was the warden, and the guards didn't know he wasn't inside. At nine sharp we were out.

"After we had been driving for a while, we heard a clanking sound and in one of the small towns along the way the truck broke down. We discovered the generator was hanging, and we had to tighten it; so we pulled over to the side of the road. We crouched down, trying to get the generator back in place. Just then a jeep from the revolutionary police slowed down.

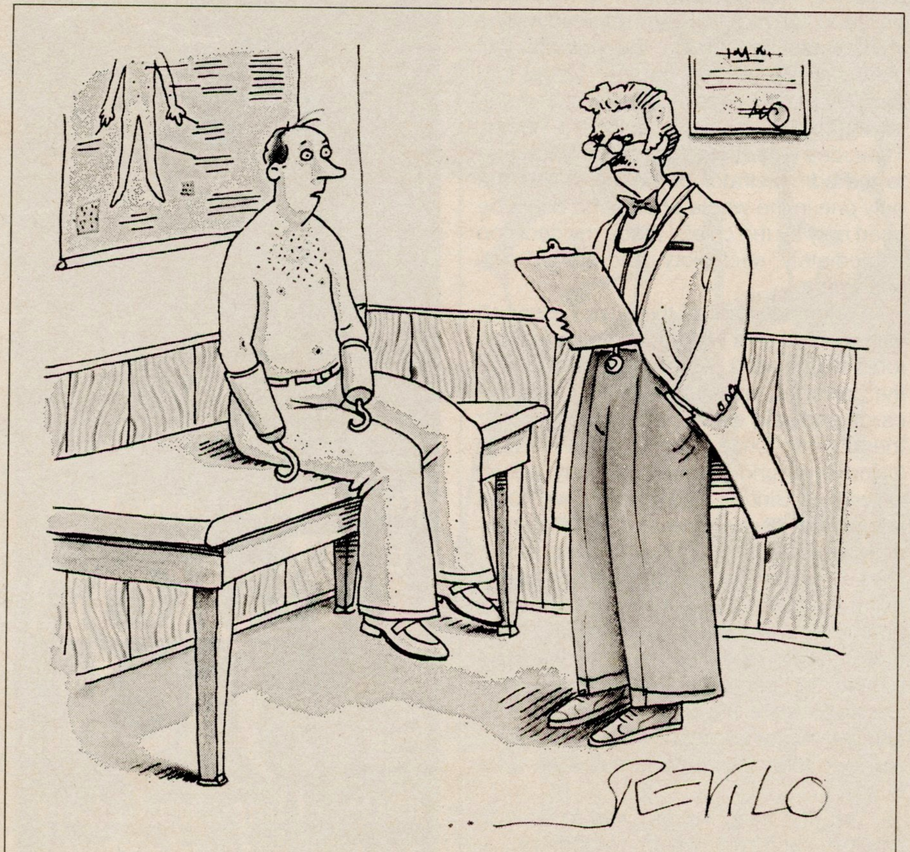
"We managed to stay calm when one of the men called out, 'What's wrong, *compañero?*' My friend just waved back, saying, 'No problem, *compañero*, everything's okay.' Fortunately, they didn't notice anything strange and drove away. We didn't finish fixing the truck but went on to the next town, where we finally repaired it. We reached Santa Clara and picked up two girls hitchhiking to the university. We took them there and drove on.

"By about one A.M. we arrived at the place we were leaving from. We drove the truck into the bushes along the beach and walked down to the pier where the fishing boats were anchored, and at about two A.M. we hid inside one. We chose a boat about sixty-four feet long that was all ready to leave the following morning. The reason we knew about the boats was that two of us were familiar with that town. We didn't have to worry about being seen because at that hour no one was watching the boats. The only time they automatically check them is in the morning. We stayed in a special hiding place in the boat, which began to get very hot. I don't want to say exactly where in case others can use the same means of escape.

"At six A.M. the fishermen boarded, older men who were very strong from their years at sea. They checked the oil, started the motor, then went to the fishing cooperative to get bait. After they got that and the ice, they drove the boat to the guardhouse, where the soldiers checked it before it left. It was impossible for them to find us because of where we had chosen to hide, but twelve hours later we were almost fainting from the heat. Finally we came out and climbed quietly to the top deck where the fishermen were all together. Carrying an iron rod, we took them by surprise and said, 'Hold up your hands. If not, we're going to kill you.' They said, 'No, no, don't kill us. We'll take you any place you want.' We told them, 'No, we don't want any help at all.' Then we forced them into one of the compartments and locked them inside. Two of us took turns guarding the door while the third one was at the wheel. Although we had experience being at sea, we still got lost.

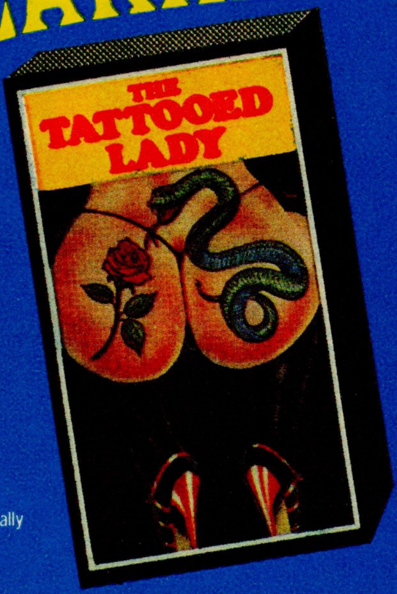
"At about ten P.M. the next day we saw a key and moored there. We didn't get out but just stayed several hours resting on the boat, which floated calmly. After we felt more rested, we pulled up anchor and continued on our way. At two in the afternoon, one of my friends said we should return to the key, because we had been traveling around for a long time without finding another one. All we saw was sea and sky and no other boats. I said we should go straight to the north until we ran out of gas, but the others insisted on going back to the key and I gave in. We started searching for it but found another one that I think we had passed during the night without being able to see it. We circled the key, looking for a place to stop, because the weather was getting bad. The sky was gray now, and the sea was choppy. All the while we were watching to see if any boats passed. We waited just fifteen minutes and saw a ship. With a white shirt we started signaling it. The boat approached closer and stopped about five hundred feet away. We put down one of our lifeboats and rowed toward the ship, which was an American fishing boat. It had an American flag, but the crew was Cuban. When we asked to go to the United States, they took us on board. The place where we were was Key Damas. The fishing boat we escaped on went back to Cuba. When the American boat picked us up, the crew radioed the U.S. Coast Guard. Following their orders, they took us to Key Perro, where we were told to wait until the next day, when the Coast Guard arrived and brought us to Key West.

"My plan now is to go to school until I reach a certain level and can then decide what occupation I would like. Before you go, I will show you what some of us did in prison. A friend in jail tattooed this eagle on my back and other ones for me. Not all the prisoners had tattoos, only a few of us, who wore them as a form of protest. We did it to bother the guards, because we knew they didn't like them. I knew I'd have a fight with the guards about the tattoos and took off my shirt on purpose to show them. At the time I was surrounded by other political prisoners. The guards realized that if they hit me, they'd have to hit the others, too, because the political prisoners were united. So, when the guards saw my tattoos, they called me into the office. They couldn't do anything, though, because it was too late. All they could say to me was that since my tattoos weren't done perfectly, I shouldn't walk around without my shirt! When they said that, I answered that I did anything I wanted with my body and that if I had a tattoo of the eagle, it was to show what I was feeling. I said that I could just as easily have had one of the Cuban flag, because it is my flag and Cuba is my country."



"It hurts when I pee."

BIZARRE VIDEO PRODUCTIONS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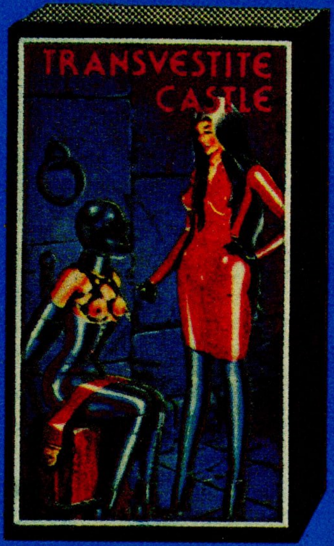
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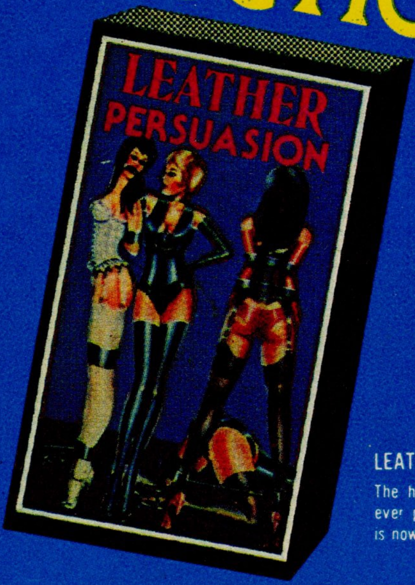
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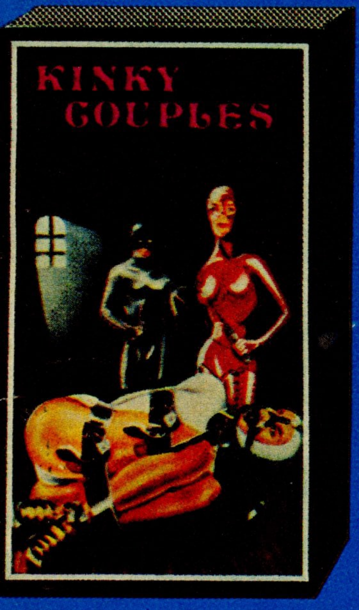
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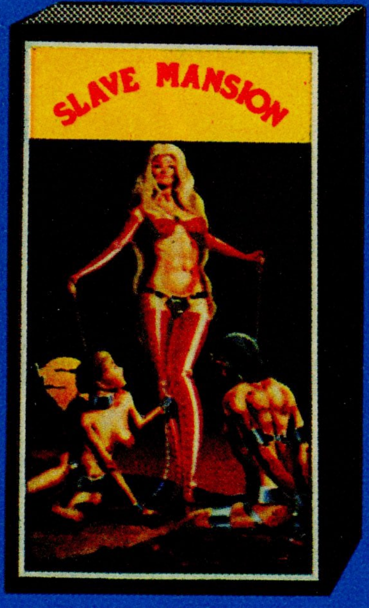
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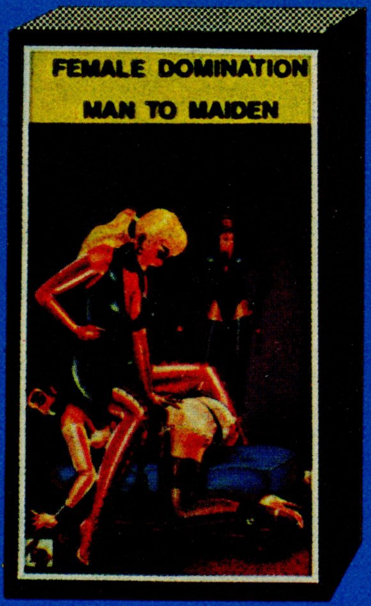
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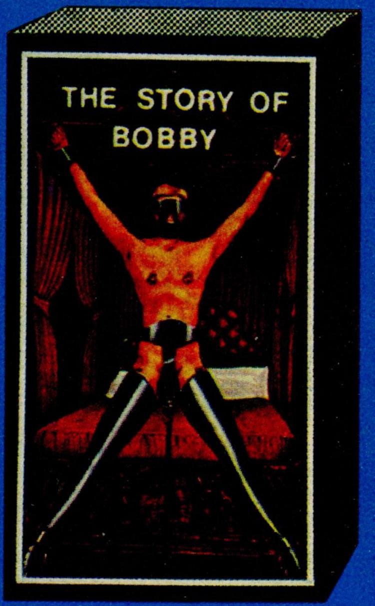
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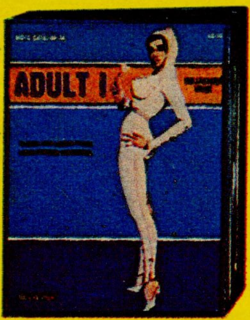

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

the Indians having been exterminated. I read the book *Trail of Tears*. It was a U.S. government proposition that a good Indian was a dead Indian. I'm keenly aware of the number of slaves who were destroyed between Africa and America. I know about the Turks and the Armenians and that genocidal crisis.

So, though the Holocaust was tragic, it was not unique. The logical conclusion of fascism is always this kind of conduct. I don't consider that to be an insulting statement. It is a statement of historical fact. I do think that if you continue to rehash historical tragedy, you may lose focus on future triumph. It is quite possible to get down into the abyss of yesterday's tragedy and be so bound by fear or guilt that it may happen again that you render yourself less functional.

Penthouse: Philosophically, is there any difference between murder for political reasons and murder for racial reasons? For example, is it more heinous to murder 6 million Jews than to electrocute the Rosenbergs for spying?

Jackson: No, philosophically there is no difference. The denominator is murder, whether the numerator is race or politics or class or whatever. We must oppose murder on philosophical and moral grounds. For example, some people oppose capital punishment on practical grounds—that it doesn't deter killing, because most murders are crimes of passion and not of premeditation. That's a valid reason, but even more fundamental for me is the moral argument that man doesn't give life; only God does that. Thus, man has no right to take that which he can't give and that which is the most sacred thing in all the world—life itself.

The question about 6 million Jews and the Rosenbergs is really a two-part question. The first is a qualitative question, which I just spoke to, but the second part is a quantitative question of 6 million versus two. Obviously there is a difference there, and though both are bad, one *is*, relatively, more heinous than the other.

Penthouse: Is the murder of one person for political or racial reasons any different from the murder of millions for the same reason?

Jackson: I answer it in the same way I do concerning blacks being disproportionately represented in the fighting in Vietnam. Whites, who have the power, have always used our bodies to do their dirty work, whether in the cotton fields or on the battlefields. In my judgment, the real significance of blacks currently getting involved in foreign-policy questions is that from now on, they're going to have to check with our minds first. The president, the Congress, and the generals who gave the black cavalry their orders weren't black. Blacks have been denied the power of self-determination in America, and without power you can't even be guilty of the sin of commission.

Penthouse: Have you received any threats, death threats, since the Middle East situation arose?

Jackson: Yes. Even before we went to the Middle East, I preached at the Garden Grove Community Church in California, and there were protesters, people who openly identified themselves as members of the JDL, the Jewish Defense League, who were marching in front of a white Christian church with military helmets on their heads, baseball bats in their hands, and gas masks over their faces. After we returned from our trip, dead animal heads were put on the front steps of our office in California by the Jewish Defense League on three separate occasions. And we have received some 4,000 letters filled with a lot of hateful things. Some of the longest ones came from people who identified themselves as Jewish rabbis, who denounced us and arrived at their own conclusions without even attempting to enter into a dialogue with us. It was and is unfair, but we are neither scared nor intimidated, and we shall continue to seek the truth and speak the truth to the best of our ability.

> ‘Americans no longer have a monopoly on power or technology or brains or the will to be free. Half of all the people on earth are Asians, and half of those are Chinese.’

Penthouse: There have been rumors that your interest in the PLO is due to Arab donations to your organization. *Have* the Arabs contributed to your work?

Jackson: Not that we've detected. We have never put an ethnic telescope on our contributions or ethnic limitations. Jews contribute to PUSH. That does not determine our position on Israel. Irish in Chicago contribute to PUSH. That does not determine our position on Ireland. Europeans contribute, Africans contribute, Americans contribute. I think that the attempt to divert people's attention away from our mission is not only unfortunate but also unsuccessful. Both Arab-Americans and Jewish-Americans who live in our community are members of our organization. The whole basis of that accusation was an attempt to discredit us, to isolate us, and to bankrupt us. It was an attempt to divert people's attention to our *intent*—which, since Freud, is pretty hard to understand sometimes—rather than come to grips with our *content*.

Penthouse: The Soviets occupied Afghanistan. Iran took Americans prisoner. Iraq, backed by Soviet arms, went to war with Iran. What should America be doing about these violent acts?

Jackson: Whether it is the Soviet Union invading Afghanistan or Israel invading Lebanon or South Africa invading other African nations, the idea of preemptive strikes sets a very dangerous moral and legal precedent, and we must reject it wherever it occurs. The danger of a U.S. response in strong military terms only, without a change in our Middle East policy, is that our ultimate security is not through military might but in being morally right.

We have a *human* reaction problem in the Middle East and in many other parts of the world. We have exploited and treated people badly, and they don't like it; they resent it and will resist it, in many cases by any means necessary. U.S. interests are too many, too varied, and too broad for us to have so few friends in the world and for us to shape our foreign policy around such narrow and short-range interests. If we are to continue to be a world power, we must broaden our vision and include more people in our decisions.

Penthouse: We have heard very little from you about Iran.

Jackson: I think the media by and large have determined that the Iranian issue is an issue for white people to deal with, but there are certain issues concerning which they almost cannot ignore black opinion.

I remember that during the Nixon-Watergate scandal, many blacks *did* talk about it. But the media in effect said, "Well, we know what blacks will say about Watergate and Nixon, so your opinions don't count." So you only heard white people's opinions. There is resistance to blacks talking about major scandals where white people are involved. There is also resistance to blacks getting involved in foreign affairs. But we are demanding the right to participate in foreign affairs.

If you have not heard much from me about Iran, it's not because I haven't spoken out but rather because it hasn't been reported. My position on Iran is that, first of all, we allowed Kissinger and Rockefeller to put their special interests over our national interests and allowed the shah to come here. The shah was the Hitler of Iran. The Iranian people's reaction was predictable—all of our intelligence sources told us that. Even if they had not told us, the history of the shah and of Iran should have tipped us off. We said we wanted a democratic government in Iran. Well, they had one. But when Prime Minister Mossadegh nationalized the oil wells, our CIA overthrew him, put the shah into power, and then fed him with money and military weapons to enslave his people for 25 years.

It was an unholy alliance. It was our complicity with tyranny. The shah was not

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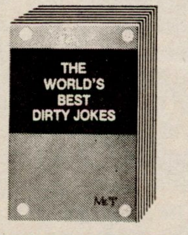
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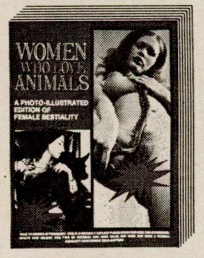
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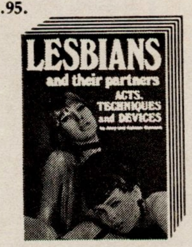
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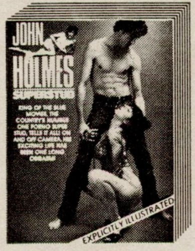
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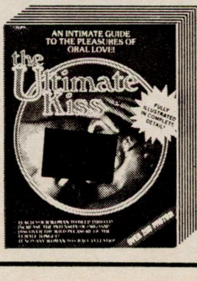
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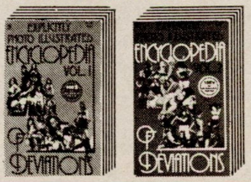
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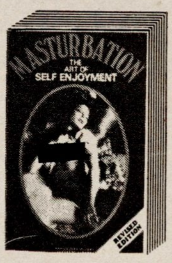
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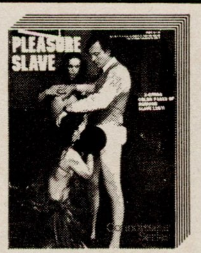
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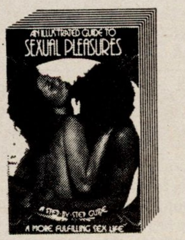
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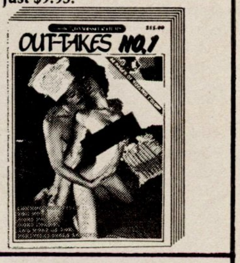
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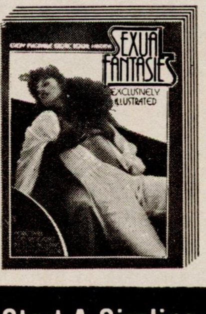
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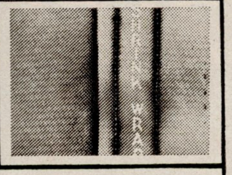

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our prisoner, so we had no legal obligation to send him to Iran. We couldn't send him anywhere. But we didn't have any moral obligation to provide sanctuary for him, either. He was a threat to our national security. And we lock up many people because, we say, they're a threat to our national security. We put many people out of the country because, we say, they're a threat to our national security. The attempt to conjure up a sense of guilt or loyalty in the name of "he was our friend" just doesn't wash. What he really was has been clearly revealed. We have no moral obligation to the shah's legacy.

Penthouse: What do you think of Khomeini?

Jackson: Well, I think that the holding of hostages is immoral and illegal. It is a tremendous threat to international law. Even in war embassies are sacred territory, and through them you can maintain a dialogue, and ultimately dialogue is the solution to war. Communication is the basic link in civilization. It is especially important when there are differences. The greater the differences, the greater the need to communicate.

However, I have some understanding of Ayatollah Khomeini's politics and his feelings. There is no comparison between the ayatollah's use of the hostages as a political threat and the shah's killing of tens of thousands of people. And I think that what the Iranians are saying now is, How can the United States begin to speak of international courts of justice just because Khomeini holds 50 American hostages, when we had no concern about international courts of law when tens of thousands of Iranians were being killed with American weapons? I think we have to hear what the Iranians are trying to tell us and not just react to them.

Penthouse: You were in Miami shortly before last June's riot and led about a thousand Haitian refugees on a protest march.

Jackson: Correct.

Penthouse: Did you feel Miami was ready to explode at that time?

Jackson: Oh, yes! Miami was obviously a tinderbox. The fuel was there. The McDuffie decision, in which an all-white jury in Tampa acquitted four white policemen of the brutal beating death of this black Miami insurance executive—that just triggered it. You know, a riot almost materialized the Saturday and the Sunday we led the demonstrations for the Haitian cause.

Penthouse: Why? What are the most serious problems of the blacks in Miami?

Jackson: Blacks in Miami have clearly been made third-class citizens. They were used to being second-class, but the U.S. government moved them down another notch.

You see, our government is in a cold war with Cuba, and one way they have chosen to fight this cold war is to induce people to leave Cuba and come to this country. In part it is an attempt to drain off the intelligentsia, the learned ones, the ambitious. In bringing these Cubans here, our government provides for them. It gives them educational and job advantages. It also gives them business loans and options that are not available to the indigenous population! There are so many Cuban beneficiaries of this cold-war strategy that many poor blacks and poor whites, who do not have a bilingual education and who do not speak Spanish, cannot get many of the common laboring jobs—*laboring* jobs, mind you—that many poor blacks and poor whites used to get.

And so the situation in Miami was created by the federal government and not by the Cubans and not by the attitude of the blacks toward the Cubans. If you have three people eating at a table, it's all right to invite seven more if you bring out more plates. But if you just have three plates of food and you invite seven more people and they take the plates of the indigenous three, you have real tension. You have an explosion.

Penthouse: And then, too, there is the contrast with the way the Haitian refugees have been handled.

Jackson: Absolutely. There is a great contrast between the way our government relates to Cubans, because of our struggle with Castro, and the way our government relates to Haitian refugees from the Duvalier regime. Why? Because our government considers Duvalier an ally! It attempts to make a distinction between an economic refugee and a political refugee when, in the case of the Haitians, there is no difference. So the black community has basically had to bear the burden created by the Haitian influx, you see. They have taken Haitians, who came off the boats, and they have processed them, and sometimes left them unprocessed, and they have simply dropped them into the black community at two or three o'clock in the morning. People who can't speak English! People in an alien land!

Penthouse: If you knew all of this was about to erupt, what did you about it?

Jackson: I told President Carter, in a conversation with him in the White House on May 16, that in my judgment urban tension was growing in general but that I thought Miami was the city most likely to explode. That was on the sixteenth. And he said a commission was studying it. And I told him I thought there was a real sense of urgency and that something should be done, quickly.

Then, the next day, Saturday afternoon, May 17, we had a demonstration in Washington, about 20,000 people. And in that speech I said: No jobs, no justice; and no justice, no peace. The media played it down as rhetoric disconnected from reality. Nothing was going to happen. I made that speech at 3:00 P.M. Miami exploded at 6:00 P.M.

The Miami riot was the result of a long

train of abuses and denials and was a result of the dual standard regarding race in our country.

Penthouse: You have said that poor economic conditions alone seldom lead to rioting?

Jackson: Yes. There has never been rioting simply because of bad housing, for example. But when people feel *all* the doors are closed and they are trapped in a pressure cooker with no release and then some humiliation occurs, that is when we create riots.

Penthouse: What do you think of the media's coverage of black issues?

Jackson: It's a constant challenge to open the media up to points of view other than the dominant white point of view. The media have been slow and derelict in their coverage of Africa, in their coverage of black and Hispanic affairs in this country. They have given us a rather myopic view of the Middle East. And there is a constant challenge not only to fight for a free press but also to fight for a fair press, to give credibility to a free press. It is unhealthy in a nation when people start expressing, very publicly, en masse, their blatant disregard for the media's coverage because of the media's rather blatant bias.

Penthouse: How do you ensure a fair press?

Jackson: I guess about the only thing you really can do is to hope that the constituent voices that make the sound decisions are diverse. So you have a lot of debate and editorial meetings and the like, and you have a very conscious public. And they bend to some degree to public pressure, because they are members of the public as well. When you have a boardroom of all white, upper-middle-age, upper-middle-class suburban males discussing critical issues affecting something other than their world, that is, a minority world, their editorial views are very limited. They may see themselves as diverse, but their experiences are not diverse. And their views are not diverse.

Penthouse: Who are the most dangerous people in the United States?

Jackson: The Klan. They have more sympathizers than members. The Klan represents an ominous threat to blacks. The Nazis represent the same kind of threat to Jews. Both groups tend to exploit that strand in the American psyche that looks to use minorities as scapegoats for all the social ills.

Another dangerous element is elected officials who speak of the truth *publicly* different from what they know *privately.*

Penthouse: What are some examples?

Jackson: Most of the officials that I've talked with know that we need a new Middle East policy. They recognize that the one we now have is collapsing, but they don't have the courage to say that. It's a bad sign when public officials are too cowardly to speak. I think that people who speak demagogically on issues and who are not sympathetic toward poor people are really dangerous people.

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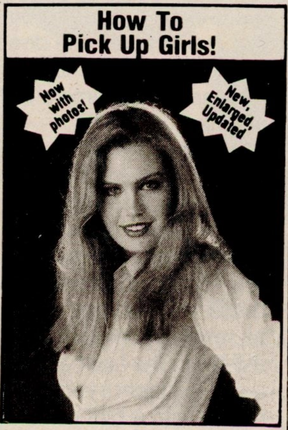
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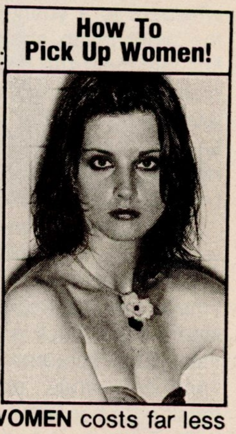
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BAD/BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

BARBARA STEELE: LOVE DEATH

"Tonight you won't be so lonely," she whispers to a young journalist spending the night in an abandoned castle—and late that night she comes to him, and they make love. Afterward, he puts his head lovingly against her breast. "Funny," he says, "I can't hear your heart." "That's right, Allen," she replies. "My heart isn't beating. I'm dead, Allen, dead!"

The Mask of Satan, a heavy metal mask with great sharp spikes on the inside, is placed against her face. Guttering torches smoke into the midnight wind as the villagers draw back a giant wooden hammer. She screams in terror, and the hammer swings, smashing the spiked mask onto her face.

She reaches behind her neck and opens the catch on her gold cross, slipping it off with dreamlike slowness. She turns her face down demurely, but her eyes flash up with sullen sexuality.

Her coffin explodes. Half-naked, she looks around and spots the man who accidentally brought her back to life. "Oh, you're here again," she whispers seductively. "I need you again." She stretches her arms luxuriously. "Embrace me. You will die, but I will give you pleasure mortals can never know."

"I'm sorry I was so cold and nasty on the phone," she said. "I thought you were this fan. I have creepy fans. They track me down somehow and call up and want pictures. People who are into horror movies are tremendously loyal, and I'm grateful for this, but it's scary, and . . . it's spooked me, actually. I started out in films playing this woman from the deep, this predatory woman of death, and I went on doing it . . . forever. It's become a self-fulfilling prophecy."

It was a neat, white apartment house on a wide, tree-lined street in Beverly Hills. The Santa Ana was blowing hot and dry off the desert, it was ten at night, it was 85 degrees, and everything was dreamlike. Barbara Steele wore a white silk dress with skimpy shoulder straps, and the ends of her long, black hair curled in the heat. She had beautiful green eyes like a cat, eloquent eyebrows, and a sensuous mouth with a hint of cruelty. She seemed sophisticated and a little scared. She poured wine into large glasses.

"We screened *The Pit and the Pendulum* last night," I said.

"Oh, no," she groaned.

"You were great."

"I had such a small part," she said. "I was just a tiny grain of sand in those days. Now I'm a tiny piece of rock." She saw me writing. "That's an awful quote; don't you *dare* use it!" Her voice was cool, British, full of amusement.

In 1961, Louella Parsons tagged her "Girl of the Thrillers." Somewhat later *Cinema* Magazine spoke of her "elegance," "eroticism," and "voluptuous sadism." British critic Raymond Durgnat described her as "bland on top and very, very kinky below," adding, "She is the only girl in films whose eyelids can snarl."

Born in Ireland, brought up in England (where she attended Summerhill, the famous experimental school), Barbara has been making films since 1958—including featured performances in "serious" films like Fellini's *8½* and Volker Schlöndorff's *Young Torless*. But the Cult of Barbara Steele is based on a series of cheap (mostly Italian) horror films made during the 1960s—*Black Sunday*, *Castle of Blood*, *The She Beast* (AKA *Sister of Satan*), *The Horrible Dr. Hitchcock*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, and many more.

She didn't care for them very much. "A lot of the Italian B movies . . . one isn't proud of. They're terribly simplistic, the directors usually want an excessive performance, and it's too easy to fall into Grand Guignol. But they were enjoyable—six fabulous weeks in some peculiar castle. Actually, I should say three weeks, because nothing ever had a schedule as long as six . . ."

If the films were simplistic (and the point is arguable), Barbara was not; her screen presence was complicated and disturbingly sexual. She seemed to have found a place inside herself where death, sex, and terror informed one another, and there was energy there for the camera. Her witches and vampires were both attractive and intelligent—which made them utterly frightening. Most important, the camera loved her. Directors learned to light her face from below, making her eyes and cheekbones magical. Her dark beauty transformed potboilers into cult classics. She was legendary, a founding mama of the Queens of the B's.

"This wine is awful," she said. "You hate this wine, don't you?"

"Uh, it's not great wine, but it's okay."

"You're lying," she said firmly. "You hate it; it tastes like vinegar. I've just drunk half a glass of vinegar. It's cheap wine. I picked it up at the supermarket this morning. Come on in my kitchen. I'll make us gin-and-tonics."

While she mixed the drinks, I asked her how she felt about horror films. "I can't look at them," she replied. "I'm too superstitious. People always expect me to understand all about the genre, and I don't know anything. It's such a dark area that I can't bear it. When I do those films, I feel like I'm committing something against myself."

Did she think there was a connection between sex and death? Her eyes widened. "Do you know I had a dream, once, when I was very young, that I seduced Death?" she says. "I was sixteen, in Corsica, and Death was chasing me. I was terrified, but I knew that the only way I could survive was to make love to Death."

She sipped her gin and tonic. "This gin is horrible!" she exclaimed. "I just bought it—"

"I know, at the supermarket. Look, it's fine—"

"No," she said, her eyes laughing at some inner joke. "You're lying. I wonder what this stuff will do to us."

"Probably make us drunk."

"Not me," she said, "because I'm not drinking it." But she did drink it, and so did I, and it made us drunk. She put some Brazilian music on her record player and then some Billie Holiday. The hot wind was still blowing.

"It's very difficult for me to get work here," she said. "I don't know if people are threatened by me or whether there just aren't that many parts suited for me or what. In Europe you know the directors, and you get parts. Here you have to do interviews and readings, and you're always on the defensive. I mean, fourteen other people are up for the same role. It's horrible."

"But you just did *Pretty Baby* . . ."

"A tiny part!"

"And *Piranha* and *Silent Scream* . . ."

"I don't think I socialize enough. I don't know what I don't do enough. It's very difficult living in Los Angeles, because you hear all this Werner Erhard filter-down nonsense about, 'Your life is what you make it.' And you think, 'Oh, fuck, am I really responsible for this state of affairs?' I worry a lot about not making films, but it's just as important for me to spend half a year in Greece, wandering around some odd village with five goats, as it is to make a movie."

It was one in the morning. Barbara was reclining luxuriously on a white couch, playing with her black cat. It was an image from a classic horror film—directed by Franju. "I'd like to put gold earrings in this cat's ears," she said, flashing a wicked smile. "No good in fights, but I think they would be beautiful. Little gold rings . . ."

"Why do you always groan when people say they've seen one of your films? I'd think you would be proud."

The wind was cooling off, and she looked enchanting, but her eyes held something odd. Anguish? "You don't understand," she said. "I'm always playing these stylized roles, full of tension, and I *am* very intense, and I understand why I get cast in them. But most of these roles are very negative, destructive and negative. I've had to force myself to play them, and people see me as . . . I'm not just this predatory woman, this dark seductress. I can sit down and have a cup of tea on Tuesday and pick a bunch of wild flowers like anyone else . . ."

Driving home, I felt like I'd abandoned her to the night and the demons.

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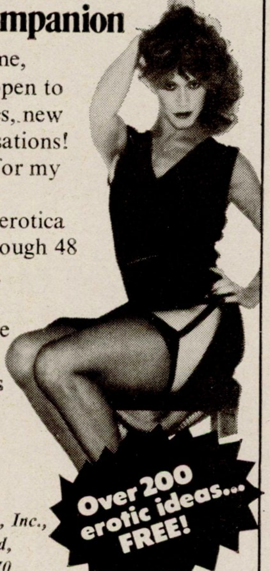
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BIG GARAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"Hello, Dora?—B. Listen, I hate to disturb you at this hour but—"

"Are you all right?"

"Yes . . . I'm fine."

"That's nice; I'm fine, too. But no matter how you slice it, my name ain't Dora."

"You're not Dora?"

"No, but you're B., aren't you?"

"Yes . . . but how did you know?"

"You told me. You said: 'Hello, Dora?—B.' . . . and then you tried to come on with some phony excuse for forgetting our date tonight, or is it that you're out hooching it up, and you want me—if I was Dora, and I bless my stars I'm not—to come out in this hellish weather that isn't fit for a damn dog for christsake and risk my bones and bladder to drive you home because only one person inhabits your solipsistic universe? *You* with a capital *Y*, and *You* have drunk yourself into a blithering stupor. You know what I got to say to you, buster? Take a flyer. Ha, ha, ha."

There is a click at the other end of the line. In the movies heroes say "Hello, hello, hello" in situations like this, but B., dispirited, the greatcoat beginning to reek a bit in the confines of the antechamber, only reaches out to replace the receiver in its cradle.

Back in the office B. is confronted with eight empty chairs. The redhead occupies the ninth, legs crossed, hat in lap, curls flaring round the cover of her magazine like a solar phenomenon. Where five minutes earlier there were enough majorettes to front a battle of the bands, there is now only one. She glances up as the door slams behind him. "Any luck?"

B. is suddenly overwhelmed with exhaustion. He's just gone fifteen rounds, scaled Everest, staggered out of the Channel at Calais. "No," he whispers.

"Well, that really is too bad. All the other girls go home at ten, and I'm sure any one of them would have been happy to give you a lift . . . You know it really is a pity the way some of you men handle your affairs. Why, if I had as little common sense as you, I wouldn't last ten minutes on this job."

B. heaves himself down on one of the plastic chairs. Somehow, somewhere along the line, his sense of proportion has begun to erode. He blows his nose lugubriously and then hides behind his hands and massages his eyes.

"Come on now." The girl's voice is soft, conciliatory. She is standing over him, her hand stretched out to his. "I'll fix you up a place to sleep in the back of the shop."

The redhead (her name is Rita; B. thought to ask as a sort of quid pro quo for her offer of a place to sleep) leads him through a narrow passageway, which gives onto an immense, darkened hangar. B. hunches in the greatcoat, flips up his collar, and

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then follows her into the echo-haunted reaches. Their footsteps clap up to the rafters, blind birds beating at the roof, echoing and reechoing in the darkness. There is a chill as of open spaces, a stink of raw metal, oil, sludge. Rita is up ahead, her white boots ghostly in the dark. "Watch your step," she cautions, but B. has already encountered some impenetrable, rock-hard hazard, barked his shin, and pitched forward into what seems to be an open grease pit.

"Hurt yourself?"

B. lies there silent, frustrated, childish, perverse.

He will lie here, dumb as a block, till the Andes are nubs and the moon melts from the sky. But then suddenly the cavern blooms with light (a brown, crepuscular light, it's true, but light just the same), and the game's up.

"So there you are!" Arms akimbo, a grin on her face. "Now get yourself up out of there and stop your sulking. I can't play games all night, you know.

B. finds himself sprawled all over an engine block, grease-slicked and massive, that must have come out of a Sherman tank. But it's the hangar, lit like the grainy daguerreotype of a Civil War battlefield, that really interests him. The sheer expanse of the place! And the cars, thousands of them, stretching all the way down to the dark V at the far end of the building. Bugattis, Morrises, La Salles, Daimlers, the back end of a Pierce-Arrow, a Stutz Bearcat. The rounded humps of tops and fenders, tarnished bumpers, hoods thrown open like gaping mouths. Engines swing on cables, blackened grills and punctured cloth tops gather in the corners, a Duesenberg, its interior gutted, squats over a trench in the concrete.

"Pretty amazing, huh?" Rita says, reaching out a hand to help him up. "This is a Geriatrics. Mainly foreign. You should see the Contemp wings."

"But what do you do with all these—"

"Oh, we fix them. At least, the technicians and mechanics do."

There is something wrong here, something amiss. B. can feel it nagging at the edges of his consciousness ... but then he really is dog-tired. Rita has him by the hand. They amble past several hundred cars, dust-embossed, ribs and bones showing, windshields black as ground-out eyes. Now he has it: "But if you fix them, what are they doing here?"

Rita stops dead to look him in the eye, frowning, schoolmarmish. "These things take time, you know." She sighs. "What do you think: they do it overnight?"

The back room is the size of a storage closet. In fact, it is a storage closet, fitted out with cots. When Rita flicks the light switch, B. is shocked to discover three other people occupying the makeshift dormitory: two men in rumpled suits and a middle-aged woman in a rumpled print dress. One of the men sits up and rubs his eyes. His tie is loose, shirt filthy, a patchy beard maculating his cheeks. He mumbles something—B. catches the words "drive shaft"—and then turns his face back to the cot, already sucking in breath for the first stertorous blast: *hkk-hkk-hkkkkkkgg!*

"What the hell is this?" B. is astonished, scandalized, cranky, and tired. Tools and blackened rags lie scattered over the concrete floor; dulled jars and bolts and screws and wing nuts line the shelves.

"This is where you sleep, silly."

"But—who?"

"It's obvious, isn't it? They're customers, like yourself, waiting for their cars. The man in brown is the Gremlin; the one with the beard is the Cougar. No, I'm sorry, the woman is the Cougar; he's the Citroën."

B. is appalled. "And I'm the Audi—is that it?"

Suddenly, Rita is in his arms, the smooth, satiny feel of her uniform, the sticky warmth of her breath. "You're more to me than a machine, B. Do you know that I like you? A lot." And then he finds himself nuzzling her ear, the downy ridge of her jawbone. She presses against him; he fumbles under the cheerleader's tutu for the slippery underthings. One of the sleepers groans, but B. is lost,

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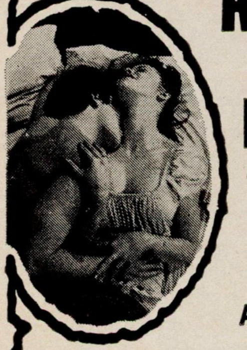

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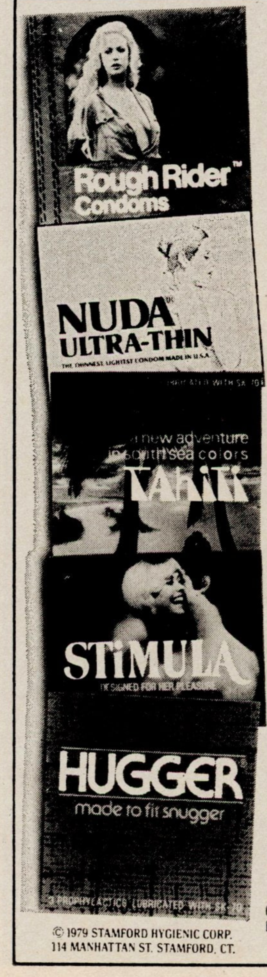

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oblivious, tugging and massaging like a horny teenager. Rita reaches behind to unzip her uniform, the long, smooth arch of her back, shoulders, and arms shedding the opalescent rayon like a holiday on ice, when suddenly a buzzer sounds—loud and brash. End of the round, change classes, dive for shelter.

Rita freezes and then bursts into motion. "A customer!" she pants, and then she's gone. B. watches her callipygian form recede into the gloom of the Geriatrics Section, the sharp projection in his trousers receding with her, until she touches the light switch and vanishes in darkness. B. trundles back into the closet, selects a cot, and falls into an exploratory darkness of his own.

B.'s breath is a puff of cotton as he wakes to the chill gloom of the storage closet and the sound of tools grating, whining, and ratcheting somewhere off in the distance. At first he can't locate himself—what the? where?—but the odors of gas and kerosene and motor oil bring him back. He is stranded at Tegeler's Big Garage, it is a workday, he has been sleeping with strangers, his car is nonfunctional. B. lurches up from the cot with a gasp—only to find that he's being watched. It is the man with the patchy beard and rancid shirt. He is sitting on the edge of a cot, stirring coffee in a cardboard container, his eyes fixed on B. *My checkbook, my wallet, my wristwatch,* thinks B.

"Mornin', my name's Rusty," the man says, holding out his hand. The others—the man in brown (or was it gray?) and the Cougar woman—are gone.

B. shakes the man's hand. "Name's B.," he says, somewhere between wary and paranoid. "How do I get out of here?"

"Your first day, huh?"

"What do you mean?" B. detects an edge of hysteria slicing through his voice, as if it belonged to someone else in some other situation. A pistol-whipped actress in a television melodrama, for instance.

"No need to get excited," Rusty says. "I know how disquieting that first day can be. Why Cougar here—that woman in the print dress who slept with us last night?—she sniveled and whimpered the whole time her first night here. Shit. It was like being in a bomb shelter or some frigging thing. Sure, I know how it is. You got a routine—job, wife at home, kids maybe, a dog, cat, goldfish—and naturally you're anxious to get back to it. Well, let me give you some advice. I been here six days already, and I still haven't even got an appointment lined up with the Appointments Secretary so's I can get in to see the Assistant to the Head Diagnostician, Imports Division, and find out what's wrong with my car. So look: don't work up no ulcer over the thing. Just make your application and sit tight."

The man is an escapee; that's it, an escapee from an institution for the terminally, unconditionally, and abysmally insane. B. hangs tough. "You expect me to believe that cock-and-bull story? If you're so desperate, why don't you call a cab?"

"Taxis don't run this far out."

"Bus?"

"No buses in this district."

"Surely you've got friends to call—"

"Tried it, couldn't get through. Busy signals, recordings, wrong numbers. Finally, got through to Theotis Stover two nights ago. Said he'd come out, but his car's broke down."

"You could hitchhike."

"Spent six hours out there my first day. Twelve degrees Fahrenheit. Nobody even slowed down. Besides, even if I could get home, what then? Can't get to work, can't buy food. No, sir. I'm staying right here till I get that car back."

B. cannot accept it. The whole thing is absurd. He's on him like F. Lee Bailey grilling a shaky witness. "What about the girls in the main office? They'll take you—one of them told me so."

"They take you?"

"No, but—"

"Look: they say that to be accommodating, don't you see? I mean we *are* customers, after all. But they can't give you a lift—it's their job if they do."

"You mean—?"

"That's right. And wait'll you see the bill when you finally do get out of here. Word is that cot you're sitting on goes for twelve bucks a night."

The bastards. It could be weeks here. He'll lose his job; the animals'll tear up the rugs, piss in the bed; and, finally, starved, the dog will turn on the cat ... B. looks up, a new worry on his lips: "But what do you eat here?"

Rusty rises. "C'mon, I'll show you the ropes." B. follows him out into the half-lit and silent hangar, past the ranks of ruined automobiles, the mounds of tires and tools. "Breakfast is out of the machines. They got coffee, hot chocolate, candy bars, croissants, and cigarettes. Lunch and late afternoon snack you get down at the Mechanics' Cafeteria." Rusty's voice booms and echoes through the wide open spaces till B. begins to feel surrounded. Overhead the morning cowers against the grimed skylights. "And eat your fill," Rusty adds. "It all goes on the tab."

The office is bright as a cathedral with a miracle in progress. B. squints into the sunlight and recognizes the swaying ankles of a squad of majorettes. He asks for Rita and finds she's off till six at night. Outside, the sound of scraping, the put-put of snowplow jeeps. B. glances up. Oh, shit. There must be a foot and a half of snow on the ground.

The girls are chewing gum and sipping coffee from personalized mugs: Mary Alice, Valerie, Beatrice, Lulu. B. hunches in the greatcoat, confused, until Rusty bums a dollar and hands him a cup of coffee. Slurping and blowing, B. stands at the window and watches an old man stoop over an aluminum snow shovel. Jets of fog stream from the old man's nostrils; ice cakes his mustache.

"Criminal, ain't it?" says Rusty.

"What?"

"The old man out there. That's Tegeler's father, seventy-some-odd years old. Tegeler makes him earn his keep, sweeping up, clearing snow, polishing the pumps."

"No!" B. is stupefied.

"Yeah, he's some hardnose, Tegeler. And I'll tell you something else, too—he's set up better than Getty and Rockefeller put together. See that lot across the street?"

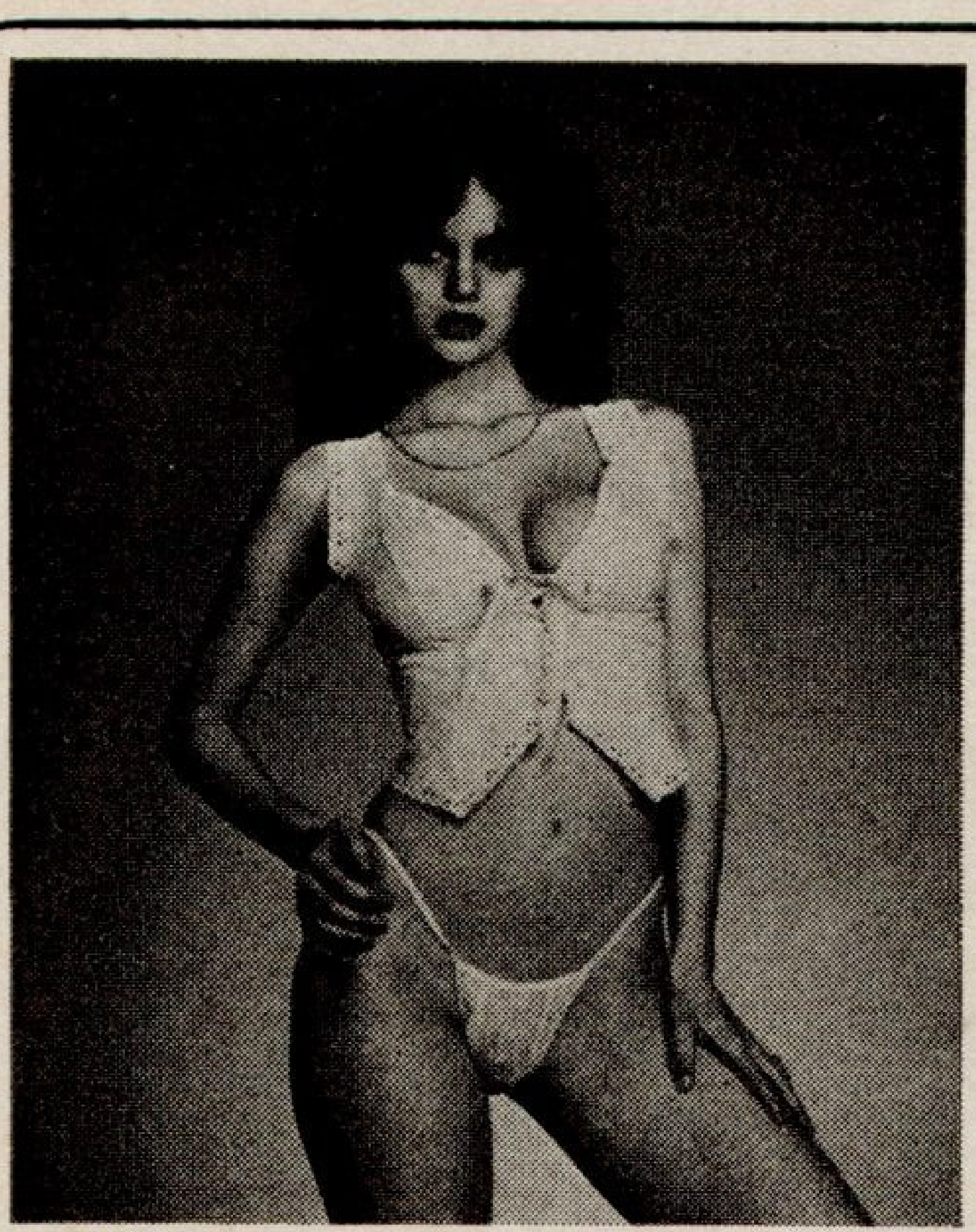
B. looks. TEGELER'S BIG LOT. How'd he miss that?

"They sell new Tegelers there."

"Tegelers?"

"Yeah—he's got his own company: the Tegeler Motor Works. Real lemons, from what I hear ... But will you look what time it is!" Rusty slaps his forehead: "We got to get down to Appointments, or we'll both grow old in this place.

The Appointments Office, like the reward chamber in a rat maze, is located at the far end of a complicated network of passageways, crossways, and counterways.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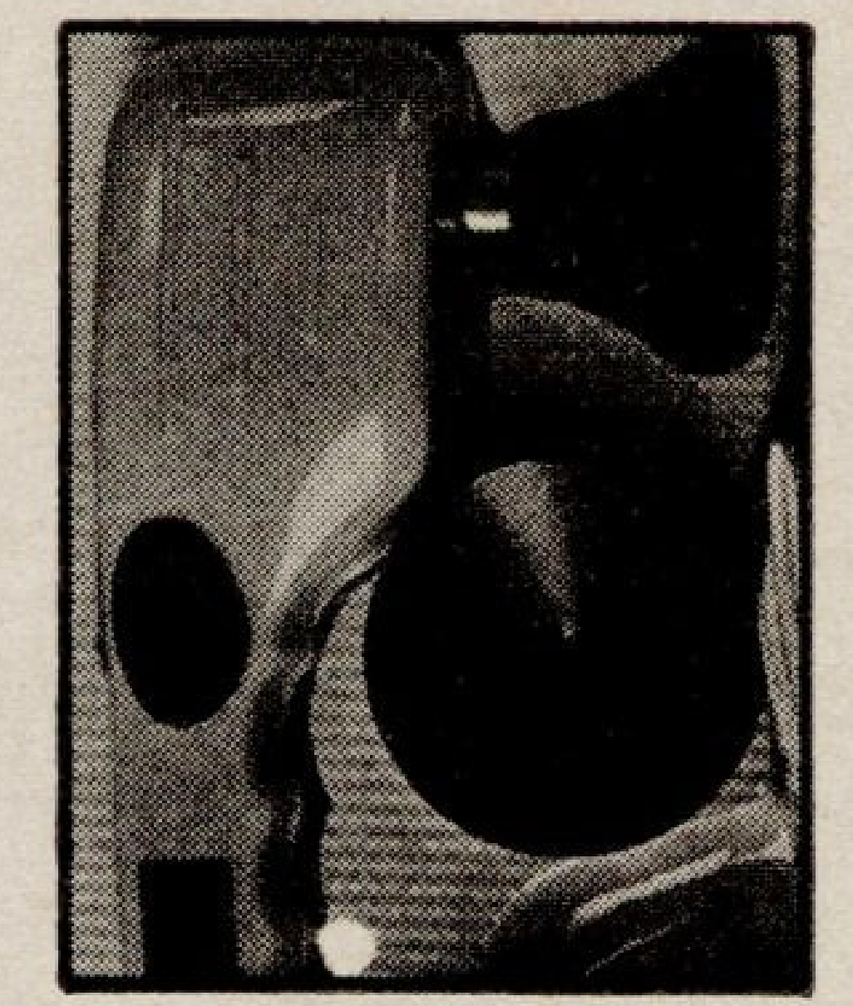
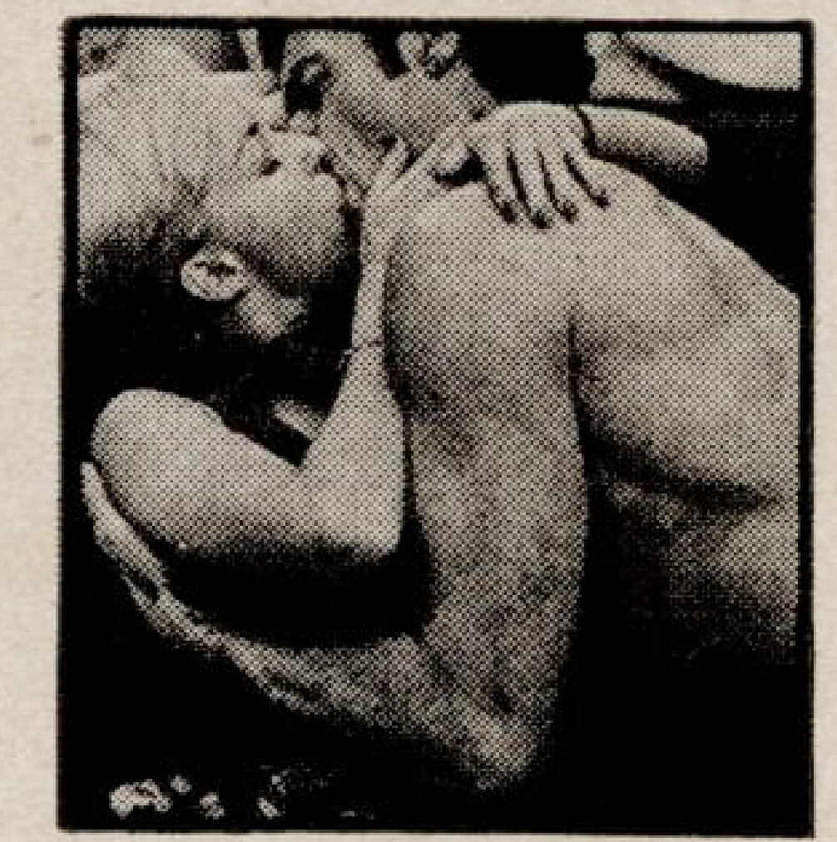
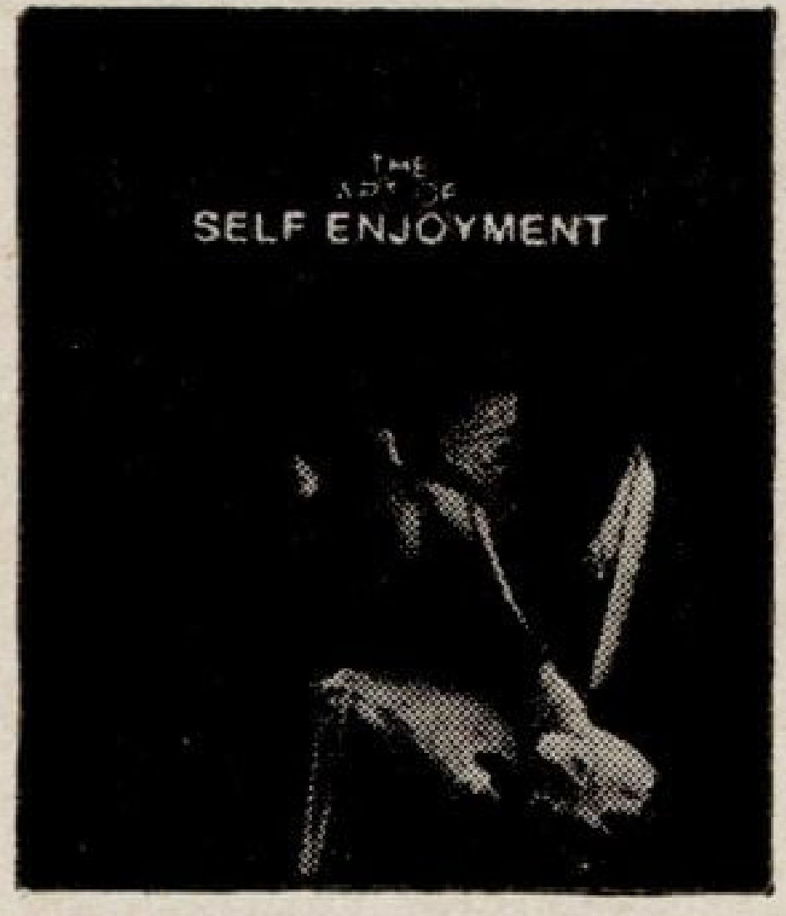

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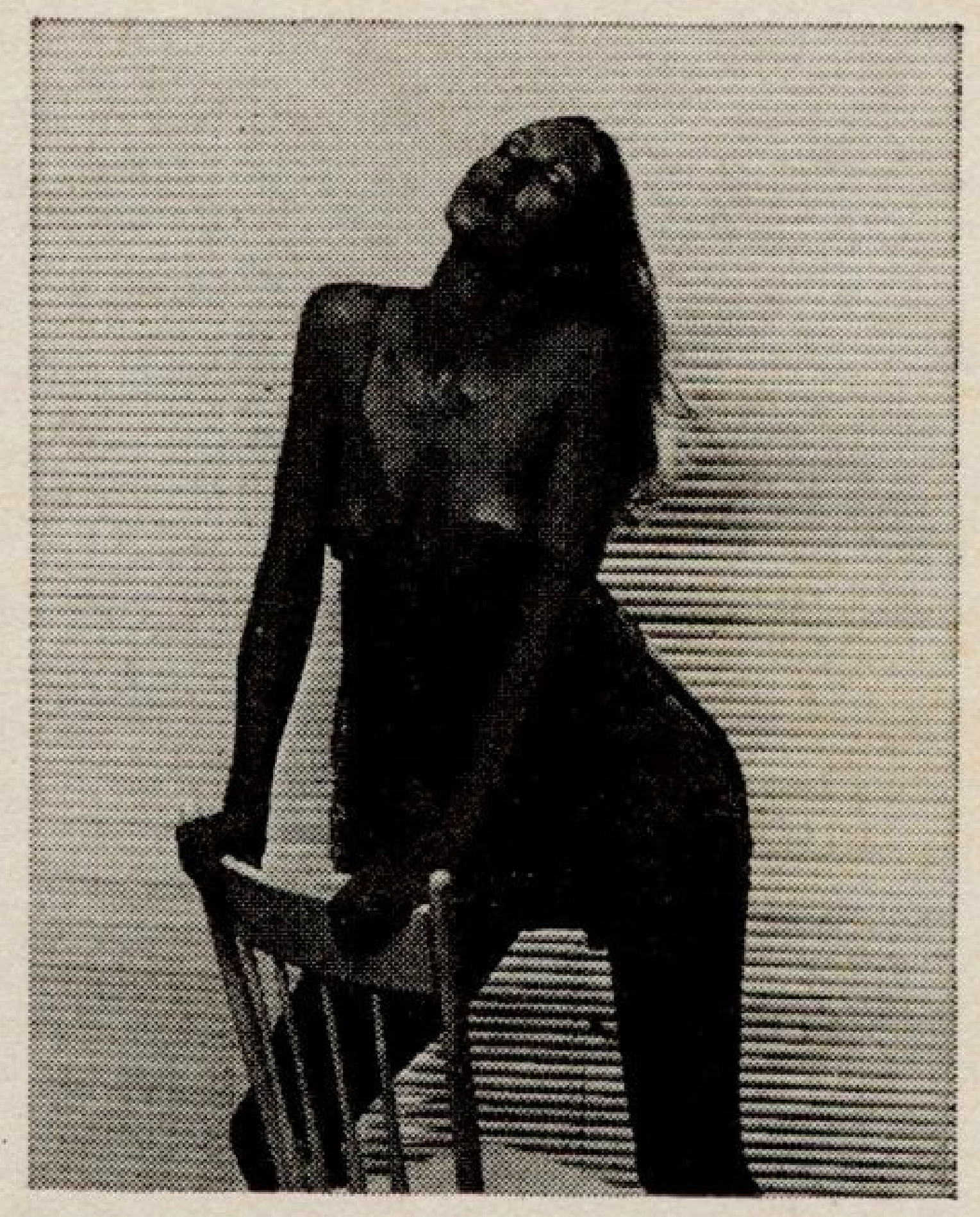
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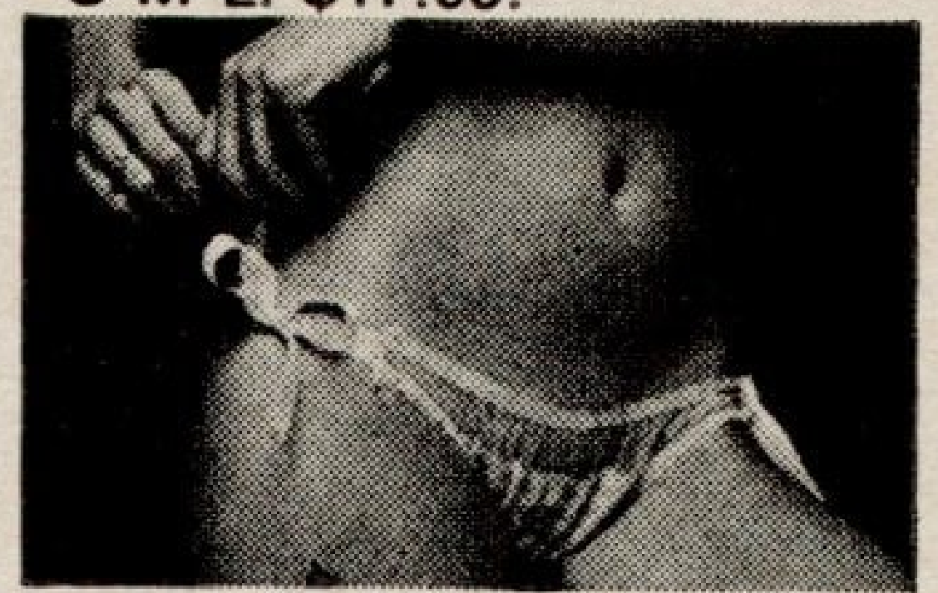
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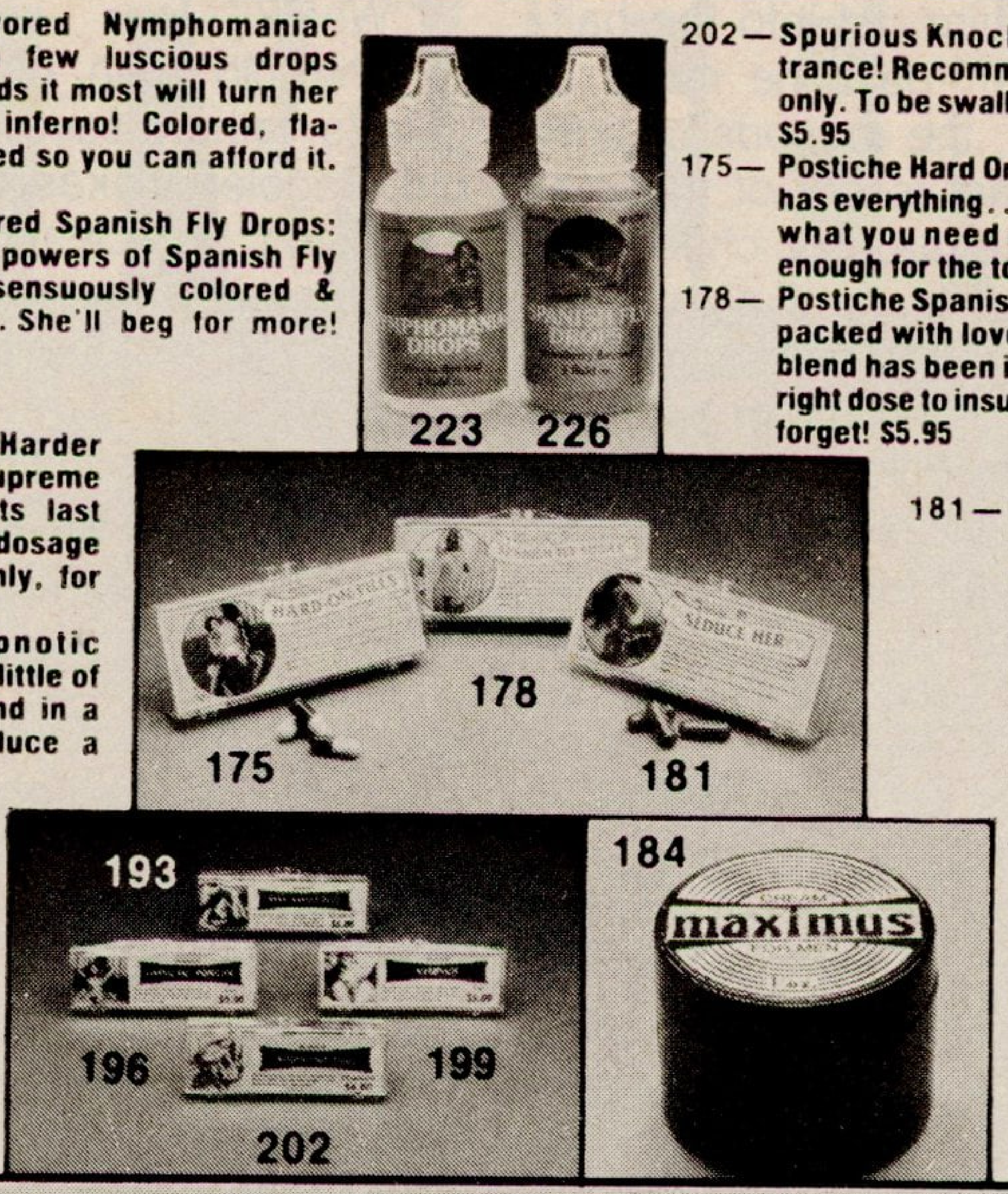

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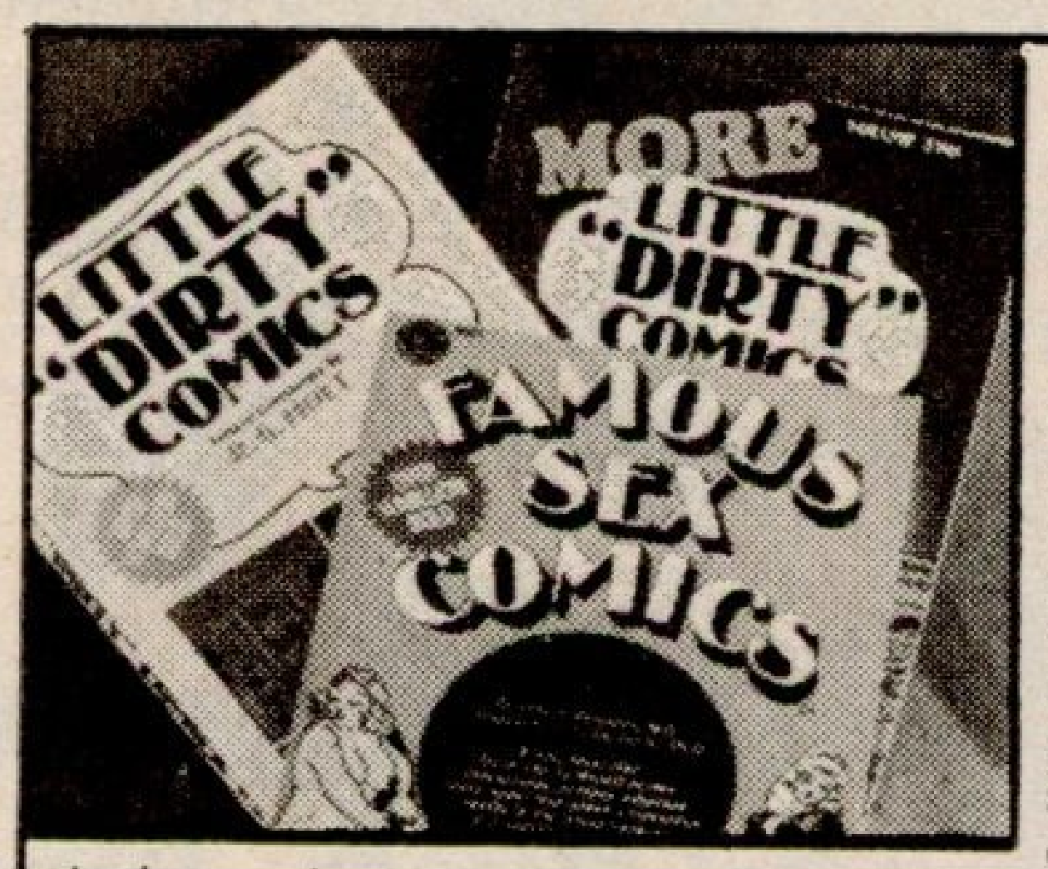

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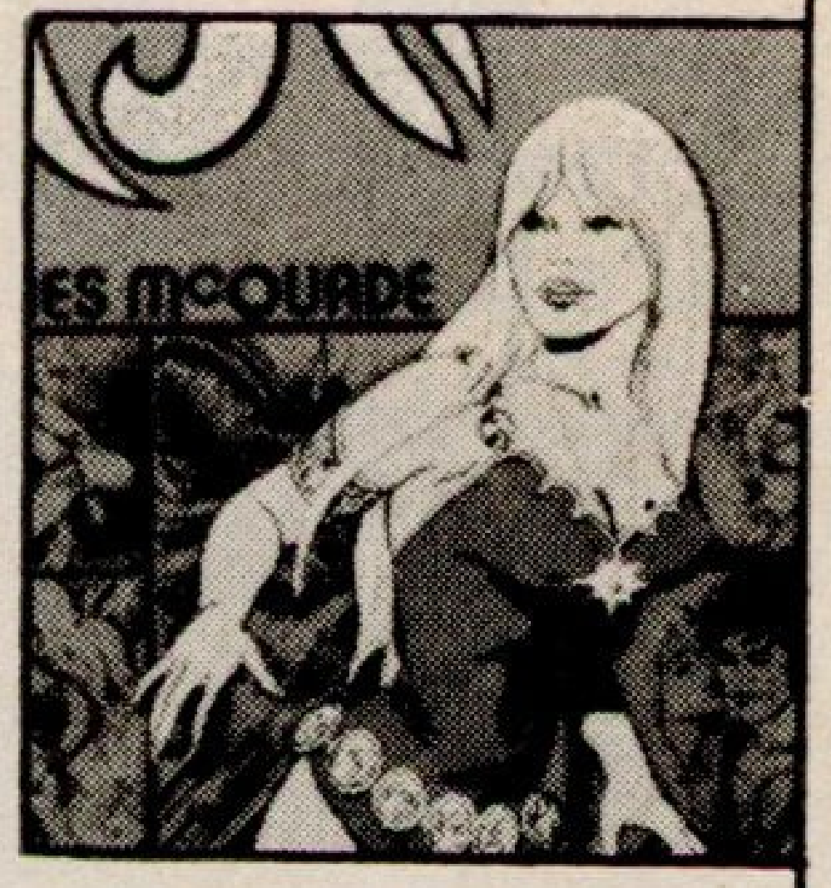

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It is a large, carpeted room with desks, potted plants, and tellers' windows, not at all unlike a branch bank. The Cougar woman and the man in the brown suit are there, waiting, along with a number of others, all of them looking bedraggled and harassed. Rusty enters deferentially and takes a seat beside Brown Suit, but B. strides across the room to where a hopelessly walleyed woman sits at a desk, riffling through a bundle of papers. "Excuse me," he says.

The woman looks up, her left iris drowning in white.

"I'm here—" B. breaks off, confused as to which eye to address: alternately one and then the other seems to be scrutinizing him. Finally, he zeroes in on the woman's nose and continues: "About my car. I—"

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No, I don't. But you see I'm a busy man, and I depend entirely on the car for transportation and—"

"Don't we all?"

"—and I've already missed a day of work." B. give her a doleful look, a look charged with chagrin for so thwarting the work ethic and weakening the national fiber. "I've got to have it seen to as soon as possible. If not sooner."

"Yes," she says, heaving a great, wet sigh. "I understand your anxiety, and I sympathize with you; I really do. But," she says, the left pupil working round to glare at him now, "I can't say I think much of the way you conduct yourself—barging in here and exalting your own selfish concerns above those of the others here. Do you think that there's no one else in the world but you? No other ailing auto but yours? Does Tegeler's Big Garage operate for fifty-nine years, employing hundreds of people, constantly expanding, improving, streamlining its operations, only to prepare itself for the eventuality of your breakdown? *Tsssss!* I'm afraid, my friend, that your arrogant egotism knows no bounds."

B. hangs his head, shuffles his feet, the greatcoat impossibly warm.

"Now. You'll have to fill out the application for an appointment and wait your turn with the others. Though you really haven't shown anything to deserve it, I think you may have a bit of luck today after all. The Secretary left word that he'd be in at three this afternoon."

B. takes a seat beside the Cougar woman and stares down at the form in his hand as if it were a loaded .44. He is dazed, still tingling from the vehemence of the secretary's attack. The form is seven pages long, with questions about employment, annual income, collateral, next of kin. Page four is devoted to physical inquiries: ever had measles? leprosy? irregularity? The next delves deeper: do you feel that people are out to get you? why do you hate your father? The form ends up with two pages of IQ stuff: if a farmer has 200 acres and devotes one-sixteenth of his land to soybeans, five-eighths to corn, and one-third to sugar beets, how much does he have left for a drive-in movie? B. glances over at the Cougar woman. Her lower lip is thrust forward, a blackened stub of pencil twists in her fingers, an appointment form, scrawled over in pencil with circled red corrections, lies in her lap. Suddenly B. is on his feet and stalking out the door, fragments of paper sifting down in his wake like confetti. Behind him, the sound of collective gasping.

Out in the corridor B. collars a man in spattered blue coveralls and asks him where the Imports Division is. The man, squat, swarthy, mustachioed, looks at him blank as a cow. "*No entiendo*," he says.

"The Imports. Division."

"*No hablo inglés—y no me gustan las preguntas de cabrones tontos.*" The man shrugs his shoulder out from under B.'s palm and struts off down the hall like a ruffled rooster. But B. is encouraged: Imports must be close at hand. He hurries off in the direction from which the man came (was he Italian or only a Puerto Rican?); following the corridor around to the left, then past some connecting hallways clogged with mechanics and white-smocked technicians, following it right on up to a steel fire door with the words NO ADMITTANCE stamped across it in admonitory red. There is a moment of hesitation ... then he twists the knob and steps in.

''*Was ist das*?'' A workman looks up at him, screwdriver in hand, expression modulating from surprise to menace. B. finds himself in another hangar, gloomy and expansive as the first, electric tools screeching like an army of mechanical crickets. But what's this? He's surrounded by late-model cars—German cars—Beetles, Foxes, Rabbits, sleek Mercedes sedans! Not only has he stumbled across the Imports Division, but also luck or instinct or good looks have guided him right to German Specialties. Well, hacha! He's squinting down the row of cars, hoping to catch sight of his own, when he feels a pressure on his arm. It is the workman with the screwdriver. ''Vot you vant?'' he demands.

''Uh—have you got an Audi in here? Powder blue with a black vinyl top?''

The workman is in his early twenties. He is tall and obscenely corpulent. Skin pale as the moon, jowls reddening as if with a rash, white hair cropped across his ears and pinched beneath a preposterously undersized engineer's cap. He tightens his grip on B.'s arm and calls out into the gloom—''Holger! Friedrich!''—his voice reverberating through the vault like the battle cry of some Mesozoic monster.

Two men, flaxen-haired, in work clothes and caps, step from the shadows. Each grips a crescent wrench big as the jawbone of an ass. ''*Was gibt es, Klaus?*''

''Mein Herr vants to know haff we got un *Aw*-dee.''

''How do you say it?'' The newcomers are standing over him now, the one in the wire-rimmed spectacles leering into his eyes.

''Audi,'' B. says. ''A German-made car?''

''Aw-dee? No, never heard of such a car,'' the man says. ''A cowboy maybe—family name of Murphy?''

Klaus laughs, ''Har-har-har,'' booming at the ceiling. The other fellow, short, scar on his cheek, joins in with a psychopathic snicker. Wire-Rims grins.

Oh-oh.

''Listen,'' B. says, a whining edge to his voice, ''I know that I'm really not supposed to be in here, but I saw no other way of—''

''Cutting trew der bullshit,'' says Wire-Rims.

''Yes, and also finding out what is wrong—''

''On a grassroot level,'' interjects the snickerer.

''Right, at the grassroot level, by coming directly to you. I'm getting desperate. Really. That car is my life's breath itself. And I don't mean to get dramatic or anything, but I just can't survive without it.''

''*Ja*,'' says Wire-Rims, ''you haff come to der right men. We haff your car, wery serious. Ja. Der bratwurst assembly broke down, and we haff sent out immediately for a brötchen und mustard.'' All three break into laughter, Klaus booming, the snickerer snickering, Wire-Rims pinching his lips and emitting a high-pitched hoo-hoo-hoo.

''No, *seriously*,'' says B.

''You vant to get serious? Okay, we get serious. On your car we do a compression check, we put new solenoids in der U joints, und we push der push rods,'' says Wire-Rims.

''Your sump leaks.''

''Bearings knock.''

''Plugs misfire.''

B. has had enough. ''Wiseguys!'' he shouts. ''I'll report you to your superiors!'' But far from daunting them, his outburst has the opposite effect. Viz., Klaus grabs him by the collar and breathes beer and sauerbraten in his face. ''We are Chermans,'' he hisses, ''—we haff no superiors.''

''*Und dammit punktum!*'' bellows the snickerer. ''Enough of dis twaddle. We

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haff no car of yours, und furdermore we suspect you of telling to us fibs in order maybe to misappropriate the vehicle of some otter person."

"For shame," says Wire-Rims.

"Vat shall we do mit him?" the snickerer hisses.

"I am tinking he maybe needs a little lubrication," says Wire-Rims. "No sense of humor, fery dry." He produces a grease gun from behind his back.

And then, for the first time in his life, B. is decorated—down his collar, up his sleeve, crosshatched over his lapels—in ropy, cake-frosting strings of grease, while Klaus howls like a terminally tickled child and the snickerer's eyes flash. A moment later he finds himself lofted into the air, strange hands at his armpits and thighs, swinging to and fro before the gaping black mouth of a laundry chute—"*Zum ersten! Zum andern! Zum dritten!*"—and then he's airborne, and things get very dark indeed.

B. is lying facedown in an avalanche of cloth: grimy rags, stiffened chamois, socks and undershorts yellowed with age and sweat and worse, handkerchiefs congealed with sputum, coveralls wet with oil. He is stung with humiliation and outrage. He's been cozened, humbugged, duped, gulled, spurned, insulted, ignored, and now finally assaulted. There'll be lawsuits, damn them, letters to congressmen—but for now, if he's to salvage a scrap of self-respect, he's got to get out of here. He sits up, peels a sock from his face, and discovers the interior of a tiny room, a room no bigger than a laundry closet. It is warm, hot even.

Two doors open onto the closet. The one to the left is wreathed in steam, pale shoots and tendrils of it curling through the keyhole, under the jamb. B. throws back the door and is enveloped in fog. He is confused. The Minotaur's labyrinth? Ship at sea? House afire? He can see nothing, the sound of machinery straining at his ears, moisture beading along eyebrows, nostril hairs, cowlick. Then it occurs to him: the carwash! Of course. And the carwash must give onto the parking lot, which in turn gives onto the highway. He'll simply duck through it and then hitchhike, or if worse comes to worst, walk until he either makes it home or perishes in the attempt.

B. steps through the door and is instantly flattened by a mammoth, water-spewing pom-pom. He tries to get to his feet, but the sleeve of his coat seems to be caught in some sort of runner or track—and now the whole apparatus is jerking forward, gears whirring and clicking somewhere off in the mist. B., struggling to free the coat, finds himself jerking along with it. The mechanism heaves forward, dragging B. through an extended puddle of mud, suds, and road salt. A jet of water flushes the right side of his face, a second pom-pom lumbers out of the haze and pins his chest to the floor, something tears the shoe from his right foot. Soap in his ears, down his neck, sudsing and sudsing: and now a giant cylinder, a mill wheel covered with sponges, descends and rakes the length of his body. B. shouts for help, but the machinery grinds on, squeaking and ratcheting, war of the worlds. Look out—cold rinse! He holds his breath, glacial runoff coursing over his body, a bitter pill. Then there's a liberal basting with hot wax, the clouds part, and the machine turns him loose with a jolt in the rear that tumbles him out the bay door and onto the slick permafrost of the parking lot.

He staggers to his feet. There's a savage pain in his lower back, and his right shoulder has got to be dislocated. No matter: he forges on. Round the outbuildings, past the front office and on out to the highway.

It has begun to get dark. B., hair frozen to his scalp, shoeless, the greatcoat stiff as a dried fish, limps along the highway no more than a mile from the garage. All around him, far as he can see, is wasteland: crop stubble swallowed in drifts, the stripped branches of the deciduous trees, rusty barbed wire. Not even a farmhouse on the horizon. Nothing. He'd feel like Peary running for the Pole but for the twin beacons of Garage and Lot at his back.

Suddenly, a fitful light wavers out over the road—a car coming toward him! (He's been out here for hours, holding out his thumb, hobbling along. The first ride took him south of Tegeler's about two miles—a farmer, turning off into nowhere. The second—he didn't care which direction he went in, just wanted to get out of the cold—took him back north about three miles. Another farmer. Kissin' cousin to the first, no doubt. Ha-ha.)

B. crosses the road and holds out his thumb. He is dancing with cold, clonic, his shoulder, arm, wrist, and extended thumb jerking like the checkered flag at the finish of the Grand Prix. Stop, he whispers, teeth clicking like dice, stop, please, God, stop. Light floods his face for an instant, and then it's gone. But wait: they're stopping! Snot crusted to his lip, shoe in hand, B. double-times up to the waiting car, throws back the door, and leaps in.

"B.! What's happened?"

It is Rita. Thank God.

"R-r-r-r-ita?" he stammers, body racked with tremors, the seat springs chattering under him. "The ma-ma-machine."

"Machine? What are you talking about?"

"I—I need a rrr-ride. Wh-where you going?" B. manages, getting a sneezing jag.

Rita puts the car in gear; the tires grab hold of the pavement. "Why—to work, of course."

The others smack their lips, sigh, snore, toss on their cots. Rusty, Brown Suit, the Cougar woman. B. lies there listening to them, staring into the darkness. His own breathing comes hard (TB, pleurisy, pneumonia—bronchitis, at the very least). Rita—good old Rita—has filled him full of hot coffee and schnapps, given him a brace of cold pills, and put him to bed. He is thoroughly miserable, of course—the car riding his mind like a bogey, his health shot, job lost, pets starved—but the snugness of the blanket and dry mechanic's uniform Rita has found for him, combined with the country-sunset glow of the schnapps, is seducing him off to sleep. It is very still.

Suddenly, the light flicks on. It is Rita, all thighs and calves in her majorette's outfit. But what's this? There's a man with her, a stranger. "Is this it?" he says.

"Well, of course it is, silly."

"But who are these chibonies?"

"It's obvious, isn't it? They're customers, waiting for their cars. The man in brown is the Gremlin, the one with the beard is the Citroën, the woman is the Cougar, and the old guy is the Audi."

"And I'm the Jaguar, is that it?"

"You're more to me than a machine, Jeff. Do you know that I like you? A lot."

B. is mortally wounded. Enemy flak, they've hit him in the guts. He squeezes his eyes shut, stops his ears, but he can hear them just the same: heavy breathing; a moan soft as fur, the rush of zippers. But then the buzzer sounds, and Rita gasps. "A customer!" she squeals, struggling back into her clothes and then hurrying off through the Geriatrics hangar, her footsteps like pinpricks along the spine. "Hey!" the new guy bellows. But she's gone.

The new guy sighs and then selects a cot and beds down beside B., who can hear him removing his things, gargling from a bottle, whispering prayers to himself—"Bless Mama, Uncle Ernie, Bear Bryant. . ." Then the room dashes into darkness, and B. can open his eyes.

He fights back a cough. His heart is hammering. He thinks how pleasant it would be to die . . . but then thinks how pleasant it would be to step through the door of his apartment again, take a hot shower, and crawl into bed. It is then that the vision comes to him—a waking dream—shot through with color and movement and depth. He sees Tegeler's Big Lot, the ranks of cars, new Tegelers, lines of variegated color like beads on a string, windshields glinting in the sun, antennae jabbing at the sky, stiff and erect, like the swords of a conquering army. . .

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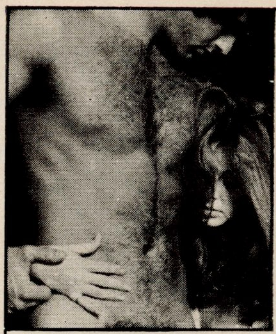

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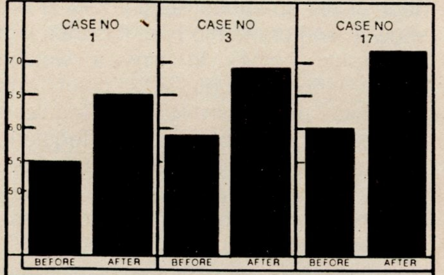

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms Illustration Pg. 137

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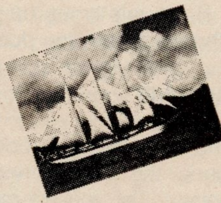

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

locked our mouths together as her legs circled my hips. I moved her ass with my hands. She moved her pelvis. When she felt the head of my shaft part the tender flesh of her vagina, she relaxed her arms and let me lower her down my swollen shaft. Then she leaned back at arm's length.

She held onto my shoulders. Her eyes bored seductively into mine. I lowered a couple inches more. I was afraid to go too fast. She rotated her pelvis until her flat stomach was tight against mine. She raised her knees up under my arms as high as she could get them. I let her down slowly until I felt the base of my shaft make contact with her excited clitoris. "She took it all!" I said to myself. I could feel the head of my shaft pressing against the end of her hot, tight vagina. I raised and lowered her slowly but firmly now. She closed her eyes. After about 15 minutes she crushed her breasts against my chest and let out a animalistic groan as her entire body shuddered through a violent orgasm. The cool water was keeping my aching balls from doing their job.

She whimpered when I lifted her free but hung on tight as I carried her back to the blanket. I laid her out on the blanket. She looked pretty wiped out, so I sat back on my haunches and opened a beer. She was so beautiful lying there, her breasts flattened some but still holding their fantastic shape. She sat up and cupped my still-erect shaft in her petite hand. "I've never known a man like you before," she told me softly, as she gently stroked my shaft. I told her that I had never had a woman as perfect as she was. She took a drink of my beer. I asked if she was in a big hurry to reach L.A. She leaned back on the blanket as I moved toward her. She tugged gently at my shaft and rolled her head back and forth, smiling coyly. I moved up over her. She parted her legs smoothly with my movement. When I was between her legs, she let my shaft go and laid her arms up over her head. She was giving herself to me completely. I raised her legs up and hooked her heels over my shoulders. I moved forward and guided my shaft back into her luscious pussy. She pulled with her heels, arched her back, and gave my cock total access to her wet opening.

I put my hands on the ground at her sides and buried my cock in her burning cunt. "Oh, my God . . . my beautiful God!" she cried out. She was so beautifully tight that when I pulled out slowly, it felt like she would turn wrong side out, even though she was lubricated perfectly. She took a firm hold on my arms as I began a steady rhythm of deep, full-length thrusts in and out of her vulnerable cunt. She moaned and grunted through another orgasm as my cock exploded and overfilled her hot cunt. My shaft stayed erect, and I kept driving it into her sweating, shaking body. I reached another grinding orgasm, and she had two more before I rolled off onto my back in total exhaustion. We both napped and rested silently until dusk.

We rinsed off in the river again and walked back to the truck. She walked back nude. We changed clothes and climbed aboard. She had put on a pair of tight jeans and a halter that almost had me up again. We ate at a truck stop a few miles down the road. I parked the truck out behind the restaurant, and we spent the night in the sleeper. It is a queen-size sleeper, so we had plenty of room to roll around. The things that lady did with her mouth, teeth, and fingernails I still can't believe. We fucked two times that night. Each time was better and more exciting than the last.

My truck set a new slow-speed record getting to L.A. It took us 36 hours in all. It seemed we were stopping every ten miles. We just couldn't get enough of each other. We fucked in every position I could think of and some I never heard of before. I was truly unhappy when we finally reached L.A. I asked her to stay with me. I joked and laughed and told her I would paint her name on the passenger door. She kissed me softly and said she had too many loose ends to just up and split. I told her to remember I made this trip every four months, and that if L.A. didn't work out for her, I would be back and the offer would still be open. When I drove away, I glanced in the mirror and saw her standing there. I hope in four months she will be standing in the same place. If she reads this story from the "Lonely Trucker," I know she will.—*Name and address withheld*

Tender trust

For quite some time now I've enjoyed reading "Forum" (and what better way for a woman to understand what turns men on than to read what they do on the subject!). Now I'd like to share one of my most enjoyable, memorable experiences yet. One evening last summer I arrived at my lover's New York City apartment a little earlier than expected. Since he wasn't home yet and it was a beautiful summer night, I waited outside, casually chatting with his doorman. Soon enough his car pulled up, and he motioned that he would be up from the garage shortly. A few moments later, as he strolled toward me, I realized that the slender young man beside him must be with him. Warmly, Tom and I exchanged a long, tender wet kiss before he turned and offered my hand to his friend. Embracing lightly, smiling hello, his friend had burning eyes that never left me, and I knew by the time we stepped off the elevator this was going to be one night to remember. Believe me, I do remember.

In no time we were all high and relaxed. Lights down and music up, at first we took turns slow-dancing; but soon I was surrounded by both their strong arms and sensuous, swaying bodies. Tom and I danced face to face, and I looked up at him wide-eyed, silently questioning what was beginning to take place. His reply was another long kiss, as tender as it was passionate, and so I simply began unbuttoning his shirt and ran my fingernails across his hairy chest and taut stomach. Chris, meanwhile, had joined us and, wrapping his arms around me, pressed his strong slender body into my back. Slowly he slid his hands down about my pelvic bones and began to pull up my skirt. As he brushed the top of my stockings and silky garter belt, I could feel his prick stiffen as he ground it into my soft ass. Tom meanwhile slid my tight Danskin off my shoulders. Already my nipples were as erect as they were sensitive. As he lifted and sucked each one, Chris continued to undress me. My soft blonde hair tumbled across my shoulders, and soon, with me clad only in a black garter belt, stockings, and tall, strappy sandals, each took me by the hand and led me up to the bedroom that overlooked the living room—which sported a marvelous view of the Empire State Building. Pulling down the satin comforter that I had given my lover, they eased me to the center of the bed.

Chris caressed my hair and started down my neck as Tom gently pushed my legs apart and worked his tongue up from my ankles, inside my thighs, until he reached my swollen clit. As his tongue flicked rapidly across my clit, he inserted a few fingers into my dripping box until he brought me off in a shuddering climax. Then he and Chris each began sucking on a breast as their hands roamed and explored every other inch of my satiny skin. In each of my hands I fondled their rock-hard cocks, growing wetter myself in anticipation. Then, as Tom plunged his long throbbing cock into me, Chris straddled my face and I hungrily engulfed him. "Oooh, honey," he moaned, "suck it harder. Yeah, that's it . . . come on, all the way down your throat. More, more," he moaned as my tongue swirled over the head of his cock and I sucked him harder simultaneously. As his breathing became more labored, I slid my hand from his ass and fondled his balls until he pumped his load deep down my throat for what seemed like minutes. Passionately I caught every drop and then continued to hold him in my soft mouth until he was ready to relax.

Tom had been rocking gently, steadily into me all this time, taking in the scene between his friend and myself, but now he nudged his friend from my face to move in and take full control of me as only he can. Resting on his elbows, he fondled

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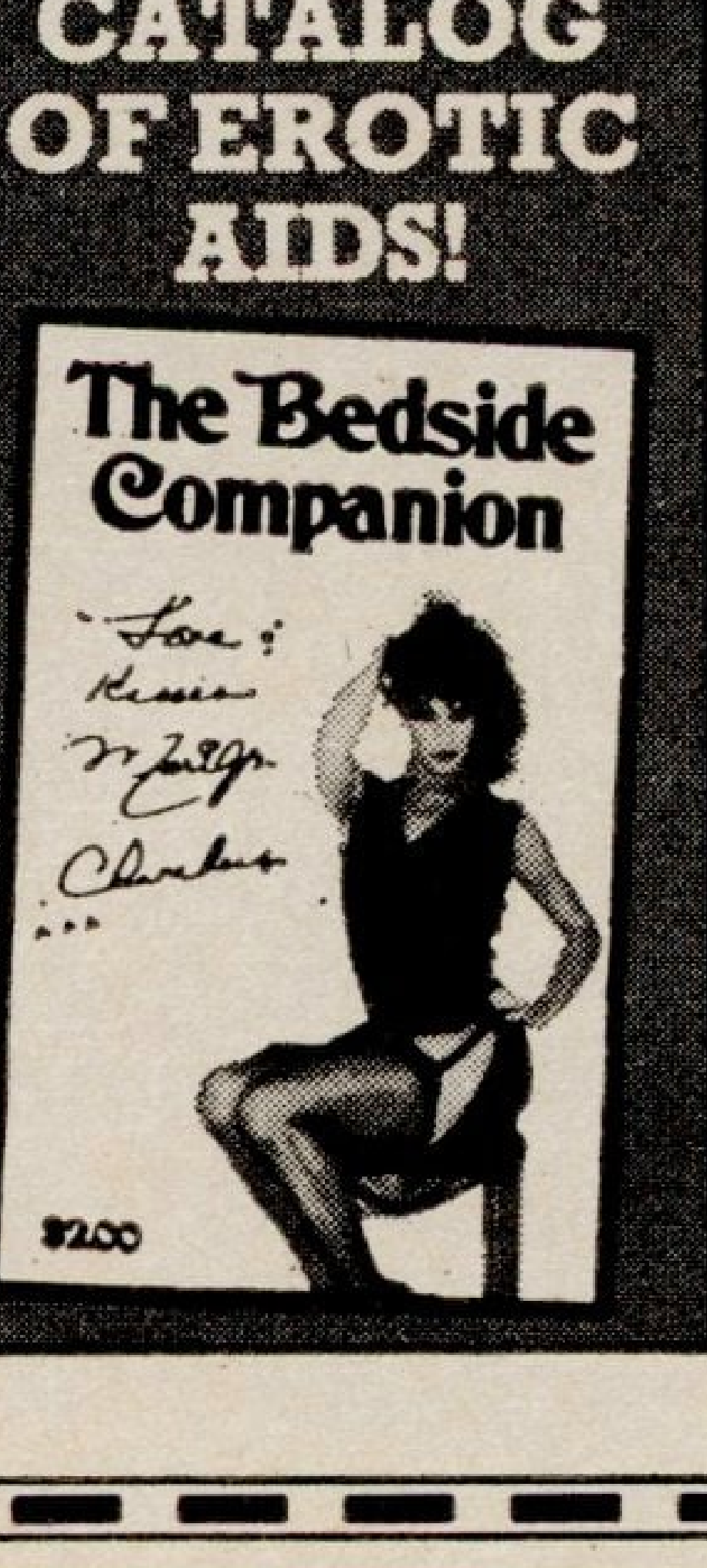

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and pinched my firm breasts, taking first one, then the other in his mouth, flicking his tongue, nibbling and teasing me, bringing them to "full attention" as I squirmed beneath him in delight. Alternately kissing me and whispering obscenities, he quickened his pace. I have to say no one has ever even come close to making love to me like Tom. Never have I (nor could I) had it so ardent or tender—or nearly so deep—and this night was no exception! "Hhhhmmmm, slide it, honey," I moaned. "Ooh, just a little more—hmm, love the way you ride me! Come on, come on—oh, God, that feels so good! Oooh, with me. Come on, honey—with me, with me!" My whispers gave way to soft, uncontrolled moans. Grinding circularly, he first did me rapidly and nearly popped the tip of his cock out with each thrust, only to suddenly plunge all the way in again to the very hilt, fingering my clit simultaneously, as he could, all the while electrifying me, sending me into such a headspin as wave upon wave of intense pleasure overcame me. Throbbing, he filled me with his come. Exhausted, we clung tenderly to each other for a few moments. The only thing that did not stop was the delicious, tender caressing, the kind of languourously affectionate and sensuous touching and stroking that I love. Then the three of us knotted into one loving embrace and fell asleep that way.—*Name and address withheld*

"Psychology Today"

I would like to relate an experience that happened to me recently after I enrolled in a college psychology course for the fall semester. When I walked into one of my discussion classes, I noticed a blonde-haired girl with a fantastic body. Since I like blondes, I decided that I would sit next to her. When class started, the instructor informed us that we were going to do projects that would be worked on inside of class. When it came time to pick partners, I decided to ask my blonde cohort if she would work with me. She accepted, and I introduced myself and found out her name was Laurie. We started making plans to get together in our spare time.

The following week we went to the library and got our information to start the project. During this time we conversed, and she told me that she had an apartment just a few blocks away from the university. She asked me if I would mind doing some of the work at her place. I told her it was all right with me, so we left the library for her place. The weather was unusually warm for September.

When we got to her place, she said she wanted to change into something a little cooler. She returned from the bedroom wearing a halter top that hugged her breasts and a pair of tight shorts that clung to her ass. I couldn't believe my eyes. I got such a hard-on that my pants felt like they would rip right open. Seeing this, she came over to me and began to unbutton my shirt, saying that I'd be cooler with my shirt off. She began to rub my chest, letting her fingers rub lightly over my nipples. I kissed her softly and could see by her inviting blue eyes that she really wanted *me* to be her project this afternoon. Knowing this, I put my arms around her and untied her halter top, exposing the best pair of tits I'd ever seen. I proceeded to massage her tits as I licked and sucked her swollen nipples. I then pulled her shorts down over her thighs and well-tanned legs. I took off my pants and sandals and planted my tongue in her blonde bush. I could smell the dark, musty odor of her love chamber as I licked her clit real slow and she played with her breasts.

We then got into a 69 position. Laurie took my six-and-a-half-inch cock into her warm mouth and let her lips glide up and down my hardened shaft. She tongued the tip slowly as I increased the pace of my tongue on her clitoris. Suddenly she arched her back and let out a scream. I could feel her love juice as it gushed forth. I lapped it up and continued to suck her love hole. She began to suck my balls gently, taking each one into her mouth and rolling it around. Then she surprised me by sticking her finger up my ass. She continued sucking my balls and cock until I felt I was about to come. I got up and straddled her, pulling her legs over my shoulders, and shoved my aching love muscle into her warm, juicy cunt. She let out a moan of pleasure as I started pumping my cock into her. As I increased the tempo quickly, she started screaming, "Fuck me! Fuck me harder." This made me excited, so I thrust my tool in and out of her as fast as I could. I could feel my prick erupting as Laurie and I climaxed on the living-room floor, our bodies heaving and covered with perspiration.

Laurie then suggested that we go into the bedroom, where she asked me if I would fuck her in the ass. Since I aim to please, I told her that I would be more than happy to. She got down on her hands and knees, and I licked her ass hole until it was wet with saliva. Then I took my throbbing dick and rubbed it around her ass until she begged me to enter her. I slid my weapon in slowly, waiting until the pain stopped to bury myself in her. I thrust my shaft in and out of her as my balls hit against her well-rounded buttocks. Laurie was fingering her cunt as I massaged her breasts and rode her ass. After about four minutes we climaxed. I felt my hot jism shoot deep into her rectum.

Laurie was all warmed up now, so she asked me if she could blindfold me. I let her do it, thinking that it would add some mystery to the occasion. Then she guided my rod into her dripping pussy as she lay on the edge of the bed. I could hear a drawer opening and closing, and then I felt a hard object entering my ass. I felt some pain as Laurie shoved this object deeper into my tight ass hole. When I felt vibrations deep inside me, I knew that I had a vibrator up my ass. It felt good as I commenced fucking Laurie's cunt. She came a few times, and then I felt the vibrator being pulled out of my rear. I was still blindfolded, so I wondered what she was doing. Suddenly I felt a warm hunk of flesh enter my ass hole. It turned out to be Laurie's boyfriend's ten-inch cock! He had been hiding in the bedroom closet, watching our love session. He proceeded to fuck my ass, and I fucked Laurie as they explained what had happened. I found out that Laurie and her boyfriend had planned this afternoon a week ago, when Laurie and I decided to work together on our project. After hearing this, I was superhorny. I experienced an explosive orgasm, as did Laurie and her boyfriend. We spent the rest of the afternoon as a threesome, fucking and sucking each other like there was no tomorrow.

During the next few weeks I had many encounters with Laurie and her boyfriend as we worked on the project. I never saw Laurie after that semester, but I'll always remember the good times we shared and the *A* we got on our project.—*Name and address withheld*

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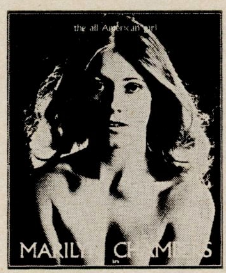
the all American girl
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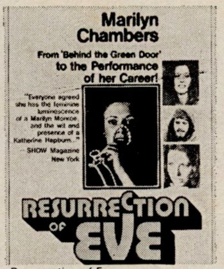
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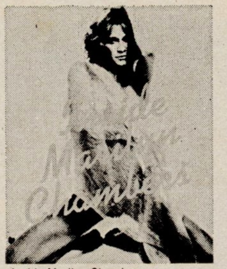
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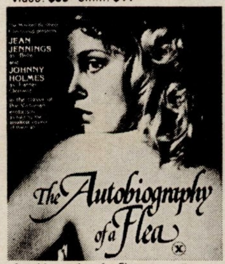
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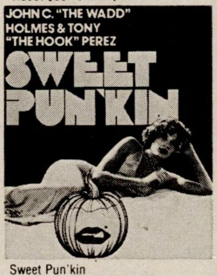
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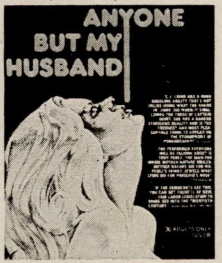
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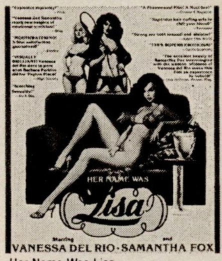
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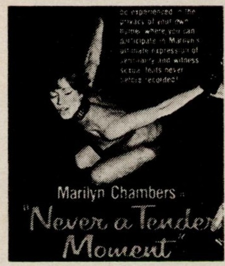
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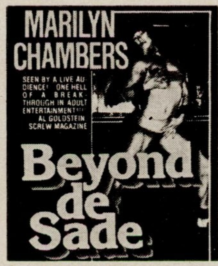
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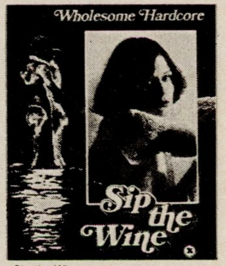
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THE PIMPS OF TIMES SQUARE

The Sky Is Falling!—Hidden around the country, in backwoods settlements in North Carolina, Montana, Washington State, and Oregon, thousands of Americans are waiting for the end of the world. Called "survivalists," they know the Big Crunch is coming, just as sure as sunrise, and they aim to go on through and come out the other side in one piece. "They were singing in the woods to a tune that was being hummed with increasing frequency throughout the land," writes journalist Philip Singerman, "first in checkout lines, gas stations, mortgage departments, and now nearly everywhere I traveled." Singerman's description of one well-organized commune of survivalists is a compelling picture of what might happen when we awaken from the American Dream.

The Arrogance of Architecture—You don't have to be an art critic or architectural expert to realize that most new buildings are disasters—you just have to look at any new high-rise or try to live or work in it. Brent Brolin, who *is* an expert, explains how and why modern corporate and elitist architects are ruining our communities. What can we do about it? "Trust your eyes," Brolin says, "and if the building doesn't look right, make your opinion known. Chances are you are in the majority, and others are just too intimidated to speak out."

Nazi Fast Food—Most citizens accepted Schicklgruber's the way they would a new television series or a new brand of designer jeans: with plain and purblind enthusiasm. People called it the biggest thing since *Star Wars*. They particularly liked the space age emblem of a hamburger pierced by a bolt of lightning. And as long as everything was done in good taste, like "Hogan's Heroes," who could possibly object? Humorist Nick Tosches covers the controversy in an exclusive report.

Jim Carroll—He was knocking on hell's door, a street-tough 16-year-old junkie who knew he had the spark of genius. But his descent into the New York underworld resulted in the infamous *Basketball Diaries* and a Pulitzer Prize nomination for his book of poetry, *Living at the Movies*. Now clean and clear, Carroll has hit the rock scene with a scorching album, *Catholic Boy*, and a big single, "People Who Die." Writer John Milward retraces Carroll's pilgrimage from coast to coast, from addiction to wholeness and possible stardom.

The Pimps of Times Square—In New York City pimps control some 3,000 women. Yearly profits of $150 million make it the hub of the pimping trade. But it's a big business that has its price, a price that the prostitute pays with disease, drug addiction, and sometimes death. Investigative reporter Robert Keating goes beyond the surreal fantasy of expensive pimpmobiles to expose the real nightmare of how some men control some women's bodies. "It's just not a victimless crime," asserts one cop on the New York City vice squad. "Only a moron could think so."

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

was most educational," says Dershowitz, "for the students to have seen, firsthand, what it's like when the naked power of the state is brought in to squash expression."

The defendants would not have been able to face their accusers, because the two complainant-feminists, who may well be liberal on all manner of social issues aside from censorship, had been declared confidential informants by the district attorney. (Should this method of secretly fingering "pornographers" spread, we may be in for a renascence of the McCarthy-era anonymous informer against "dangerous" citizens.)

Since this anti-free-speech bust took place in the very heart of Harvard University, its officials must surely have helped in the defense of the arrested students. Wrong. Harvard flatly declared that it would offer no aid to them whatsoever. Professor Dershowitz was infuriated at such irresponsible caution by so liberal an institution. "The university," he said, "has a moral obligation to defend *any* students exercising their First Amendment rights. Yet it won't even file a friend-of-the-court brief." (Finally, Professor Dershowitz himself negotiated the charges out of existence.)

As Malcolm X said, liberals sure can be slippery. Consider, for another example, the plague of censorship in school libraries and classrooms—more virulent now than at any other time since the 1950s. Here, too, not all of the censoring is being committed by the Right. Feminists have managed to exclude "sexist" books from some elementary-school libraries. As if the truly educational route were not to have *all* kinds of books available so that the kids can understand how stereotypes of women have been created and how they are being exposed.

Blacks have organized to get *Huckleberry Finn* taken off the required reading list in another library, as if Huck Finn had not been one of this nation's first and most effective *anti*-racists. And other vigilantes around the country are also trying to teach children that the First Amendment is obsolete.

The key lesson that adult censors—certainly and increasingly including liberals—have not learned is underscored by Aryeh Neier, former executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union: "The only social order in which freedom of speech is secure is the one in which it is secure for everyone. . . . And, as those who call for censorship in the name of the oppressed ought to recognize, it is never the oppressed who determine the bounds of censorship. Their power is limited to legitimizing the idea of censorship."

And these years it is liberals who are doing just that: making it easier for the raw power of the state to crush speech. Including, eventually, their own.

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